T. o. angl.

12m – 1

E. 1

<36634530230013

<36634530230013

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

ANASTASIUS,

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A GREEK;

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1820.

194
C.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

TO you, my LOUISA; to you, the sole partner of all my joys and sorrows; to you whose fair form but enshrines a mind far fairer, I inscribe *not* these pages. Composed of materials collected ere I knew you, ere I was inspired by your virtues or could portray your perfections, they are not worthy of bearing your name:— they were not even intended to divulge that of the writer, had his secret been preserved as inviolate as he wished. Should they, thus avowed, continue to meet with an indulgent reception, I may then feel encouraged at some future period to publish, with the sanction of your beloved name, that which, suggested by the contemplation of your excellence, and written

under the guidance of your unerring taste, is in truth your own work.

To the public at large I can only plead, for sending forth into the world this unpruned performance, the desire of imparting a few perhaps unimportant notices,—but the result of personal observation,—with respect to the ever interesting regions, once adorned by the Greeks and now defaced by the Turks. I shall therefore observe that the historical and statistical parts are (as far as my knowledge extends) strictly correct, and that the fictitious superstructure is as conformable as I could make it to the manners of the nations whom it was my aim to describe; and as the form of biographical memoirs was adopted solely with the view of affording greater facility for the introduction of minute and characteristic details, I trust

that I shall not be considered as identifying myself with all the opinions which the peculiar nature of the work has obliged me to bestow upon my hero.

THOS. HOPE.

Duchess-Street,
April 25.

ANASTASIUS,

OR

MEMOIRS OF A GREEK.

CHAPTER I.

MY family came originally from Epirus: my father settled at Chios. His parentage was neither exalted nor yet low. In his own opinion he could boast of purer blood than any of the Palæologi, the Cantacusenes, and the Comneni of the present day. "These mongrel descendants," he used to observe, "of Greeks, Venetians, and Genoese, had only picked up the fine names of former ages when the real owners dropped off: he wore his own;" and signor Sotiri saw no reason why he should not, when he went forth into public, toss his head, swing his jubbee[1] like a pendulum from side to side, and shuffle along in his papooshes, with all the airs of quality.

This worthy man combined in his single person the various characters of diplomatist, husbandman, merchant, manufacturer, and master of a privateer. To be more explicit—he was drogueman[2] to the French consul at Chios; in town he kept a silk-loom at work; in the country he had a plantation of *agrumi*;[3] he exported his stuffs and fruits to the principal sea-ports in the Archipelago, and, in the first Russian war, he employed all his spare money in fitting out a small vessel to cruise against the enemy,—for so he chose to consider the Russians, in spite of all their amicable professions towards the Greeks. As a loyal subject of the Porte, and an old servant of the French government, he felt no sort of wish to be delivered from the yoke of the Turks; and he looked upon those barbarians of the north, who cared no more for the patriarch of Constantinople than for the pope of Rome, as little better than rank heretics, not worthy of being treated even like his silk-worms, which he got every year carefully exorcised before their spinning time. I however remember, when a child, some buzz in the family about my father's partner in the privateer—an Ispariote reis[4]—having one day made a mistake, in capturing under the rocks of Jura a rich Turkish vessel, which he went and sold to the Russians themselves, then stationed at Paros. Signor Sotiri shook his head at this intelligence as if he did not approve of the transaction, and ob-

served, "the less that was said about it, the better." —I suppose therefore it was out of sheer humanity that he preferred receiving his share of the prize money, to the sterile and barbarous satisfaction of hanging his associate.

Much improved in his circumstances by this untoward accident, my father would now willingly have given up his interpretership. Besides rendering him more or less dependent, it was uncomfortable in as far as, being very deaf, he never heard what it was his business to repeat. But my mother liked the title of droguemaness. She had never heard of the necessity of a drogueman reporting speeches as he received them; and she reminded her husband how essential the protection of the French mission might be to some of his Greek speculations.

My mother was a native of Naxos, and esteemed a great heiress in her country. She possessed an estate of three hundred piastres a year, clear, managed by a relation of her own, Marco Politi—very wealthy himself, primate of all the Greek villages of the island, and a very great rogue.

My brothers and sisters,—and there came, one by one, just three of each,—all contrived to take precedence of me at their birth, and consequently throughout the whole of their subsequent lives. The punctilio of the thing I should not have minded; but, among my countrymen, a foolish family pride exhausts people's fortunes in their lifetime in por-

tioning their daughters: the elder sons ran away with what remained, and poor Anastasius brought up the rear with but an indifferent prospect. My kind parents, however, determined to make up for leaving me destitute at their death, by spoiling me as much as possible during their lives.

My eldest sister (I begin, as is proper, with the ladies) married a physician of the country, graduated at Padua. Robust as a hamal,[5] and never till her marriage having known a moment's illness, Epiphania seemed to bid defiance to her husband's utmost skill in medicine. But she was not proof against her own imaginations. Signor Sozimo expressed such constant anxiety about his "dear wife's" precious health, and gave her so much viper broth to keep up her strength, that she soon began to fancy herself in a bad way, and died at last of the mere apprehension of not living.

My sister Roxana, who would have been a beauty, but for a scar which she chose to call a dimple, at an early age fell desperately in love with a Turk; and, spite of all the remonstrances of her friends, bestowed her hand upon this unbeliever. Nor was it until the very last of her offended relations had been prevailed upon to grant her an unlimited pardon, that she became conscious of the heinousness of her crime, and began to feel an unconquerable desire to re-enter the pale of our holy communion. This she at length effected, by never

ceasing to bewail her apostacy, till her husband, in disgust, allowed her a divorce. Immediately she flew back at once into the arms of the church and into those of a young Greek, who, an effective instrument in her reformation, obliterated every trace of her first unhallowed wedlock by a more canonical union. He truly laboured for the church; for he was by trade an agio-graphis, or painter of Saints; and connoisseurs esteemed him the Apelles of our district, in that line. His spouse sat for all his Virgins, and, accordingly as she behaved well or ill, he used to paint them handsome or ugly; a practice which kept her very much upon her good behaviour. She was conceited about her looks, and wasted as much paint upon her cheeks as her husband did upon his canvas; a circumstance, however, which produced a striking resemblance between the copies and the original.

As to my youngest sister, she deemed a two years obedience, well or ill performed, to a single lord and master, quite trial enough for a woman in this nether world. Her husband dying, she took the habit of a caloyera,[6] in a nunnery near the delightful district of the Lentiscs. There, the interest of her portion, together with the produce of her handiwork, enabled her to set up, according to the practice of our religious communities, an independent establishment, and to entertain her friends

of both sexes in a manner at once comfortable and decorous.

What shall I say of my brothers? The eldest was a loose and dissipated youth. To cure him of his extravagance, my father had him nailed to the desk of the strictest merchant in Smyrna. The consequence was that, instead of the clerk staying at home, desk, contents, and all, followed him out of doors, till, in a notorious tavern, the well tempered Brescia blade of a Zantiote captain put an end to his prowess, and saved him the mortification of being returned on our hands as a hopeless profligate. Of all the family I felt the most grieved for his loss. He had a dark complexion and a fine commanding figure. I looked upon Theodore with a certain veneration, as the prop of the house; and had purposed some day to take him for my model.

The dove is not more distinguished from the game-cock, than differed from the noisy blustering Theodore the sly, demure Eustathius, destined to succeed my father in his place of drogueman. A sleek, smooth-spoken, sanctified lad, with a round face and a red and white complexion, Eustathius, beside that little treasure his own dear self, which he always kept with the utmost care, valued but one other thing in this world—namely, money. Of this article his good fortune, or rather, his unabating perseverance, enabled him at last to wed a pro-

digious heap; encumbered, however, with a wary widow its mistress, who, after four distinct refusals, finally condescended to accept my brother as her slave, under the name of her husband. But the chains worn by this admirer of solid worth were of gold; and all he wanted was the pleasure of contemplating their refulgence.

Constantine, my third brother, managed the farm. This hopeful youth, only a few years older than myself, used to hate me with singular asperity. I never could understand the cause of this aversion. He was crooked indeed, and I, unfortunately, walked straight. If this however could be called an offence, so many others shared it with me, that he must have hated nearly the whole human race: —perhaps he did. It is true, I much aggravated my crime by one day observing, on his talking slightingly of the advantages of a handsome person, that "they were what no one affected to despise, who could make good his claim to them;"—I thought he would have stabbed me.

After all the rest of the brood had taken wing, I remained alone at home, to solace my parents. Too fond of their favourite to damp my youthful spirits by fitting me for a profession, they kindly put off from day to day every species of instruction—probably, till I should beg for it; which my discretion forbade. Unfortunately nature chose not, in the mean time, to be equally dilatory with my parents;

and from an angel of an infant, I became by degrees a great lubberly boy, without any other accomplishment but that of flogging my top with the left hand, while with the right I despatched my sign of the cross—for in some things I understood the value of time. My parents, as may be supposed, were great sticklers for punctuality in every sort of devout practice; mass-going, confession, lent observance, &c. Of moral duties—less tangible in their nature—they had, poor souls! but a vague and confused notion; and the criminality of actions, in reference to one's neighbour, they taught me chiefly to estimate according to the greater or smaller risk connected with them of incurring the bastinado from the Turks. As to manual correction at the hands of my own father, it seemed so desirable a circumstance, from the ample amends my mother never failed to make her "poor, dear, ill-used boy," that my only regret on the subject arose from being able to obtain it so seldom.

These good people having contented themselves for a reasonable number of years with wistfully contemplating—the drogueman my active make and well set limbs, and the drougemaness my dark eyes, ruddy cheeks, and raven locks—they at last began to ponder how they might turn these gifts to the best advantage. Both agreed that something should be done, but neither knew exactly what; and the one never proposed a profession, which the other

did not immediately object to,—till an old relation stepped in between, and recommended the church, as a never-failing resource to those who can think of no other. My cousin had set the example by making his own son a little caloyer at twelve. Prohibited by the Turks from the trade of a soldier, and by my parents from that of a sailor, I myself saw nothing better, and agreed to the proposal. It now became necessary to give me a smattering of learning, and I was put under the tuition of a teacher of the Hellenic language, who assumed the title of logiotatos, and only averred himself inferior to Demosthenes, out of sheer modesty. My idleness got the better of my preceptor's learning and diligence. All the gold that flowed from the lips of his favourite St. Chrysostom could not, to my taste, gild the bitter pill of his own tiresome comments; and even Homer, much as I liked fighting out of doors, found but an indifferent welcome in the study. The truth is, I had a dislike to reading in the abstract:—but when away from my books, I affected a great admiration for Achilles; called him, in reference to Epirus the land of my ancestors, "my countryman," and regretted that I was not born two thousand years ago, for no other purpose but to be his Patroclus. In my fits of heroism, I swore to treat the Turks as he had done the Trojans, and for a time dreamt of nothing but putting to the sword the whole Seraglio—dwarfs, eunuchs, and all. These

dreams my parents highly admired, but advised me not to disclose in common. "Just rancour," they said, "gathers strength by being repressed."—Upon this principle they cringed to the ground to every Moslemin[7] they met.

The inclinations of the little future papas[8] for the church militant, began meantime to appear more prominently. I had collected a troop of ragamuffins of my own age, of whom I got myself dubbed captain; and, having purloined from my uncle, the painter, one of his most smirking Madonnas for a banner, took the field under the auspices of the Panagia,[9] and set about robbing orchards, and laying under contribution the villagers, with all the devotion imaginable. So great was the terror which our crusades inspired, that the sufferers durst not even complain, except in a body. Whenever as chief of the band I became the marked object of animadversion, I kept out of the way till my father had paid the damage, and had moreover sued my pardon for his backwardness in doing so. Once indeed when, tired of my pranks, he swore I would be his ruin, I suggested to him an effectual mode of quieting his fears, by granting me an unlimited leave of absence; and pledged myself not to return till doomsday. This was too much for a doting parent. Sooner than part with his Anastasius, Dimitri Sotiri would have bribed the peasants beforehand to suffer all my future depredations.

Thus early disposed, and trained, to the business of tithing, my father felt a little surprised when, on the eve of taking orders, I begged to be excused. For the first time in his life, signor Sotiri insisted on implicit obedience; but that first time came too late. I made it the last, by swearing that if he forced me to take the mitre,[10] I would hide it under a turban. He yielded, and contented himself with quietly asking what I finally meant to do.—"Nothing," was the answer of my heart: but the profession of doing nothing requires ample means. I therefore pretended a wish to learn trade. My father assented, and forthwith wrote to a Smyrna merchant of his acquaintance to receive me into his counting-house.

Meantime I found an employment for my leisure hours which put an end to all childish pastimes. Signor Sotiri, though, as before mentioned, a little hard of hearing, wanted not fluency of speech. His oratory had chiefly been exerted to render his patron dumb. He constantly represented to him how absolutely the dignity of his station forbade his having the least conversation with the natives; and how incumbent upon him it was, though born and bred in the Levant, to appear not to understand a single word of its idioms. By this device he kept all the speechifying to himself; and in truth, with the Turks in office, at all times more prone than strict politeness permits to compliment the representatives

of Christian powers with the titles of "infidel, yaoor,[11] and Christian dog;" and at this particular juncture more than usually out of humour, in consequence of the Russian war,[12] this was often the only way to save the consular pride from some little rubs, otherwise unavoidable in the necessary intercourse with the local government. Hence Mr. de M—— not only never stirred from home without his interpreter by his side, but had him constantly at his elbow within doors, and made him the sole channel of his official transactions: a circumstance which my father perfectly knew how to turn to the best advantage.

I too, in my capacity as the drogueman's chief assistant and messenger, was in daily attendance at the consular mansion; which proved useful to me in one respect, as it gave me an opportunity of learning the French language,—and that with the greater fluency, from the circumstance of no one offering expressly to teach me. The old consul had, between his dignity with the Greeks and his punctilio with the Turks, but little society, and I therefore soon became by the sprightliness of my repartees a very great favourite. Mr. de M—— not only encouraged me to take a part in conversation, but would even condescend to laugh most heartily both at my witticisms and my practical jokes, whenever neither himself, nor his servants, nor his relations, nor his friends, nor his

protegés, were made to smart from their keenness or involved in their consequences.

Mr. de M—— had an only daughter, the blue-eyed Helena, the child of his old age. Deprived of the watchful care of a mother, this lovely girl was allowed in her father's house an unrestrained latitude, and availed herself of her privilege with all the freedom of unsuspecting innocence. The consul, without being fond of music, loved the sound of an instrument. Helena had been taught the harpsichord, but, full of life and spirits, she hated the mechanical drudgery of running over the cold clumsy keys of a huge cumbrous fixture, to which the performer, she thought, looked like a mere appendage. Our light portable lyre, which the arms encircle so gracefully and the fingers seem scarcely to touch, she would learn to play upon most readily, —could she but find a proper master! "Who more so," thought I, "than the son of the father's interpreter?"—and forthwith offered my services. Though but a moderate performer, I had the advantage of always being at hand, and, without being positively either accepted or refused, was soon employed.

Parents! who do not particularly wish your daughters to fall in love with their teachers, be cautious of admitting under your roof any music masters, except such as are positive antidotes to that passion. Where harmony alone is to rule the

sense, can souls remain unattuned to each other? The boy's hand, in guiding the taper fingers of his pupil, will sometimes make them stray from her chords to his heart, and mistake for the vibrations of the one the pulsations of the other. The very lips of the fair one, accustomed to re-echo the sounds of her teacher's voice, will by degrees respond to his feelings; and he who has so many means of disclosing his passion, and of insinuating a reciprocal warmth, without any imputation of forwardness or violation of respect, will be more anxious to interpret the sounds he utters, than to disavow their sense.

For my part, I almost immediately felt my heart on fire, and soon Helena too caught the consuming flame. Nothing could tear us away from each other. The duets, begun in the heat of the day within doors, were repeated in the cool of the evening on the stone seat before the house. Sighs interrupted the songs; and when the advancing night forced Helena to retire, her blue eyes looked like drooping violets steeped in dew.

The consul had destined his little favourite, as soon as arrived at a suitable age, to a rich young Smyrniote, nephew to his correspondent. He dreamt not of the possibility of her falling in love with a Greek boy, habited in the dress of the country, and the son of his interpreter. It was rather a gratification to him, on seeing us so much together,

to think that in her solitude his darling child should have found the harmless pastime of our concerts.

My father saw deeper into the business. Had he conceived it likely to end in a marriage, and that marriage likely to bring his family any accession of weight or of fortune, he would, I make no doubt, have become as blind as he was deaf; but this he by no means thought probable. The old consul was a good deal distressed; his salary must cease with his life, and he had nothing to leave his daughter at his death but his consular pride;—" and with that portion," observed my father, " she might indeed become a gem of the first water in the hands of a rich Smyrna merchant, who would set her in gold; but round our bare necks she could only prove a millstone." He therefore warned me against carrying the intimacy too far.

His caution came too late. The less experience my pupil at first brought to her lessons, the more rapid was the progress she made under my tuition. Love's fullest harmony was struck, almost ere she suspected it whispered in our sighs. Indeed, so much was she still in the first spring of her innocence, that she scarce seemed aware that in due time blossoms turned to fruits, till taught by experience. On this discovery the timid girl at first sobbed incessantly; but, by degrees, persuading herself that our attachment, when divulged, must

end in our permanent union, she recovered a kind of composure, and resolved to let the disclosure take its course—neither hastening nor yet trying to avert it; and rather rejoicing than dismayed that the slim Perote[13] dress, which belonged to her father's dignity, must betray the secret of his villa sooner than the ample involutions of silk and cotton, of which our own more wary females so well know the advantages.

I by no means sympathised in this calmness, or agreed in these wishes. What the too confiding Helena looked upon as the harbour in which her inquietudes must end, my father had taught me to consider as the quicksand on which all my hopes must perish. I therefore tried to impress Helena with my utter inability to support her as my wife, and with the expedience of such a timely confession on her part, as should enable the consul to save her honour without my inadequate assistance.

To the fair one flushed with love, the least proffer of prudential considerations is an insult. Exasperated at my discreet suggestions, Helena treated me with haughtiness—with contempt.—"When she could bring herself to stoop to my lowness, did I fear any sacrifice that raised me to her level?"

Feelings so proud as mine could ill brook this taunting speech. To be told that I was to con-

sider as an honour beyond my deserts, the pennyless hand of one whose heart had attested too warmly my merits,—was this to be endured? All the blood of Achilles rose within me; I ran to the quay, and there let it rage in unison with the foaming breakers.

As long as the Smyrna scheme had remained in suspense, I saw an opening through which to escape; but my father had just received an unqualified refusal in that quarter. The merchant to whom he applied in my behalf, being acquainted with my brother's adventures, felt little anxious for another scion of the same hopeful stock.

This disappointment had soured my father's temper, and disposed him to visit on me the sins of my brother. Having begun my education at the wrong end, by permitting me every species of latitude when he might easily have curbed my licentious disposition, he now gave it the finishing touch with equal sagacity, by trying, after my unbridled habits had become confirmed, to restrain me even in what I considered as reasonable freedom. I now was thwarted in every wish, deprived of every indulgence,—and all this, apparently, for no other fault, except that from a chubby prattling child, to be hushed with toys and sweetmeats, I had not prevented myself from growing into a slouching, thoughtful youth, who too often demanded a supply of solid cash.

My mother, too, was to me an altered woman. The moment I no longer submitted to be fondled like a baby, she transferred her affections—against all rule and precedent—from the former darling of her heart to the one among us, who had neither the claims of the youngest, nor of the eldest,—to Constantine. His hump had evidently operated the revolution in his favour; but whether, by making my mother wish to console him for this defect, or, by causing her to consider him as endowed with an additional perfection, I never could determine. Certain it is, that she used to gaze on his back as she before had done on my face, until her admiration sometimes put his own modesty to the blush.

Not habituated early enough to filial submission, I no sooner felt the weight of parental authority, than I began to question its justice, and, able to deduce its rights only from the voluntary concession of the child, while its feebleness forces it to barter obedience for food, I considered its continuance beyond that period as an usurpation. Long, therefore, had I been meditating to seize some opportunity of eluding the parental yoke, even before I got entangled in the snares of love. The wound which my mistress inflicted on my pride added new incentives to my desire of liberty, and, after her mortifying speech, the only wish of my mind was to abandon father, mother, mistress, friends, relations, and home for ever. Indeed, no way in which I

might sever myself from Helena seemed to me unfair, when I considered the stamp of humiliating selfishness which she had chosen to imprint upon my constancy.

My brain thus in a ferment, I entered the first tavern I found open, and, though by no means addicted to intemperance, drank off draught after draught of our strongest wine, till the houses in the street seemed familiarly to nod to the ships in the harbour.

Among these latter was a Venetian brig, ready for its departure. While I sat pondering over my grievances, the evening breeze sprung up, and the song of the sailors on board marked the heaving of the anchor. I accepted it as the summons for putting my design into execution. Running out of the house, I was soon rowed to the vessel, and reached it just as the sails were unfurling. I offered my services to the captain. He had lost half his crew in his last Egyptian caravan;[14] but still would only receive me as a simple cabin boy. The office seemed little suited to the son of a drogueman, whose garment alone, I thought, should sweep the deck; but it was not a time to bargain, and I submitted. I crept into the hold among the ballast, until we should be out of reach of pursuit, and, when informed of my safety, jumped aloft, and ran to the stern to see what way we had made.

The moon was just rising in all her splendor, and

a bar of silvery light shot along the spangled waves. The gradually increasing breeze carried us rapidly out of the straits of Chios. The different objects on the shore—mountains, valleys, villages, and steeples—seemed in swift succession first advancing to meet us, then halting an instant alongside our vessel as if to greet us on our passage, and lastly again gliding off with equal speed—till, launched into the open main, we saw the whole line of coast gradually dissolve in distant darkness.

Various and opposite were the feelings which, as I stood contemplating the luminous track we left in the rippling wave, agitated my bosom: but, whatever direction I tried to give to my thoughts, they always reverted to Helena. In vain I sought to banish from my guilt-struck fancy her upbraiding image. As if in mockery of my endeavours, it seemed to assume a tangible shape. I persuaded myself that I actually saw the pale form of my mistress, half rising from the boisterous billows, follow, with piteous moans, the fleeting vessel, and call back her Anastasius to her outstretched arms. I wished I could have stayed the mighty mass,—could have converted the swiftly moving keel, which hurried away my person and my fate, into a solid motionless rock—in order to enable the dear phantom to join me, or, at least, in order to have a few instants more to reflect on my conduct, and to retract my errors, ere the opportunity should pass by for ever.

In vain! I felt as if an uncontrollable force kept impelling me on,—and at last, "it is useless," I exclaimed, "to contend! I must yield to my destiny: I must perform the things set down for me—be they good, or be they evil!"

As the dawn began to dispel the dark visions of the night; as the sun rose in all his glory to pervade the blue expanse of the heavens, and the returning day showed Chios like a faint cloud, floating on the utmost verge of the waters, my thoughts assumed a brighter hue, my heart felt the weight which hung upon it lightened, and the idea that I now was going to explore those distant realms after which I had yearned so long, filled me with expectation and delight.

Yet even this new joy was mixed with a terror of its own. At no period of my life had I yet outstepped the narrow pale of my native island, or obtained so much as a peep at the nearest objects, beyond the straits by which it was bounded. A passage to the neighbouring islets seemed to me a long voyage. Smyrna had been, in my imagination, the utmost limit of the habitable globe; and as to Europe, I deemed it to lie somewhere not far from the antipodes. The unbounded prospect of the whole wide world bursting all at once upon me, struck my young heart with awe; and the sight of nothing around me but strangers, utterly unknown, and indifferent to my fate, was sad and appalling.

Soon, however, I was recalled from these vague and indistinct reflections, by feelings more definite and more immediately connected with my present situation. I had scarce closed my eyes, when the captain, unwilling that I should have unpleasant dreams, or any dreams at all, reminded me, with a familiar tap on the shoulder, that it was time to begin earning my passage; and handed me over to his crew to instruct me in my task. Mine were no longer indulgent teachers, and, from being the little tyrant of my father's domestics, I now found myself the slave of every common sailor. While my companions—my masters, I should say—sat down to their meals, I had to fast, and when they slept, I must watch. Their scanty leavings were my food, and it was only now and then that I could snatch from my constant toil a few moments of hurried and broken rest. Whatever awkwardness I showed was followed by immediate blows; nay, it became a standing joke of the unfeeling wretches to call me to different places at once, that I might in some incur the punishment of unavoidable delay. My appeals to the mercy or the justice of my comrades were treated with equal derision.

As I found it useless to complain, I stifled my feelings, and only kept watching an opportunity for escape or revenge. This made me particularly observant of all the manœuvres of the captain; some of which seemed sufficiently strange. At

times, for instance, when not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, he would pretend to expect foul weather, and run for shelter under some lonely cliff, where he seemed more intent upon looking out for something on the water than in the air; and though he affected vast displeasure at the unceasing drunkenness of his crew, one could almost have sworn that he put flasks of brandy purposely in their way.

One evening, in a profound calm, and while all the sailors, drunk as fishes, were capering round a tall pole crowned with myrtle, a boat full of Maynote[15] pirates, concealed behind the frowning rocks of Antiparos, stole unperceived under our stern, and climbed up by the poop into the cabin. The master, who just before had gone below on some errand, and had been seized in the midst of his business with a most unaccountable fit of sleeping, was soon laid hold of and gagged. All the stand of arms, neatly arranged round the room, were next secured; and the pirates, now rushing up stairs, easily mastered the few among the sailors who were still able to stand upon their legs,——after which they had nothing to do but to bind, hands and feet, the remainder, lying about the deck in a state of perfect insensibility.

Amid the general intoxication, I had been kept sober by my grief, and happened to stand near the cabin door, just when, at the window opposite, ap-

peared the ugly features of the foremost of the Maynotes, ready to slip in. My figure caught his vigilant eye as he advanced his head, when, drawing it back, he put his finger on his mouth, and frowned most formidable threats, should I disobey the sign. To this I felt not in the least inclined. I might indeed, by giving the alarm immediately, have saved the crew from the captain's treachery; but all had used me ill alike. I therefore answered the command by a gesture of ready compliance, and let things take their course.

In the beginning of the fray the pirates affected to treat the captain very outrageously; but this appearance of enmity soon subsided, and by degrees they sat down amicably together, like old friends who understand each other's ways. Having so handsomely performed my neutral part in the business, I now was thinking to approach and put in my claim, if not for poundage at least for hush-money,—when a new incident most provokingly blew up the well-concerted scheme.

It happened that just at this juncture, the famous Hassan Capitan-pasha[16] was in the act of delivering the Morea from its Arnaoot[17] oppressors. One of his caravellas,[18] stationed before Nauplia, by chance espied our doings, and immediately gave us chase. She soon obliged us to bring to; but, instead of liberating the vessel, treated her as a lawful prize. It is true that while the Turks tied the pirates

back to back, they only had the real owners of the ship pinioned singly. The captain shared the fate of his crew. Thus was poetical justice dealt out to all, except myself; and thus was I, hapless Greek, compelled, in the space of four days, to bear the yoke of four different nations—French, Venetians, Maynotes, and Turks. Whether I gained by the last change, or only fell from Charybdis upon Scylla, must remain untold till I have premised a short account of the celebrated expedition which I was so unexpectedly made to witness.

CHAPTER II.

In the first war between the Russians and the Turks, the most natural proceeding for Russia would have been to attack Turkey from its southern frontier, where the two countries joined:—the most surprising was, to send an armament from its northern extremity, whence the whole circumference of Europe must be sailed round ere Turks and Muscovites could meet. This latter, therefore, was the measure preferred; and the Russian fleet had passed, in its progress, a whole winter at Leghorn, ere its commanders were determined in what part of Turkey to strike the first blow. The Greeks themselves decided the question for the avengers they expected. A few turbulent Codgea-bashees[1] of the Morea, fearing the lash of their Turkish governor, sent to the Russian commanders a forged plan of insurrection, as one already organised, and, on the return of the deputation, employed the promise of Russian assistance thus fraudulently obtained, to produce the commotion which they had described as already on the point of breaking out. Their labour was assisted by the Turks themselves. Suspecting a plot against their tyranny,

these pusillanimous oppressors acted like men who, from the very fear of a precipice, plunge headlong down the steep. In their panic they massacred a whole troop of Zaccuniote peasants, peaceably returning from a fair at Patras, whom they mistook for an army of rebels marching to attack them. The cry of revenge now resounded from all quarters; and when therefore in the spring of 1770 the Russian fleet cast anchor in the bay of Vitulo, its commanders were received with open arms by the bishops of Lacedemon [2] and of Christianopolis, followed by Greeks of all descriptions, eager to enlist under the Russian banners. Fair as seemed this beginning, the understanding between the two nations was short-lived. The Greeks expected the Russians alone to accomplish the whole task of their deliverance. The Russians had laid their account with a powerful co-operation on the part of the Greeks. Each alike disappointed, threw on the other the whole blame of every failure. Their squabbles gave large troops of Arnaoots time to pour from every neighbouring point of Roumili into the peninsula; and the Russian commanders, seeing all chance of success vanish in that unpromising quarter, sailed higher up the Archipelago, —leaving the Moreotes to their fate, and carrying away no other fruits of the momentary contact of Greeks and Russians, but an increase of rancour between the two nations,——too nearly allied in

faith, not to feel to each other the most cordial aversion.

The ferocious mountaineers of Albania, who under the name of Arnaoots form a chief part of the forces of the Othoman empire, and of the body-guard of its various Pashas, present in their rugged and yet colourless countenances the greatest possible contrast to the regular features and rich complexions of the Greeks. In the faith of the two nations the difference is less marked. Wavering for the most part between Christ and Mohammed, the worship of the Arnaoots is generally determined by the master whom they serve; and many a buskined hero[3] who came on the spur of pay and plunder to assist the Moreote Moslemen against the Christians, himself professed the Christian faith. The total number of these savages was computed at about twenty thousand; and when their work was achieved, they demanded their wages. The money was wanting, or at least the pay was withheld. This furnished them with a plausible pretence for disbanding on the spot, and paying themselves by pillaging the country. Some, after laying waste the villages, drove the inhabitants before them like herds of cattle through the derwens or defiles that guard the entrance of their peninsula, and thus regained, with their new slaves, their native mountains. Others remained stationary in the Morea: by installing themselves in the houses and lands of

the Greek peasantry, deprived the soil of its husbandmen, and the Turks of their subjects; and at last, finding no more rayahs[4] to oppress, turned their violence against the Moslemen themselves, and treated like the vanquished foe those whom they had come to defend.

Nine following years had seen eleven different governors arrive, one after the other, with the most peremptory instructions to exterminate the banditti, and again depart without succeeding; some for want of sufficient force to repress their outrages; others, it is said, for want of sufficient resolution to resist their bribes. At last the Porte sent Hassan.

By birth a Persian, by the fate of war a Turkish slave, by choice received among the recruits yearly raised at Smyrna for the Barbary powers, and by his own merit advanced to the rank of Port-admiral of Algiers, Hassan-bey became in a short time at variance with the Dey. Justice was so entirely on his side, that prudence urged his immediate flight. After many wanderings, he found a patron at Constantinople in the famous Raghib, Grand Visier[5] under two successive Sultans, and who yet has been permitted to die in his bed. In the memorable battle which the Russians, after abandoning the Morea, gave the Turks in the straits of Chios, he commanded the admiral-ship of the Turks, which was attacked by that of the Russians, while the commanders of both the fleets,

Khassim and Orlow, kept with equal prudence aloof from the fight. Prevented by his instructions from unmooring, Hassan towed his ship on its anchors, boarded the Russian vessel, and, only when both hulks blown up together mingled their wrecks in the sky, sought his safety in the sea, and swam ashore. The Sultan, seeing his navy annihilated and his person threatened in his Seraglio by a fleet from the Baltic, now named Hassan his Capitan-pasha,—and was saved.

At the peace, this commander exerted himself to form a new navy, and to introduce among the Turks as much of European tactics as their prejudices could bear. He had not very soon an opportunity to try the effect of his improvements against a foreign enemy; but, in an empire so extensive as that founded by Othman, when age has enfeebled its head, some distant extremity will always refuse obedience, and call for compulsory measures. Hassan constantly found in some quarter disturbances to quell. In 1776, he made the Arab Daher—usurper of the sovereignty of Acre—atone with his life for the league he had formed with the Egyptian rebel Aly. The year following he punished Daher's sons for continuing the rebellion of their father; and finally, in 1779, he received the Sultan's orders to expel from the Morea the refractory Arnaoots. Already was his army encamped in the plains of Argos, when one

of the caravellas of his fleet stationed before Nauplia conveyed our mixed party to that port, where with my companions I was—unceremoniously enough—stowed away for the night under a strong guard in a crazy barn; wondering what was to be our fate the next morning.

The place of our confinement had long been the undisturbed domain of swarms of musquitoes, who, ignorant of our unwillingness to trespass on their premises, seemed determined to resist the encroachment to the utmost. The constant buzzing and stings of these troublesome insects would alone have sufficed to deprive us of all chance of repose, even had we not been so closely paired, through means of good stout ropes, each with a companion by no means of his choice; whence the blows which each intended for his winged enemies, in general only fell upon his pinioned associate. Excuses indeed followed the undesigned offence, but were of little use in composing us to sleep. My other, but not my better half, in this forced union, seemed to be the person most endowed with philosophic resignation of our whole party. On my throwing out a few hints respecting the inconvenience of our bedchamber, he assured me that I was fastidious:—he had often seen worse apartments, and without the comfort of so much good company. This excited my curiosity; and, observing that it was impossible to think of sleeping, I entreated my patient

friend to favour me with the description of some of those habitations, compared with which our present abode was such a fairy palace.

"And so you wish," he cried, "to know my adventures?—Well! and why not? You are young, and seem of a promising disposition. My example and my precepts cannot fail to benefit your inexperience, and I will therefore this once do violence to my natural modesty, in order to gratify your wish for instruction. What in fact is the use of great achievements, but to tell them? Only let me entreat that your feeling heart may not be too deeply touched by the distressing tale of my ill-rewarded virtues.

"My early years," continued the person with whom I was any thing but in *tête-à-tête*, "offer nothing remarkable. They were spent in the inglorious occupation of cultivating my paternal soil. I thought it rather hard upon me that, whether I sowed my field or let it lie fallow, and whether it was I that reaped its produce or the locusts, the waywode[6] should equally exact the same enormous yearly tithe, should look upon the destruction of my crops by hail and tempests as the mere effects of my own malice, and should seize upon my instruments of husbandry, in order to make me more industrious. I thought it harder still that, on hearing how the conflagration of my hovel had consumed all my haratsh tickets[7] for ten years back, he should

demand the whole sum, already paid, over again; and I thought it hard beyond all bearing when, having gone abroad to scrape together the money exacted by my tyrant, I found, on coming home again, my little patrimony confiscated to his profit, as a punishment for abandoning that to which I returned. In my rage I flung myself on the ground, with my teeth gnawed the earth, that I might at least carry away some morsel of my paternal inheritance, and swore to make every Mohammedan I could lay hands on, however innocent, pay for the murderous waywode.

"This oath brought me good fortune. I succeeded in sacrificing several victims to my just resentment; and, as I chose by preference such as, being in good circumstances, had most to lose, I always made a point of retaining what I found about them, lest other Mussulmen should profit by my performance.

"Steadfast attention to this particular gave my task a double interest. The only individual whom I admitted to share with me, was the magistrate of the district; except, of course, where he himself happened to be the person stopped. Justice was much the gainer by this proceeding. Instead of the usual process of hanging a single wretch, the cadee[8] generally fined the whole community, for not being able to produce the offender.

"I had a distant cousin at Zante,—the flower of

the family, and so much admired by all ranks for his bravery, that people used to contend for his assistance in settling their affairs of honour. The nobleness of his sentiments equalled his courage. He only killed, as it were, to oblige his friends; and so nice were his feelings, where his character was concerned, that on being paid one day beforehand by a certain nobleman, to chastise another sprig of nobility, and, on mature deliberation, thinking the reward too ample for the service, he despatched his man outright, and so quieted his scruples—to the great delight and surprise of his employer. But these too disinterested sentiments at last obliging him to quit Zante, where merit excites envy, he came and joined me at Patras. From that period we only went out in search of adventures together, like Theseus and Pirithous, Orestes and Pylades, and all the other worthies of old, whom my cousin had at his fingers' ends;—and astonishing was the number of monsters of which we rid the world, not only above ground but under: for one night, in a cellar, we killed half a dozen Arnaoots, lying dead drunk on the spoils of our country; and that, without any body the next day being the wiser, or thinking but that the scoundrels had done the deed themselves, in a frolic. Never did we take a fellow's booty, whom we did not also rid of a life thus become worthless to him. To do otherwise would have been tempting Providence, and was against my oath. My

conscience being thus kept clear of premeditated sin, and my mind regularly unburthened, by confession, of unintentional offences, I continued to prosper, until justice, entirely disregarding gratitude, chose maliciously to turn against me. In disgust I joined some Dulcignotes, who, with the help of Algerine colours, avoided some awkwardness in taking christian vessels. I myself had now begun to consider religious prejudices as unworthy of a liberal mind, and to view all men as equal before God. What right had I to indulge in partialities founded upon my own fallible judgment?—On this principle I no longer made a difference between Turks and Christians, and most conscientiously treated both alike. Still, such is the force of habit, that I own I always felt a particular zest in stripping an heretic. To this moment my mouth waters at the thoughts of the broad-bottomed Hollander, full of the richest spice and dainties, which I once helped to unload. Its crew had not—the reprobate wretches!—a single image of a saint on board; and accordingly they only went, with the wind right astern, at the rate of two knots an hour; but the idols of their heart seemed to be their short black tobacco-pipes. Even when chucked into the sea, they still kept puffing on, as long as their blubber-cheeks remained above water. Their cargo set me up for a while, until fresh misfortunes led back the way to my old trade. The greatest piece of ill luck I reckon to have been my partnership with our present captain. Had I

foreseen the bungler he would prove, I should have carried my wits to a better market. But no matter! —The most laudable intentions are sometimes defeated; and a little rub disconcerts not Panayoti."

Highly edified with the incidents of this worthy man's history, and still more with his candid and unassuming manner of relating them, I almost regretted that the dawn should so soon, through the chinks of the wall, break in upon his artless and unvarnished tale, to announce a speedy change of scene. In fact, a few moments after, the doors of our saloon were thrown open, and our party called out to be formed into marching order. The separate pairs, all strung together on a good thick mediate rope, into a single body of small width but handsome length, were thus made to add to the beauty of distinctness of parts, that of unity of whole; and, all set in motion by the simple mechanism of a kick, bestowed in the rear of the foremost pair, immediately advanced, guided by a few spahees before, while others followed behind. Argos was the place of our destination, and in less than four hours our column reached Hassan's camp. Not only all the troops of the province had flocked round the commander's standard, but several Greeks even had obtained permission to join the Turks against those very Arnaoots whom, some years before, the Turks had called in to save them from the Greeks.

I had never seen an encampment, and the novel

and striking sight absorbed all my faculties in astonishment and awe. There seemed to me to be forces sufficient to subdue the whole world; and I knew not which most to admire, the endless clusters of tents, the enormous piles of armour, and the rows of threatening cannon, which I met at every step, or the troops of well mounted spahees,[9] who, like dazzling meteors, darted by us on every side, amid clouds of stifling dust. The very dirt with which the nearer horsemen bespattered our humble troop was, as I thought, imposing; and every thing upon which I cast my eyes gave me a feeling of nothingness, which made me shrink within myself like a snail in its cell. I envied not only those who were destined to share in all the glory and success of the expedition, but even the meanest follower of the camp, as a being of a superior order to myself; and, when suddenly there arose a loud flourish of trumpets, which, ending in a concert of cymbals and other warlike instruments, re-echoed in long peals from all the surrounding mountains, the clang shook every nerve in my body, thrilled me to the very soul, and infused in all my veins a species of martial ardour so resistless, that it made me struggle with my fetters, and try to tear them asunder. Proud as I was by nature, I would have knelt to whoever had offered to liberate my limbs, and to arm my hands with a sword or a battle axe.

The tumult of my senses had not yet subsided,

when, leaving the camp on our right, we were ushered into the open court of a small habitation, in the town of Argos, there to undergo an interrogatory from Hassan's drogueman. Fixtures as were we under the azure canopy of the heavens, the sundials on our faces had time to shift their shadows from right to left before the gentleman came. At last he arrived.

How widely things often differ in reality, that bear the same names! In the drogueman of the Capitan-pasha, I had figured to myself a personage nearly of the same stamp with the consular interpreter at Chios, who had the honour of being my father. I might as well have compared a wren to an eagle. The individual of the Tergiumanic genus before whom I now stood, came with the state of a little prince, and seemed surrounded by a miniature court of his own. When he spoke, his attendants only answered in a whisper; at his slightest commands they flew as if the fate of the empire were at stake, and when he smiled at a joke of his own, they all shook with laughter. As his movements were abrupt and rather eccentric, it was amusing to see them scamper after him, trying to keep close to his heels, and not to be thrown out of their ranks by his sudden vagaries.

From what cause it so happened I know not, but the moment this great man addressed our captain, who stood first and foremost of our troop, his

eye fell upon me, though one of the very last in the many-jointed column; and from that time forward he never more changed the object of his attention. For the space of half a second or so, indeed, he might glance at the intervening individuals whom he successively interrogated; but, uniformly, after addressing two or three words to them, his eyes again began to wander, to seek something further off, and, when they had found me, they fixed themselves with their former steadfastness upon my humble person. My business was to have looked respectfully away from so exalted a personage, or to have modestly dropped my eyelids, as if I durst not encounter his sublime aspect. But this I attempted in vain. As if under a fascination, I scarce could keep myself from gazing on him with the same steadiness with which he perseveringly eyed me. I felt as if my future fate was to depend upon his nod.

At last came my turn to speak. Questioned respecting my birth, parentage, country, cause of absence from home, and other topics, I told my little tale with tolerable ease as well as veracity; and my candour particularly shone in my strictures on the captain, who had not perhaps yet had so impartial and so observant a biographer. My recital amused its noble auditor, and when finished: "You little Greek rascal," exclaimed the drogueman, "you will corrupt all these worthy Roman

catholics, if I leave you among them; so I'll keep you here, and let them go home, to swing on St. Mark's after their own fashion." With this compliment my companions were dismissed. They slunk away, muttering some curses, which under the drogueman's mighty wing I could afford to disregard.

Mavroyeni belonged to the most distinguished family in the island of Paros. He had from a child felt a spirit too expansive tamely to brook the restraint of his confined birthplace. The restlessness of his temper was increased by the predictions of a priest of Sant-Irene,—one who foretold so much, that it was impossible but something now and then must fall out as he predicted. Fixing his eyes on the little taooshan:[10] "Young man," cried he, as if inspired, "brilliant will be thy career; but may thy end be happy!" The first part of this twofold oracle gave an additional stimulus to the youth's ambition, the latter a new motive to his parents for checking its sallies: but, like other predictions, the one in question at last worked its own accomplishment. When Hassan Capitan-pasha made the harbour of Drio the summer station of his squadron, in its yearly cruise through the Archipelago, young Mavroyeni threw himself so frequently in his way, so anxiously implored his accepting an entertainment from his father, and so successfully paid his court during the feast, as to obtain from the Pasha

the promise of his protection at Constantinople. Upon this he immediately went forth, plunged headlong into all the intrigues of the Fanar, [11] and, through his own dexterity, and the patronage of the High-admiral, in less than three years supplanted Argiropoli, the old and long respected drogueman of the navy. He soon contrived to give his new situation an importance which it never yet had known. Former droguemen were nothing more than interpreters and spokesmen, even to the most imbecile and stupid of commanders. To the most energetic and quicksighted of Pashas whom the Turkish navy had yet obeyed, Mavroyeni became an adviser and a friend. The lion at whose roar Moslemen trembled, showed with the subtle Greek the meekness of a lamb; and even when, informed of his interpreter's unlawful transactions, Hassan for a moment felt his anger rise, and swore he would cut off the head that thus mocked his commands, Mavroyeni's appearance was sufficient to turn his master's wrath into complacency, and to draw down new favours on that head just devoted to irrevocable destruction. Every outrage of Mavroyeni's on the laws and the habits of the Turks, only seemed to increase his influence with his patron; and the Greeks, still as prone as of old to ascribe each strange effect to some supernatural cause, ceased wondering at the drogueman's sway, only to wonder at the drugs of which he composed his philtre.

CHAPTER III.

Received among the suite of the important Tergiuman aforesaid,[1] I was soon made to exchange my miserable tarred jacket of the sailor, for an ample beneesh[2] of finest broadcloth, the first mark of my promotion; but I could not help regretting the loss of my "raven" locks, indifferently replaced, in the owner's opinion, by the short black lamb's wool of a clumsy calpack[3]. I swore I would some day, cost what might, doff my uncouth headdress for one of those smart turbans of gilt brocade, worn with such a saucy air over one ear by the Pasha's Tshawooshes,[4]—gentlemen who were seen every where, lounging about as if they had nothing to do but to display their handsome legs, their vests stiff with gold lace, and their impudent bullying faces.

I had confidently expected that my first apprenticeship in my new service would have been to the use of the carbine and the sabre. Great, therefore, was my mortification when instead of learning to shoot an enemy, or to cut down a rebel, I had to practise carrying a coffee-pot, or presenting a tobacco-pipe: and once, when a young fellow attendant displayed his wit in jokes on my awkwardness,

my wrath waxed so high, that I thrust the lighted pipe head foremost into his grinning mouth, and made his pert tongue smart for its petulance. An oldish mild looking man, a privileged domestic, who, having served his time out, now earned his salary as a sort of pedagogue to the new comers, witnessed the act, and took me aside.

"Listen, young man," said he, "whether you like it or not. For my own part, I have always had too much indolence, not to make it my study throughout life rather to secure ease than to labour for distinction. It has therefore been my rule to avoid cherishing in my patron any outrageous admiration of my capacity, which would have increased my dependence while it lasted, and exposed me to persecution on wearing out:—but you, I see, are of a different mettle: I therefore may point out to you the surest way to that more perilous height, short of which your ambition I doubt will not rest satisfied. When you have compassed it, you may remember old Demo, if you please.

"Know first that all masters, even the least lovable, like to be loved. All wish to be served from affection rather than duty. It flatters their pride, and it gratifies their selfishness. They expect from this personal motive a greater devotion to their interest, and a more unlimited obedience to their commands. A master looks upon mere fidelity in his servant as his due,—as a thing scarce worth his

thanks: but attachment he considers as a compliment to his merit, and, if at all generous, he will reward it with liberality. Mavroyeni is more open than any body to this species of flattery. Spare it not therefore. If he speak to you kindly, let your face brighten up. If he talk to you of his own affairs, though it should only be to dispel the tedium of conveying all day long other men's thoughts, listen with the greatest eagerness. A single yawn, and you are undone! Yet let not curiosity appear your motive, but the delight only of being honoured with his confidence. The more you appear grateful for the least kindness, the oftener you will receive important favours. Our ostentatious drogueman will feel a pleasure in raising your astonishment. His vanity knows no bounds. Give it scope therefore. When he comes home choking with its suppressed ebullitions, be their ready and patient receptacle:—do more; discreetly help him on in venting his conceit; provide him with a cue; hint what you heard certain people, not knowing you to be so near, say of his capacity, his merit, and his influence. He wishes to persuade the world that he completely rules the Pasha. Tell him not flatly he does, but assume it as a thing of general notoriety. Be neither too candid in your remarks, nor too fulsome in your flattery. Too palpable deviations from fact might appear a satire on your master's understanding. Should

some disappointment evidently ruffle his temper, appear not to conceive the possibility of his vanity having received a mortification. Preserve the exact medium between too cold a respect, and too presumptuous a forwardness. However much Mavroyeni may caress you in private, never seem quite at ease with him in public. A master still likes to remain master, or at least, to appear so to others. Should you get into some scrape, wait not to confess your imprudence, until concealment becomes impossible; nor try to excuse the offence. Rather than that you should, by so doing, appear to make light of your guilt, exaggerate your self-upbraidings, and throw yourself entirely upon the drogueman's mercy. On all occasions take care how you appear cleverer than your lord, even in the splitting of a pen: or if you cannot avoid excelling him in some trifle, give his own tuition all the credit of your proficiency. Many things he will dislike, only because they come not from himself. Vindicate not your innocence when unjustly rebuked: rather submit for the moment; and trust that, though Mavroyeni never will expressly acknowledge his error, he will in due time pay you for your forbearance."

As it was not "*a single*" yawn with which I answered this long speech, good old Demo vouchsafed to spare me its sequel; but, though I thanked

not my adviser, I took care in due time to profit by his advice.

Mavroyeni's situation subjected him to a species of persecution which almost balanced the pleasure—great as it was—of beholding the proudest Agas of the country daily cringe at his levee, perhaps more lowly than at that of the Pasha himself. It was the annoyance of being visited by all his own relations and kindred, from every island of the Archipelago, far or near, large or small. He had not, in the remotest corner of the Levant, a cousin in the fiftieth degree, known or unknown, whom the fame of his favour drew not out of his den to Argos, for the purpose of sharing in the good things which it was supposed the drogueman had nothing to do but to give for the asking; and relationships, before dormant or wholly obliterated, were now brought to light, and supported by oral and written proof, so as sometimes absolutely to confound even his not easily shaken sturdiness.—Nor could these anxious kinsfolks and friends be made to comprehend why the particular time when Mavroyeni went forth into public, or was surrounded by his whole court, should not be the very best for bustling up to their cousin, and roaring out their claims, or reminding him of their former intimacies. All day long they beset the drogueman's door when he was at home, or lay in ambush for him when he went

out; and so great became at last the persecution, that at every new disembarking of passengers at Nauplia, he used to be seized with a fit of the ague.

There is a danger in doing things too well. What was at first volunteered as an extraordinary feat, is soon assigned as an every day task. I once happened to dismiss one of these troublesome visitors too dexterously; and from that time it became my regular office. The appointment, it is true, could not have been in better hands. Without troubling the drogueman for particular instructions, or annoying him with awkward messages, painful to the delicacy of a man who would rather have been thought only allied to Jove, I knew at once when a new face presented itself at the door, by its cut and dimensions, whether it could conveniently be suffered to pass the threshold, or not; and on finding it either too long or too wide, or too red or too shining, or otherwise inadmissible or questionable, I resolutely defended the pass committed to my care, was as formidably repulsive as Cerberus himself, and minded not even a little scuffle in the cause: sure of never being taxed by my master for disrespect to his blood. Hence it happened that once or twice, on the drogueman's expressing a fear that certain of these visitors might call, I had the pleasure to inform him that they had called, and would call no more; after which, whenever a stranger was

announced, the answer, "let Anastasius go to him," was quite sufficient to explain the reception he was to meet with, and the way in which his importunities were to be treated.

By thus anticipating my master's sentiments, I rose to such a degree of favour that often, after having in public caused Turks of the highest rank to stare at his haughtiness, he would in private put his humble cafedjee[5] in no fear but from his excess of familiarity; for frequently it left me almost unable to bear in mind the old preceptor's caution, and to refrain from overstepping my station. One evening, after other conversation, "Anastasius," said the drogueman, "I told the Pasha to-day what a graceless stripling I had picked up. He will see you to-morrow."

A person so terrible as this Pasha, and who so filled the world with the mere sound of his name, must, I thought, equal Homer's heroes in size. I estimated his stature at the least at eight feet; and accordingly, when ushered into his presence, kept looking up at the ceiling till I nearly fell over a little man squatted on the floor, whom I only recognised by the commotion which my heedlessness excited, as the formidable Hassan. I know not whether the Pasha felt nettled at the abruptness of my approach or had been discomposed before; but when, ready to sink into the ground with dismay, I stepped back to repair my blunder and kiss the hem of his garment,

he no more heeded me than the dust of his feet which I respectfully brought to my forehead. Mavroyeni soon perceived that the moment was inauspicious, and made me a sign to withdraw. I immediately slunk away.

There is a something in my nature which revolts at every act of humiliation performed towards a fellow creature. Nothing but the extreme kindness of Mavroyeni could reconcile me to my servile situation; and his indulgence had made me expect equal caresses from Hassan himself: "I only stoop," thought I, when appearing before him, "to rise the higher." But when I found myself left in the dust in which I had been cringing, without gaining any thing by my submission but a contemptuous look, how deep in my heart sunk the mortification! Scarce could I contain myself while hurrying out of the room. On the very threshold I burst into a flood of tears.

Fresh constraint, however, soon again became necessary. My fellow attendants, to whom I had been boasting of my summons, were all waiting in a row, to know the result of my visit. Lest its luckless termination should make them too happy, I had to convert my sobs into smiles, at the inexpressible graciousness of my reception.

The principal tribe of the rebellious Arnaoots, the Beckiarees, established to the number of about ten thousand in the very capital of the Morea, kept

its governor, Mehemet Pasha, as some supposed a willing prisoner. Hassan, ere he engaged in actual hostilities, once more offered them, on condition of immediately quitting the country, an unqualified pardon; but the hardened banditti, whether confiding in their numbers or in other less apparent means of averting the blow, rejected all compromise, intrenched themselves under the walls of the city, and bade defiance to the Pasha's forces.

Probably they expected to awe him by this show of resolution. They were deceived. On the tenth of June, about noon, Hassan set out with four thousand picked men for Tripolizza, and continued on the march the whole night. Mavroyeni followed the Pasha, and I followed Mavroyeni. In my capacity of Greek, and still more of cafedjee, I had not the least hope of personally contending with the foe, and all my solace was the chance of a sly thrust at some run-away. But my master, desirous to let me have my share of all the good things that offered, after whispering something in the Pasha's ear, suddenly turned round to me: "Anastasius," he cried, "I have obtained his highness's permission for you to shoulder a musket, and to join in the fight, like an Osmanlee."[6]

The favour, no doubt, was inestimable; but its suddenness somewhat confounded me. I felt, however, that I must seem delighted, and though with something of a flutter about my heart, endeavoured

to look all joy in the face. In order to confirm my assurance of unutterable satisfaction, I kept singing all the way,—though now and then, perhaps, a little out of tune. But let it be recollected what I was:—a Greek, in whose unlicensed hands a musket had been deemed, until that moment, a sacrilege, and who had only learnt by stealth to take aim at a sparrow.

I shall therefore not attempt to deny that when the early dawn showed in front of our column, between ourselves and Tripolizza, at the distance of only a few hundred yards the whole Albanese encampment, my stout heart began to beat; and that when, the next moment, I heard Hassan give orders for the charge, breath seemed for a moment to forsake my frame. Shame, however, supplied the place of bravery. The danger which I could not avoid I determined not to think of; and, following the example of the more experienced warriors around me, I swallowed in a hurried manner several copious draughts of a certain nameless liquor, which, on particular occasions, the High-admiral wisely allowed himself to distribute among his followers; whereupon, whether it be that the inspiring potation did its duty, or that courage is infectious like cowardice, my heart, the very moment before almost sunk to my heels, rebounded with such energy, that in its ebullitions of bravery, I could scarce refrain from breaking from the ranks, and engaging some hero of the

adverse party in single combat, even before the line was formed;—and when the trumpet sounded the charge, when the onset began, and the whole body of cavalry at once rushed forward, causing the earth to shake under the horses' hoofs, such grew my delirium, that I scarce saw, heard, or felt; much less had senses to think.

Mavroyeni had taken care to confide his cafedjee, excellently mounted, to a trusty spahee, whose side he enjoined me not to quit. But at that moment not heaven itself could have prevented my giving the reins to my warlike spirit. The cloud of smoke which arose soon baffling the vigilance of my guardian, I gave him the slip, and spurring my steed with all my might, at once plunged into the thickest of the fray. There, finding the loading of my pistols too tedious a process, I began hacking and hewing with my yatagan;[7]—consoling myself for any mistake I might make in the objects of my ire, with the thought that my blows never could fall amiss, where all alike were enemies to Christianity, and oppressors of the Greeks. If upon this principle I hit one or two of our own men, too much engaged to heed whence came the compliment, I made amends by cutting down as grim an Arnaoot as ever wore red whiskers, in the very act of measuring one of our spahees for a back-handed blow; and by this feat, so happily timed, and more happily observed, gained prodigious credit. It

elated me to such a degree, that, thinking myself quite invulnerable, I was going next to rush headlong amidst the only little knot of Lalleotes which still maintained its ground,—when my guardian, again catching a glimpse of my person, stopped my mad career, grasped me by the arm, and, spite of my despair at not seeing the end of an affair in which I had taken such an active part, began dragging me away: but the rout of the Arnaoots becoming decisive just at that very moment, he listened to the intreaties of those who had witnessed my behaviour, and again let me go. I darted forward like an arrow from the bow, and gave chase to the now dispersing foe.

Foremost in the attack, I was soon foremost in the pursuit. Among the Albanians flying before us like chaff before the wind two particularly caught my eye, while apart from the rest they sought concealment behind a small patch of furzes. Steadfastly watching their progress, and tracing their route by the motion of the bushes, I left the rest of the troop, to follow this promising scent. Fortunately my fugitives, instead of turning short upon me to punish my imprudence, in their panic only pushed forward, until the hindmost getting entangled among the briars, presented his side to the contents of my carbine, and bit the dust; while the other only ran the faster for his comrade's groans.

My great ambition had been to take a prisoner, —to possess a slave. I therefore left the disabled man, as secure, to his own meditations, and with my biggest voice called to his companion to surrender. Luckily he did not even look round at the stripling who addressed him; but presently, leaping down a little eminence, disappeared in a thicket, where I thought it prudent to give up the hazardous chase.

I now returned to the fellow whom I had left writhing on the ground, apparently at the last gasp; and when sufficiently near, lest there should still lurk about him some latent spark of life, which might only wait to spend itself in a last home thrust, swiftly sprung forward, and, for fear of foul play, put an extinguisher upon it, ere I ventured to take any other liberties with his person. This done, I deliberately proceeded to the work of spoliation. With a hand all trembling with joy, I first took the silver mounted pistols, and glittering poniard, and costly yatagan; I next collected the massy knobs of the jacket, and clasps of the buskins, and still more valuable sequins lying perdue in the folds of the sash; and lastly, feeling my appetite for plunder increase in proportion as it was gratified, thought it such a pity to leave any part of so showy an attire a prey to corruption, that I undressed the dead man completely.

When however the business which engaged all my attention was entirely achieved, and that human body, of which, in the eagerness for its spoil, I had only thus far noticed the separate limbs one by one, as I stripped them, all at once struck my sight in its full dimensions, as it lay naked before me;—when I contemplated that fine athletic frame, but a moment before full of life and vigor unto its fingers' ends, now rendered an insensible corpse by the random shot of a raw youth whom in close combat its little finger might have crushed, I could not help feeling, mixed with my exultation, a sort of shame, as if for a cowardly advantage obtained over a superior being; and, in order to make a kind of atonement to the shade of an Epirote—of a kinsman —I exclaimed with outstretched hands, "Cursed be the paltry dust which turns the warrior's arm into a mere engine, and striking from afar an invisible blow, carries death no one knows whence to no one knows whom; levels the strong with the weak, the brave with the dastardly; and, enabling the feeblest hand to wield its fatal lightning, makes the conqueror slay without anger, and the conquered die without glory!"

On the very point of departing after this sort of expiatory effusion, with my heavy but valuable trophy huddled on my back, the thought struck me that I might incur a suspicion of sporting plumes not my own, unless I brought my vouchers. With

that view I began detaching from my Arnaoot's shaggy skull both the ears, as pledges for the remainder of the head, when I should be at leisure to fetch it; but considering how many gleaners stalked the harvest field, and that if I lost my own head, none other might be found to make me amends, I determined to take at once all I meant to keep. The work was a tough one, and the operator at best still a bungler, but I succeeded at last;—and now, in an ecstacy of delight, though almost afraid to look at my bundle, I returned to our party—for ever cured, by an almost instantaneous transition to temerity, of every sentiment of fear. Indeed such remained for some time the ferment of my spirits, that, while I carried my load on one arm, I kept brandishing my sword with the other, still eager to lay about me, and to cut down whomsoever I met.

My master,—already informed of my prowess, and on the look-out for my return,—seeing me arrive thus fierce and turbulent, immediately cried out: "Bravo, Anastasius! At your first outset, you are become a complete hero.—But," added he, laughing, "since the fight is over, and the enemy routed, suppose you put up your sword, and wash your face!"

The advice was seasonable. I had in the heat of the engagement received, I know not how, a cut across the jaw, of which the scar remains to this

day, and shows a shining white ridge across my strong black beard.

The head[8] which, in imitation of my companions, I laid before the Pasha, he only treated as a foot-ball;—an usage which made me feel vexed for its dignity and my own: but when the whole harvest was got in, he ordered the produce to be built into the base of a handsome pyramid. The remaining Arnaoots of the peninsula, cut off at the dervens, afterwards supplied its top, and thus afforded the inhabitants of Tripolizza a most agreeable vista, which they enjoy to this day. One of our men, indeed, attempted to keep back from the common store a skull of his own collecting, meaning to turn it into a drinking cup for private use: but the Pasha severely censured an idea "so disgraceful," he observed, "to a civilized nation like the Turks;" and was near making its author, in punishment of his offence, contribute to the building materials from his own stock. As for myself, when I came to offer my mite I found that same Hassan, before so supercilious, all condescension. Bravery was with him the first of virtues: some said the only one!—Mine he paid in ready money, with a handful of sequins; adding: "you are a lad of spirit; and if you will but become a true believer, you may rely upon me for promotion."

At this flattering offer, my heart rose to my lips. At once I would have answered: "Moslemin, or

heathen, or whatever your highness pleases!"—but a look from my master stopped my complying speech. I read in it a positive prohibition, and durst not disobey. Prostrating myself on the ground, I begged the Pasha would command his servant any thing but to renounce his precious faith. This behaviour had the good luck not to displease the Visier, and much to gratify the interpreter. It entirely gained me the heart of a nephew of Mavroyeni, his uncle's agent, named Stephan;—a man who was said to keep his accounts between this world and the next much more even than his older relation. Indeed, so little had the drogueman the reputation of being tenacious on the score of religion, that I could not refrain from asking him, the first instant we were alone together: "why he should thus have stood in the way of his servant's fortune?"

"You fool," was his answer, "I only stood in the way of your ruin. Had you accepted the High-admiral's proposal, you would immediately have received some inferior appointment, and in that you would have been left to waste the remainder of your life. Your first promotion would have been your last. Despised by the Turks and shunned by the Greeks, you would have found support nowhere; and must henceforth have lived not only degraded, but, what is worse, forgotten. Has it never struck you," added he in a whisper, and as if afraid of

being overheard, " that if much were to be gained by a Christian turning Moslemin, there are others besides yourself sufficiently reasonable not to stick at the difference between Kyrie eleïson, and Allah, Illah, Allah ?"[9]

This observation set all reply at defiance. I laid by my sword, and resumed my coffee-tray.

The interior of the Morea being liberated from the Albanians, Hassan determined to spend the remainder of the season in clearing its seas of the Maynotes. A strong detachment was sent with instructions to force the passes of mount Taygetus, the abode of those miscreants; and our encampment was in the mean time removed from the plain of Argos to that of Nauplia. Precisely the small slip of this otherwise delightful valley which is closest to the city, and extends under the tremendous rock of the Palamida, had, by the sea water constantly oozing in, been rendered a swamp, vying for noxious exhalations with the opposite morass of Lerna. Hassan, while waiting the issue of the expedition to Mayno, resolved, without knowing much of the garden of the Hesperides, to make this pestilential nook its fac-simile,—and, by way of restoring to their pristine innocence and purity the somewhat deteriorated minds of his Arnaoot prisoners, had them conveyed on shore every morning, chained two and two, to forward this rural design. Hands that never yet had wielded any thing but weapons of war

and destruction, were now reluctantly seen to grasp instruments of peace and husbandry, and to exchange the sword and the carbine for the rake and the spade; and men only accustomed to cut and clip human limbs, gnashed their teeth with rage, at being compelled to prune orange-trees, and to tie up carnations.

Like other distinguished personages, Hassan had his enemies in the capital. They represented his attempt on the impregnable fastnesses of Mayno as a mad scheme; they ceased not to inveigh against his extortions: but the crime they dwelt upon with peculiar eloquence and pathos, was his atrocity in employing Mohammedan captives to lay out his vile shrubberies; and one morning that Hassan, in the midst of his works, was inhaling in copious streams the incense of his courtiers vying in compliments on his taste, came a fulminating hatti-sherif from the Porte, to enjoin the immediate liberation of all his prisoners, and the return of his squadron to Constantinople.

Vain would be the attempt to paint the Pasha's rage. Striking his forehead with the imperial mandate, he swore he would obey its commands—would deliver his prisoners from their bondage: but only in death! and ordered them to be marshalled for immediate execution. The signal was given; and at each waving of his hand fell a head. Every beholder looked aghast, but none durst breathe

even a syllable of intercession for the victims. Fifteen heads already lay gasping amidst the parterres which their wearers had planted; and seemed only a prelude to the fall of as many hundreds: when Mavroyeni at last stepped forward, and, throwing himself at his master's feet, begged he would have mercy, not on the culprits, who deserved their fate, but on his own innocent lilies and jessmines, which had done nothing to deserve being deluged in blood, instead of moistened only by the dews from heaven.

Perhaps the Pasha himself had already begun to reflect, not on the cruelty of his conduct, but on its consequences;—perhaps he was not sorry for an excuse to desist from his rash vow. His jocularity, between each new act of the disgusting spectacle, might only in reality be intended to slacken the progress of the slaughter. The flowers were pitied, the massacre stopped, the garden abandoned, and the not yet pollarded Arnaoots conveyed to the passes out of the Morea, there to be turned loose upon the remainder of the Turkish empire.

By the sacrifice of a few of the purses which he had collected, Hassan still obtained leave only to resign the command of the Morea to Hadgee Ibrahim, his own kehaya:[10] a man who, in turns pilgrim at Mecca, chief of banditti in Roumili,[11] slave-merchant on the Black Sea, and soldier at the Dardanelles, was by no means the Pasha's unapt

representative; but who nevertheless was only allowed to succeed him with the subordinate rank of Moohassil, [12]—the exhausted state of the Peninsula disabling it from supporting, in a governor, the burthensome weight of the three tails.

The news of the entire failure of the Maynote expedition became the signal for our departure. In my impatience to behold the capital I had been counting the days and hours till we should sail, and had been frightened by many a report of our wintering at Nauplia. Inexpressible therefore was my joy when, on the fifteenth of November 1779, I actually saw the anchors heaving, and the sails unfurled.

Behold me now at sea a second time, not like the first on board a paltry trading vessel, only surrounded by tarred sailors, and myself toiling like a galley slave, but in a superb three-decker—a positive moving city on the waves; basking in the sunshine of a visier of the first class; viewing, whichever way I turned my eyes, glittering officers and guards; and having nothing myself to do but to wonder at all I saw. This I did abundantly. Not a hole or corner of the vessel was left unexplored; and, though exceedingly wroth on board the Venetian at being obliged to bear a part in working the ship, which I then thought an intolerable drudgery, I here, on the contrary, from being very much discouraged by the sailors in my attempts to assist them, found no pleasure so great; and was con-

stantly lending a hand in setting the sails, bracing the yards, and imitating like a monkey all I saw others do. Frequently, when my master sent for me to my birth below, I was up in the main top; and I seldom came down from this favourite station, except to listen open-mouthed on the carriage of a gun to the glowing descriptions of the wonders and delights of the capital—the city by pre-eminence,—which some one or other of my companions was constantly praising. It seemed to me, though the wind continued unabatingly fair, that we never were to reach this earthly paradise.

On one occasion indeed the current of my thoughts, thus far uninterruptedly directed toward Stambool,[13] experienced a sudden stop, a total reflux. The intellectual tide, till then only flowing in one direction, at once ebbed, and set the contrary way. It was when we came in sight of my native land, of my beloved Chios. While rapidly sailing before the wind along its verdant shores, a pang shot to my heart,—an indescribable yearning seized upon my soul. At the back of that ridge of purple crags which I could almost touch with my hand, lived my aged parents; lived, sighed—perhaps, sighed no longer—my injured Helena, the first loved of my heart! Were not the rocky screen betwixt, I might actually at that instant behold their now melancholy homes, and in less than an hour I might restore the mourning tenants to their wonted serenity. I might

receive and bestow the embraces of love and of duty; I might again possess the united blessings of those whom I had so cruelly abandoned; I might tell them, "Anastasius has fought, Anastasius has vanquished, Anastasius returns to you. He returns to deposit at your adored feet, and to sacrifice to your love and your pardon, the laurels he has gathered, and the praise and promises he has gained." "Now is," thought I—"but soon irretrievably to vanish—the moment in which to recover kindred, country, peace of mind, and connubial happiness. If again cast away, they must be lost for ever!"

Frantic at this thought, I hastily left the deck, and hurried to the drogueman, to entreat that I might be put ashore, and allowed to return among my friends.

On what trifling circumstances depends the fate of our lives! Had I felt less anxious, I should have succeeded: I should have reached my master's presence, have preferred my petition, have obtained my suit, have been reinstated in my filial privileges, and probably at this time have been the happy father of a numerous progeny, with the soothing prospect of a tranquil and respected old age.

A nail-head made the difference!—A nail-head causes me, by remote consequences, at the distance of many years, to die in a strange land a premature and painful death, unowned by a friend, unwept by a child! This unfortunate iron (on which may lie all

my sins) not being sufficiently clenched, protruded most unwarrantably from the steps of the cabin. Several times already it had caught my flowing dress; and each time condemned to decapitation, it had only been reprieved from sheer thoughtlessness. In the eagerness of the moment, I hooked it with my shaksheer,[14] as I ran down stairs, and, losing my balance, fell, and struck my skull against the floor of the cabin.

Senseless from the shock, I only recovered to find myself lying on the deck, with my head in the lap of one of the Pasha's tshawooshes. The first thing upon which my eyes opened was the officer's vest,—one of those gorgeous specimens of embroidery, which I had so greedily coveted, and had so fully determined some day to obtain: the first thing I heard was a condescending message of inquiry from the Pasha himself! So much glare dazzled my senses; so great an honour overpowered my weak brain. For some time, indeed, I scarce could remember what had occupied my thoughts prior to my accident. All in my mind was confusion and darkness; and when I again began with some clearness to retrace my ideas, the contact was too immediate with one species of object near my heart, not to feel the attraction of other more distant treasures, weak in comparison. It now seemed to me a womanly act to cast away all the fruit of the perils I had past, of the reputation I had gained, and of the favour I had

earned;—to exchange the fame and greatness that awaited me, for obscurity and oblivion; to prefer to the destinies of the eagle, soaring from region to region, those of the worm, content to die in the same clod of clay in which he was born, and perhaps crushed to death before his time, by the more bold and aspiring. I knew I should be laughed at by all on board, only for hinting such a whim; and, on further reflection, I even felt it a filial duty to seek at Constantinople that rank, which might be so powerful a protection to my parents on their little island.

Still, however, some inward doubt remained. As soon as I was able to move, I rose, and ran to the side of the ship, to see what way she had been making since my accident, and whether there still was time to execute my design. Chios had already dwindled away into a scarce visible speck. The magnet ceased to act; my lately excited feelings subsided, and my no longer distracted mind gradually resumed its former hopes, its vanities, and its ambition. Its current again, as before, only flowed whither our prow was tending. Stambool again became, as before, its polar star;—and if some natural regrets still arose in my mind at intervals, the new and bustling scene which ensued, during the few days we lay at anchor before Mitylene and Tenedos, completely dispelled them. These days appeared to me so many ages, only from their delaying our arrival in the capital.

At last we entered the boghaz![15] Stunned by the incessant thundering of the almost uninterrupted succession of batteries, which line the whole of its shore, I felt not the less as if sharing all the honours of their salutes, and could scarce repress my joy and exultation. In a few hours I was to behold that celebrated city, whose origin lay hid in the obscurity of ages, whose ancient greatness had often been the theme of my infant wonder, and whose humiliation under the Othoman yoke I had, in concert with my didaskalos[16] of Chios, frequently lamented with tears; but which—even in its present degraded state, and groaning under the despotism of the Turks—had from a child been the final object of all my views and wishes.

A most favourable wind continued to swell our sails. Our mighty keel shot rapidly through the waves of the Propontis, foaming before our prow. Every instant the vessel seemed to advance with accelerated speed; as if—become animated—it felt the near approach to its place of rest; and at last Constantinople rose, in all its grandeur, before us.

With eyes riveted on the expanding splendours I watched, as they rose out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, either stretching along the jagged shore, and reflecting their image in the mirror of the deep, or creeping up the crested mountain, and tracing their outline

on the expanse of the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures,—until at last the clusters, thus far still distantly connected, became transformed, as if by magic, into three distinct cities,[17] each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the other two by a wide arm of that sea whose silver tide encompassed their base, and made its vast circuit rest half on Europe, and half on Asia. Entranced by the magnificent spectacle, I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories: I hardly retained power to breathe; and almost apprehended that in doing so, I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream!

CHAPTER IV.

It was with difficulty that I could collect my scattered senses, when the time came to step down into the nut-shell, all azure and gold, which waited to convey the drogueman's suite to the Fanar, where, with the other principal Greeks, Mavroyeni had his residence. Each stroke of the oar, after we had pushed off from the ship, made our light caïck[1] glide by some new palace, more splendid than those which preceded it; and every fresh edifice I beheld, grander in its appearance than the former, was immediately set down in my mind as my master's habitation. I began to feel uneasy when I perceived that we had passed the handsomest district, and were advancing towards a less showy quarter. My pangs increased as we were made to step ashore on a mean-looking quay, and to turn into a narrow dirty lane; and I attained the acme of my dismay, when, arrived opposite a house of a dark and dingy hue, apparently crumbling to pieces with age and neglect,[2] I was told that there lived the lord Mavroyeni. At first I tried to persuade myself that my companions were joking; but, too soon assured they only spoke

the truth, I entered with a fainting heart. A new surprise awaited me within. That mean fir-wood case of such forbidding exterior, contained rooms furnished in all the splendour of eastern magnificence. Persian carpets covered the floors, Genoa velvets clothed the walls, and gilt trellis work overcast the lofty ceilings. Clouds of rich perfumes rose on all sides from silver censers; and soon I found that this dismal outside appearance was an homage paid by the cunning of the Greek gentry to the fanaticism of the Turkish mob, impatient of whatever may, in Christians, savour of luxury and ostentation. The persons of the Fanariote grandees were of a piece with their habitations. Within doors, sinking under the weight of rich furs, costly shawls, jewels, and trinkets, they went forth into the streets wrapped in coarse, and dingy, and often thread-bare clothing.

My arrival in the capital was almost immediately followed by an advancement from my private situation, to a more public office. Whether the drogueman of the Capitan-pasha thought it unbecoming a sprig of his own body—a drogueman's son—to appear in the capacity of a domestic, or whether he conceived that a taooshan like himself, unconnected with his rivals in office, and entirely dependent on his nod, was, in point of trust-worthiness, the next thing to a mamluke;[3] or whether, finally, he considered my acquirements and my capabilities, as

above being confined within the compass of a coffee-tray or the extent of a Persian pipe, he had scarce had time to look about him, ere he conferred upon me the employment—or rather the dignity—of relieving him in some of the lesser details of his business. These chiefly consisted in attending every day at the arsenal, there to introduce to the High-admiral the persons and to interpret the petitions, of Greeks and of foreigners;—for in the style of the Turkish diplomacy, a Christian ambassador demanding an audience was introduced as a supplicant preferring a suit.

While, to perform the duties of his office, Mavroyeni himself held his usual station in the Capitan-pasha's own apartment, I was installed in a small adjoining room, where I had to hear, to understand if I could, or, whether I understood or not, to set down and to condense into the shortest possible written abstract, the long stories of petitioners and the endless dialogues of disputants; a duty, which I always performed the better in proportion as I understood the business brought before me the less. It was here I learnt that art of generalising my ideas, so esteemed, as I am told, among Frank[4] philosophers.

Undoubtedly, had the choice been laid before me, I should have preferred the truncheon to the pen. But the drogueman had not the former in his gift; and the tedium of the latter was materially relieved

by certain circumstances attached to its exercise. For it soon became notorious that nothing assisted me so much in giving weight to a case, as a few sequins slipped from sheer absence of mind between the pages of the report; and in this respect the difference between my master and myself only consisted in his receiving purses,[5] where I received single pieces.

Still, to one who loved money only as the means of pleasure, my confinement could not but be irksome; and the moment Mavroyeni disappeared I too used to break up my levees, and to saunter about. Whenever my master was employed by the Pasha in some long-winded expedition, I proceeded either to spend the money already earned in the Tchartchees and Bezesteens,[6] or to procure new customers for my own shop, by boasting in the coffee-houses and taverns of my influence in higher quarters. Was Mavroyeni, on the contrary, only expected to make a short absence, I contented myself with taking a turn round the precincts of the arsenal.

In one of these rambles I remember being shown two highly esteemed productions of the pictorial art, presented by the drogueman to the Pasha. They were representations of two of Hassan's most memorable achievements; the surprisal of the Russians at Lemnos, and the bombardment of Daher at Acre. In these chef-d'œuvres all was depicted with the

utmost faithfulness—the vessels, the batteries, the guns, the very balls whizzing through the air, and the shells falling on the buildings. One feature alone was omitted in compliment to Turkish prejudices; a mere trifle, no doubt, in the eyes of the painter—the combatants themselves!—but this very circumstance—as I told the Turkish officer my *cicerone*—so far from lessening its value, was, in my opinion, the most judicious thing I had ever beheld. The great point in works of art, my language-master at Chios had assured me, was only to bring forward the leading objects, the essential supporters of the action; and to discard all insignificant and superfluous accessories. Now, what was it that in engagements by land or by water did all the execution? The men?—By no means! They only stood aloof. It was the shells, the bullets, the grape-shot. These therefore filled the whole foreground more properly.

So much did the acuteness of this remark delight the officer, that in his rapture, he clapped his broad whiskers on my face, and swore I was the only sensible Greek he ever had met with. It was evident that he knew not a countryman of mine, whom I found one morning in excessive wrath with a Perote artist—a Frank,—for having painted him a Madonna with such force of light and shade, as absolutely to stand out from the canvas. He swore

it was a scandalous production ;—almost as bad as an image ! and the poor artist could not even obtain praise for his talent, much less, payment for his labour.

I had been several weeks at Constantinople without yet seeing my patron's lady. Not that, like Turkish wives, she was kept secluded in a harem,[7] but, on the contrary, because, in order to enjoy greater freedom, she preferred spending her autumn at a villa on the Bosphorus. One afternoon Mavroyeni took me to Therapiah[8] in his caïck, and I was there presented to the domina. She happened to be sunning her plump charms on the quay. Nothing could exceed the stateliness of her appearance ; and had she not been somewhat broader than she was long, her carriage would have been very dignified. Half a dozen surrounding attendants had no other employment but to support her august person ; much too important to support itself on ordinary occasions. One walked on before with a peacock-tail fan, to keep the flies from her glossy face ; and another behind, to shake the dust off her still more lustrous gown.

An untoward accident was fated to happen, just as every thing seemed disposed to strike a new comer with all possible awe and admiration. At the furthest outlet of the channel, in the very middle of its silvery expanse, and on the verge of the horizon, was

descried a dark speck that looked endowed with motion. Rapidly the opaque body advanced, skimming the fleecy surface of the waters; and, as it approached, it increased in size and consequence. Its wide extending fins dipped into the waves like the pinions of the swallow, while its sharp and prominent beak cut its way through the billows like the shark or the sword-fish. All eyes were riveted upon the threatening monster, and presently no one but myself any longer remained in ignorance of its nature. It stood confessed,—O horror!—not exactly a dragon come to devour our princess on the sea-shore, like another Andromeda, in order to give me an opportunity of signalizing my gallantry as her Perseus; but something full as savage, and much more inglorious: the Bostandjee-bashee[9] in his police boat, coming to nibble at the trains of the Greek princesses, which exceeded the standard of the Turkish sumptuary laws. At this terrific sight, the arms of the six suivantes all dropped with one accord by their sides, and with them dropped to the ground their mistress's train. The snow-white ermine swept the dust of the road; while its wearer—who just before had appeared scarce able to move without assistance—suddenly recovered the entire use of her short legs, and waddled away by herself as nimbly as any duck pursued by a kite, until the friendly screen of a wall enabled her to stop, to face about, and to take breath after the immense exertion.

As soon as the terrified party had safely reached the house, the fault of the precipitate retreat was laid on an impending shower. I had the imprudence—fool that I was—to run and search for a cloud. The only one I could find was that gathering on the lady's own brow; and my officiousness got me a look in that quarter, which boded more storms than ever lashed the Bosphorus in March.

What could the company do, in the uncertain state of the sky, but collect round the tandoor?[10]—that safe refuge against the winter's rigours, that eastern nondescript, which in the angle of the mitred sofa holds a middle character between the table and the bed, and underneath whose gaudy coverlet all the legs of the snug party coverge round a pot of lighted charcoal, there to stew for the evening. Like the rest, I crept under the bed-clothes.

This was my first admission to a gossiping party of quality; and I must in justice to its members confess that it yielded not to those of inferior rank. In the course of an hour or two I heard a very reasonable quantity of scandal. There was no recent occurrence in church or state, army or navy, boards or bed-chambers, the Bab-humayoon,[11] or the back stairs, but was properly collected, combined, compared, dissected, analyzed, and circulated. I now for the first time learnt, to my infinite satisfaction, both the precise offence of the last Vizier beheaded, and the precise length of the last feridjee[12] curtailed. I was informed in the same breath, how the great

Morosi managed his principality, and how the little Manolacki conducted his courtship; how the Patriarch had quarrelled with the Archons,[13] and how the Spatar[14] had beaten his wife; how the mortgages of the church were redeeming, and how the slipper-money[15] of the Sultanas was engaged: and I so confidently heard it asserted by a gentleman on my right, that the conference between a certain Embassador and the Reïs-effendee[16] would produce a new war; and by a lady on my left, that the meeting between a certain archimandrite and his ghostly daughter would produce a new christening, that I no longer doubted that the fumes of the brazier over which we sat, must have all the oracular virtues which issued from the cave of Delphi. On going to bed I expected from them very surprising effects, but to my disappointment I experienced none other than a dream, in which I beheld the Sultan pounding the Grand Mufti in a mortar,[17] and the pope of Rome standing by, crying bravo!—"Bravo," echoed I with all my might,—when my own voice waking me just in good time, I got up to return with my master to the capital.

"Well, Anastasius," said the drogueman to me, as we were cleaving the waves of the Bosphorus, "how do you like our Constantinople life?"

"Very much;" was the answer evidently expected, but which I did not give,—feeling little edified with my visit to Therapiah, where I had had my share

of the second-hand insolence, which the Fanariotes take very quietly from the Turks, only to put it off less quietly among the taooshans. "Not at all;" was therefore the short reply I made.

The drogueman stared. I felt I had been too laconic. "Were the rest of the Greeks I see here," added I, "at all like your highness, the place would indeed be a paradise; but this capital seems to change the nature of whatever it harbours; and my countrymen, so gay, so light-hearted at Chios, seem at the Fanar at once dull and important. Besides, the difference made between Christians and Mohammedans here is too great, too mortifying. The few Moslemen of Chios mingle with its rayahs on a footing of equality. They almost reckon it a favour to be admitted to their junketings. But here, the very noblest of the Greeks—your highness alone excepted—are daily exposed to the insults of the meanest Turk. Were it not for my principles, I would rather be a Turkish porter than a Greek prince."

Mavroyeni looked thoughtful. After a little pause, "You mistake, Anastasius," replied he, "in thinking the Greek of Constantinople different from the Greek of Chios. Our nation is every where the same. The same at Petersburg as at Cairo; the same now that it was twenty centuries ago."

I stared in my turn.

"What I say," continued my master, "is per-

fectly true. The complexion of the modern Greek may receive a different cast from different surrounding objects: the core still is the same as in the days of Pericles. Credulity, versatility, and thirst of distinctions from the earliest periods formed, still form, and ever will continue to form, the basis of the Greek character; and the dissimilarity in the external appearance of the nation arises, not from any radical change in its temper and disposition, but only from the incidental variation in the means through which the same propensities are to be gratified. The ancient Greeks worshipped an hundred gods, the modern Greeks adore as many saints. The ancient Greeks believed in oracles and prodigies, in incantations and spells; the modern Greeks have faith in relics and miracles, in amulets and divinations. The ancient Greeks brought rich offerings and gifts to the shrines of their deities, for the purpose of obtaining success in war and pre-eminence in peace; the modern Greeks hang up dirty rags round the sanctuaries of their saints, to shake off an ague or to propitiate a mistress. The former were stanch patriots at home, and subtle courtiers in Persia; the latter defy the Turks in Mayno, and fawn upon them at the Fanar. Besides, was not every commonwealth of ancient Greece as much a prey to cabals and factions as every community of modern Greece? Does not every modern Greek preserve the same desire for supremacy, the same readiness

to undermine by every means fair or foul his competitors, which was displayed by his ancestors? Do not the Turks of the present day resemble the Romans of past ages in their respect for the ingenuity, and, at the same time, in their contempt for the character of their Greek subjects? And does the Greek of the Fanar show the least inferiority to the Greek of the Piræus in quickness of perception, in fluency of tongue, and in fondness for quibbles, for disputation, and for sophistry?—Believe me, the very difference between the Greeks of time past and of the present day, arises only from their thorough resemblance; from that equal pliability of temper, and of faculties in both, which has ever made them receive with equal readiness the impression of every mould and the impulse of every agent. When patriotism, public spirit, and pre-eminence in arts, science, literature, and warfare, were the road to distinction, the Greeks shone the first of patriots, of heroes, of painters, of poets, and of philosophers. Now that craft and subtlety, adulation and intrigue are the only paths to greatness, these same Greeks are—what you see them!"

To me it mattered little, whether the modern Greeks resembled the ancient or not, as long as I was not reckoned on a footing with my neighbours the Fanariotes. I therefore paid Mavroyeni a compliment on his oratory, and let the subject drop; still muttering to myself, "Stambool was a detestable place!"

It remained not always so. The Fanariotes—whose defect is not want of quicksightedness—soon perceived that I was a great favourite with the favourite of the favourite *par excellence:* and as no ramifications of this genus, however minute, were to be neglected, I began to enjoy my due share of adulation and of consequence. Those who before were deaf when I spoke to them, now addressed me the first; and the identical joke which formerly left the muscles of every face unmoved, now had the power to set a whole table in a roar. With my situation my manners underwent a total change. The rude exterior of the islander had been exchanged among the caïeondjees[18] of the Capitan-pasha, for a swaggering braggadocio air. The martial strut was now laid aside for the smooth simpering smile of the courtier. Instead of spluttering out my unpolished sentences by half dozens in a breath, as if I had more words crammed in my throat than could issue one by one from my mouth, I now practised with a nonchalant air to drop only now and then a significant monosyllable, so profound in its meaning that nobody could get at it;—and as to the mother tongue, the Romaïc[19] idiom, it was no longer to be used, except interlarded with such scraps of French, Italian, and Turkish, as to render it almost unintelligible to the vulgar auditor. Athwart my borrowed languor and effeminacy, however, the native vigour and raciness of the soil would break forth occa-

sionally with such energetic bursts, as both astonished and delighted the Fanariote fair. To them my rough-cast homage presented an acceptable contrast to the mawkish tenderness of their every-day admirers. My freedom passed for naïveté, my neglect of forms evinced a flattering devotedness, and my rustic exterior promised affections more robust and lasting than could be expected from the sickly natives of a large capital. Flattered by the men, and smiled upon by the women, I now said to myself—"Stambool is a charming place!"

So great, indeed, became in it my vogue, that, had my fastidiousness been less, I might have adapted my courtships, as our great men suit their pelisses, to the different seasons of the year: for, while autumn still continued to pour forth her golden treasures, a grocer's fair spouse—herself the image of ripeness and of plenty—offered to feed my good-will with figs and raisins, to pay in comfits for the sweets of my converse, and to support the ardour of my affections with rosoglio and spice: when winter began to chill the blood, the sleek helpmate of a furrier would fain have dispelled my freezing coldness even at the expense of all her husband's rarest ermines; and, when returning spring enamelled every field with fresh flowers, I beheld at my feet a whole bevy of beauties, fresh as the violet and the daisy, and, to own the truth, not much more exalted in the scale of human flowerets:—but comfits were only lures for boys; er-

mine had no charms, except as the garb of royalty; and beauty itself lost its attractions in my eyes, when destitute of rank and fashion.

The first lady possessed of these latter attributes whom I found disposed to cast an eye of compassion on my sufferings, was of the devout order, and the very domina who had excited the oracular ingenuity of one of the party, on my first visit to Therapiah. The worthy archimandrite, to whom were entrusted her spiritual concerns, had, on the application of her husband, been exiled by the Patriarch to the holy mountain,[20] in order to pursue his spiritual meditations with less interruption. The lady, now finding that even the long beard of a priest was unable to screen her reputation, resolved to try whether the beardless face of a boy would protect it.

A first success, obtained in a distinguished quarter from real preference, leads to others granted by vanity. But with my fashion increased my fastidiousness. All could not catch that laid snares for me; nor could all keep that caught me. My favour was precarious, and—a little tyrant in love—I treated the tender passion quite in the Turkish style.

Still I continued undistinguished, nay, unheeded, by the proud Theophania. Not even by accident could the looks of this lofty lady descend to my level. She appeared unconscious that a being so insignificant as myself existed, filled its portion of space, and breathed the same air with her noble lungs. If she

wished to move from one part of the room to another, and I happened to stand in her way, her hand would mechanically push me aside, without the participation of her mind, like a chair or a table; while her averted eye was directed to some more distant point of space. In vain might I lay myself out for her approbation,—I could not even obtain her satire. The very ridicule of Theophania would have been too much notice for one so low as me. It was positive condescension in her, one day when in an humbler quarter I showed myself insatiate of adulation, to turn round to me and with some impatience to say, "it is the privilege of the great, sir, to receive praise: the insignificant should be at the trouble of praising themselves!"—So violent indeed was her temper, and so sarcastic her conversation with individuals of every rank and degree, that even the most distinguished among the Fanariotes only approached her with fear and trembling, and, as soon as the indispensable rites of politeness had been performed, hastened away, ere, like the drones in a hive, they felt the sting of this intractable queen bee. The shafts of Cupid she had usually turned aside by her petulance; but the few times they happened to draw blood, she had loved as others hate.

Undismayed by these difficulties, I swore she should be at the feet of the taooshan whom she vouchsafed not to suffer at her own, and thenceforward bent the whole force of my genius toward at-

tracting her attention, and exciting her interest. When therefore she, who at first had feared to disgrace her pretty pouting lips with the mere sound of my name, began to abuse my person and my character with most loquacious virulence, I considered my triumph as secure. "Theophania," cried I,—though not yet loud enough to be heard by herself—" you only pursue me with contemptuous looks, to feast your eye on my person; and you only load me with opprobrious epithets, to fix your mind on my image!"

If at last—which love and discretion forbid my ever boasting!—the prize rewarded my pains, yet troublesome was its tenure. The Euxine passes not more quickly from tranquillity to storms, than from serenity to passion changed my tempestuous and variable mistress. One moment, infatuated to perfect forgetfulness of her pride and station, she would clasp my knees in ecstacy, and, humbling herself unto my very feet, glory in her debasement; the next, choking with rage, she would suddenly start up again, rail at her degradation, wonder what she saw in me to admire, and charge me, on my life, to disclose by what spell I had compelled her affections; but again, after having heaped upon me every direst execration which her fertile fancy could suggest, her passion would take another turn, and, bursting into a flood of tears, she would conjure me by all that was most sacred, if I could not return her love, at

least to pity her agony, and assist in breaking the charm I had wrought, by rendering myself purposedly as hateful as possible.

What more could I do than I did? The only thing she ever saw me coax were my own little budding mustachios, whose education and growth I watched over with the tenderness of an anxious parent: the only thing she ever heard me praise, were the qualities to which she had the least pretension; self-command, endurance, meekness. The preferences I felt in other quarters I freely owned; and the consolations I found, when she banished me her presence, I regularly enumerated. In my vulgar exultation (for vulgar it was) I treated with the familiarity of a clown, one who had been used to the deference of a queen; and to all such as had formerly suffered from Theophania's insolence, I boasted of being their avenger. Yet, in spite of my conduct her love lessened not; it only became more conspicuous; it afforded a sneering public a richer treat; and at mass every eye in the church seemed constantly vibrating between the grated gallery above, where Theophania sat with the other women, and the part of the nave below where, by her express desire, I took my station, in order that she might see me during her devout prayers.

Let man make his confidential friend of no woman, except such an one as he cannot possibly make his mistress;—namely, his mother, his sister, or his

aunt. If she happen not to stand with him in any of these forbidden degrees, be she ever so old, or ugly, or infirm, she will end by feeling disappointed; and will accuse her unsuspecting friend of both too much and too little reserve.

A quiet demure looking woman—one of those persons with whom one feels as much at ease the first time of seeing them as with an old acquaintance—once or twice so good-naturedly cautioned me against the consequences, when on the point of imprudently courting public censure, that I determined professedly to open to her my whole heart and circumstances. Why not? "She herself had renounced all love engagements. They gave more trouble than they were worth; and she infinitely preferred to the feverish enjoyments of passion the calm pleasures of friendship—that is, of stable male friendship, which one could depend upon. A tenderer intercourse she only contemplated in others, at a distance, by way of amusement, and in order to study human nature in its different varieties and shades. As to female friendship, she held it in the contempt it deserved." The looks of this good lady had informed me that she perfectly knew all my doings. Giving her my confidence, therefore, was only binding her to discretion; and at first I saw every reason to congratulate myself upon this determination. The tone of my new friend with me was that of a mother with her son; overflowing only

with parental tenderness. Her whole mind seemed only bent upon keeping an unexperienced youth out of difficulties. But I soon found that from her appeals to my prudence, the company present was always excepted. Incensed at this discovery, I spoke in anger and was answered with asperity. We parted, no more to meet in friendship;—but I continued not the less to live in the remembrance of this excellent person.

Theophania's husband held one of the highest offices at the court of Moldavia. He was wont to date his days of repose from those of my attentions to his wife. He could have raised a statue to my merits from sheer gratitude, were statues ever raised in modern times from such an antiquated motive. All he prayed for was the permission to keep his eyes shut;—and this was precisely the only favour which my little friend would not grant him. Qualified for the task she undertook by my former confidence, she kindly forced upon him such irrefragable proofs of his wife's imprudence, as permitted him no longer to be blind to her conduct.

I was so accustomed always to be the last in my appointments with Theophania, that one day in the verdant valley of Kiad-hané,[21] the favourite haunt of the Cupids of Constantinople, I felt rather nettled at finding myself, though much after my time, the first at the place of rendezvous. Still I waited, and waited on; until impatience began to fan my

languid flame, and Theophania's star began to mount. Alas! while I was trying to cool my ardour by contemplating the gurgling brook, in which the weeping willow was lightly dipping its delicate spray, as if striving to steal a last parting caress from the stream that fled its embrace, little did I imagine that the proud Theophania was jogging along in a rumbling kotshi—screaming until she was able to scream no longer—to the borders of the Black sea; thence to be conveyed in an open boat—much too sick with the motion even to scold—to the port of Galatsch, where a stout mule waited to carry her, bumping in a wicker basket, to the presence of her loving husband! He gave her a tender embrace, assured her she had a decided vocation for the monastic life, and accordingly whisked her off the next morning to the most secluded convent in the province of Valachia; where, I understand, she has continued ever since, fasting, praying, and scolding, by turns. As soon as I heard of her adventure, I failed not to thank my little friend for the great service she had unintentionally rendered me.

My own day of retribution from the hands of my master was approaching. Neither my affair with Theophania, nor even, I believe, my daily neglect of my official duties, was the cause of my disgrace. It was the cloud, the fatal cloud, which I could not see when the Bostandjee-bashee passed by Thera-

piah, but which nothing could dispel from *madame*'s angered mind, except my dismission. Her husband would have preferred to have kept me; but, among the tongues he commanded, that of his loving helpmate had never in the family been numbered. He neither could stop it, nor yet had acquired the facility of listening to its explosions, as to the softer murmur of a mill. He therefore might rule in great affairs abroad, but always ended by obeying in little matters at home: content to save his credit by pretending to do from choice what he did from necessity.

One evening, after playing truant the whole day, I went up to submit to the accustomed lecture. Instead of blustering as usual, Mavroyeni asked in the most placid tone imaginable the cause of my long absence. I now gave myself up for lost beyond redemption. It was precisely the tone which the drogueman was wont to assume, when, fully resolved to have no further dealings with the person who had offended him, he deemed reproach an useless waste of breath. Still I made out a little story, to which Mavroyeni listened very patiently,—after which, without further reply, but pointing to the door, he desired me to walk out, and never to walk in again.

I knew him too well to have the least hope of his recalling a sentence uttered in this manner. My

only remaining solicitude, therefore, was to make a dignified retreat. After a profound bow—of defiance rather than of respect,—I strutted away, carrying my head so high, that I knocked it against the soffit of the door.

But in spite of my seeming indifference, I felt injured, if not degraded; for, in surveying my conduct, I only took into account the last drop that rose above the brim; the rest was hid within the vessel.

I need not observe that what to me appeared the height of injustice, was deemed by the remainder of the family only a tardy act of bare equity. Such as it was, however, it caused great jubilation, and in the twinkling of an eye, the whole Fanar was informed of the secretary's disgrace:—only it was ascribed to my having, with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, made such proposals to madame la droguemane, as she could not possibly listen to—from her husband's clerk.

Eaves-dropping never was among my fancies. Nor was I fond enough of puzzles, to put together broken sentences, which in general may be made to bear any signification; but one's own name is a great stumbling-block in the way of one's discretion: and when, crossing a dark passage as I went out of the house, I heard mine pronounced with great vehemence, the sound acted like a talisman. It riveted me to the spot. I stopped to hear my panegyric.

All I could collect, however, was only that most abundantly hated, while in the fresh zeal of my service I chose to perform more than was set down for me, and to do better than others, I had since retrieved my character in the family by mending my ways, and neglecting my business. On that account I now carried away a certain portion of good will. The party present regretted my fall; but the chief orator consoled himself by thinking me such a daring and dexterous fellow, that, happen what might, I was always sure to come down upon my legs.

"Amen!" cried I, walking out; "I accept the welcome omen!"

CHAPTER V.

As the night was already far advanced, I went, till the next morning, to one of those temples of hospitality ever opened to the stranger who sues for admission with a silver tongue. It was sheer churlishness in me, no doubt, to defer for so many hours affording my numerous friends the often wished-for opportunity of testifying the sincerity of their regard. As soon, however, as the sun had risen high enough to shine upon its testimonials, I determined no longer to delay their happiness. I even resolved, in order that no one should complain of being omitted, to begin my visits methodically at one end of the Fanar, and not to leave off till I had reached the other. In the course of this experimental round I found the warmth of my well-wishers precisely in an inverse ratio to their means. The higher classes made it a matter of conscience, not to receive a servant discarded by his master. Those of a lower degree expressed their willingness to continue my friends as long as I had a piastre left; only reserving to themselves the privilege of dropping me, the moment their poor as-

sistance became of real consequence. Nothing however stopped me in my circuit, until I had knocked at the last door in the district;—for I still bore in mind the last words I had heard under my master's roof, and wished to preserve an authentic record of my obligations to each of my friends. When no one remained to apply to I cast up the sum total, and finding it a cipher, wished them all at the devil, and crossed over to Galata.[1]

I here got, for my money, a new set of cronies:—jolly souls, who, not possessing a para[2] of their own in the world, never inquired what others were worth, but lived from hand to mouth, banished care, and set melancholy at defiance. They initiated me into a lower and more riotous species of intemperance than the decorum of my former situation had permitted. Every day we met in some of the taverns of the neighbourhood, where my new friends contributed their share of the entertainment in sallies at the expense of my old ones—and I, in ready cash. It was quite consoling, to hear how they pitied the drogueman, for losing such a treasure as myself; how they laughed at my wit even before I spoke, and how they drank every instant to my health, and the success of my schemes. No day passed without a party of pleasure being proposed, for the sole purpose of keeping up my spirits: and, lest I should not be aware how entirely they all joined in it for my sake, no one ever ventured to

inquire the cost. Indeed, so far from presuming to offend my delicacy by requesting to share in the expense, they thought it a proper compliment to my liberality to borrow from me whatever money they wanted. Not for the world would they give another the preference!

As soon as my finances were exhausted, my companions of course disappeared; not, however—to do them justice—from choice, but from sheer necessity, and because, having been entirely supported by me, they now had to shift for themselves. When my embarrassment became known, one person only came forward to relieve me, and that a female too, and one who had not much reason to be pleased with my proceedings—the little grocer's wife, whose figs and raisins I had disdained. Hearing an exaggerated account of my distress, and thinking me absolutely starving, she trundled away with all her pristine affection still next her heart, and a large pot of marmalade under each arm. These, and all else her shop contained, she pressed me to dispose of. Too proud to owe to charity what I could not earn by love, I pointed to my dress, which had cost a great deal, and was still, in its ruins, worth a few sequins, and begged she would not urge me. "I will not receive," cried I, "where I can make no return; but when you thought I wanted bread, you brought me conserve of roses; and if any fresh ones

ever strew my path, the deed shall be found recorded in the very kernel of my heart!"

Without leaving the poor little woman time to answer so flowery a speech, I ran off to the only one of my dispersed associates whom I knew where to find. I wanted his advice, and felt sure that he would not refuse what even those who will give nothing else often bestow with such readiness.

An ascent of about fifty steps brought me to his exalted abode. Its tenant might truly be said to look down upon the world. To him it was a journey to descend to the level of his fellow-citizens; and he therefore conformed but little to their hours. Just at mid-day signor Vasili was awaking from his night's repose. On entering his aerial apartment I still found him sprawling on his couch,—stretching one arm, putting one leg to the ground, rubbing his eyes, and giving such a yawn that I thought he would have swallowed at least half Constantinople, spread out like a map before him. At my unlooked-for visit he stared, shook himself as if to be certain he was not dreaming, and disposed his ears in silence to listen to my story.

"I came,"—I said,—"to ask how people lived, who had not any ostensible means of subsistence?" This feat Vasili had performed so long, that it never struck him it could puzzle any body. He therefore still continued some time staring at me in utter silence

as before, in order to collect his thoughts. At last, jumping up in such a fury as almost to startle me, he seized hold of my arm, and led me to the window. The prospect from it extended over the immense city of Stambool unto its utmost boundaries, and showed the inside like a prodigious ant's nest, where, far below the eye, myriads of little insects were bestirring themselves, crossing and jostling each other in every possible direction. I praised the view, said it was undoubtedly delightful to the eye, but still I could not see how it was to feed an empty stomach. "It may teach how to fill it with something else though," cried my friend Vasili,—now for the first time breaking his portentous silence. "Of the thousands you behold in those streets, on those quays, in those boats, on the land, and on the water, scarce one half knew this morning how to get a meal at noon, and a place of rest at night; yet I will engage that every blockhead of them by this time has broken his fast, and will find a hole to sleep in! Why therefore should you fail, but from possessing too superior abilities? Only scare not away your invention by your fears, and—depend upon it—some means of livelihood will present themselves! However, what leisure I can give to help such measures forward, I shall willingly bestow."

So saying, Vasili thrust his hand in his pocket, and hauled forth a heap of the smallest coin of the realm. This treasure he poured on the sofa, and

divided into three equal parts. Then, laying his finger on each in succession, "the first," said he, "we shall drink together this morning, in order to whet our invention; the next I reserve for my own wants to-morrow; the third is yours, until you find it particularly convenient to repay me. Your brain will by that means have an entire holiday, before you need call upon your wits for your livelihood; and, when you are thus upon a par with myself, the deuce is in it if you cannot do as well!"

I thanked my generous friend; but, just as we sallied forth to fulfil the first article of this partition treaty, he cast his eye upon my attire. It was no longer the flowing robe of the Fanar[3]—the anteree of state: I had exchanged that for the more dashing short dress of my last intimates. A rich embroidery covered the seams, and a costly velvet formed the ground-work. "I am thinking," said Vasili, "that your present wardrobe ill suits your purpose. Who can fancy a purse, stiff with gold outside, to be empty within? Supposing, therefore, that on this occasion we give business precedence over pleasure, and, reversing the dreams of the alchymists, change gold into baser substances. We may afterwards adjourn to a tavern, to drink success to your metamorphosis. The showiest caterpillar, you know, must become a chrysalis ere it can soar a butterfly."

I could have dispensed with the chrysalis state:

for, though poor, I still liked to look well; but I yielded to my friend's arguments, and hied with him to Sultan-Bayezid[4] to change the outward man. While we were looking for something suitable to our purpose, in stepped a worthy Israelite, who came like ourselves, not to sell, but to buy. A still decent beneesh—but of a dusky hue—hidden under a heap of gaudier dresses, seemed to catch his fancy; which the salesman no sooner perceived than all the powers of his oratory were summoned to extol the article in question. He had better have been modest about its merits. The jew—both by nature and by cultivation an adept in the business—now put upon his mettle, at once began to pour forth such a torrent of profound observations on the art of old clothes dealing, that the seller was glad at last to give him the cloak for nothing, ere he let all the bystanders into every deepest mystery of the trade.

In truth, it was diamond cutting diamond. The Hebrew had himself professed, in the elegant quarter of Hash-keui,[5] the noble trade of old clothesman, till bankruptcy forced him to quit his district and his business. Having early in life served an Esculapius of his own nation, with whom he learnt a few terms of medicine, he now resolved to turn physician himself. The thing was easy enough at Constantinople, where a man need only stalk about in a furred cap[6] and a dark-coloured gown, followed by an attendant with a small square chest,

to have all the men hold out their wrists, and all the women put out their tongues to him—in consultation.

The cap had already been provided. The beneesh was immediately put on, and the very attendant chosen *in petto*. For, to the hawk's eye of my Israelite, my anxious look at once bespoke me the very thing he wanted. Calling me aside, he made the proposal without much ceremony. I was ostensibly to be his servant, but, in reality, his partner. Even that clause, however, could not sweeten the nauseous draught. I felt so indignant at being proposed to for an apothecary's apprentice, that, without making any answer, I went and imparted the impertinent offer to my friend Vasili. But in that quarter I found little sympathy. "See," said he, laughing, "how fortune throws herself in your way. I wish you joy of your good luck." This speech I was willing to take as a joke, but I found it to be serious; and, more incensed than before, "Sooner," I cried, "if all other trades fail, would I, in one of those coarse and dingy Lahse[7] jackets there, work for my bread in the fields! The earth cannot degrade its children, and no one requires a character to plough the ground." "True," replied Vasili: "but one may require a constitution, though; and who in their senses, pray, would take such a spindle-shanked fellow as you are just now, with a face as pale as a turnip already, and an eye round which

"rake" is written in most legible black letters, to dig his garden for him? Ere you had half done, he would expect to have your own grave to dig! For my part, I would try what requires neither stock, nor capital, nor labour, nor even science, as I take it, nor any thing but the impudence of which you possess a sufficient stock; were it only for the fun, and to see what no one but a physician ever sees:—for, more potent even than gold, medicine will open to you the deepest recesses of the harem; and who can tell but, like our friend Lorenzo,[8] you may feel Sultanas' pulses."

This was setting the masquerade in its most tempting light. It tickled my fancy; and I struck the bargain with the jew. He was to carry his own Galen, in the shape of the best half of an old missal, stolen from a capuchin; I undertook the medicine chest, with all its pills of starch, and all its powders of pipe-clay. The only thing I insisted upon as a *sine qua non* in the treaty, was not to appear in my new character in any of the streets I had before frequented; and to this ultimatum the jew readily enough agreed. Matters thus settled between us, I somewhat dolefully exchanged my gaudy apparel for a dress in unison with that of my principal, and, after vainly begging in gratitude for my friend Vasili's advice, to have the honour of making upon him my first experiment in my new profession, walked away with my grotesque patron.

Immediately we began stalking through all the lanes and by-streets of the capital; I, with a pace exactly regulated by that of my master, who walked before me, and both of us turning our heads constantly from right to left and from left to right, like weathercocks, to watch every call from a door or signal from a window; but full as much on the alert to avoid old faces as to court the notice of new ones. Now and then, when we had time for idle chat, I used to advise Yacoob,—that was my principal's name,—to provide himself with a proper license for killing the Grand Signor's subjects, in the shape of a diploma from the Hekim-bashee.[9] He denied not the expediency of the measure, but he always found some pretence for delaying the performance. At first his poverty prevented the purchase; afterwards, the pressure of business, and so long did we go on, without any inconvenience from the neglect of the said formality, that at last we began to think we never should feel the want of it, and totally forgot there was such a person as the Hekim-bashee.

Ours was an off-hand method of practice. As all cases were pretty much alike in reference to our skill, a single feel of the pulse generally decided the most difficult treatments. Our patients—chiefly of the industrious class—could not afford long illnesses, and these we certainly prevented. What most annoyed us was the headstrong obstinacy of some individuals, who sometimes insisted that they still felt

disordered, when we positively assured them they were cured. Had they been killed instead, they would not have complained! Still more disagreeable incidents occasionally occurred. Called in one day to a woman in convulsions, Yacoob, I know not why, prescribed a remedy which the Turks regard as an insult. In her rage the woman flew at him, and bit off half his ear. It was all I could do to save the other half. Another day (a Mohammedan festival), a set of merry-making Osmanlees insisted on Yacoob's putting on an European dress, which they carried about on a pole, that they might kick him through the streets as a Frank; and though he actually refused a fee for gratifying their whim, he nevertheless was made to go through the whole ceremony.

I remember a quieter, but more impressive scene. One evening, as we were returning from the Blacquernes,[10] an old woman threw herself in our way, and taking hold of my master's garment, dragged him almost by main force after her into a mean-looking habitation just by, where lay on a couch, apparently at the last gasp, a man of foreign features. "I have brought a physician," said the female to the patient, "who, perhaps, may relieve you." "Why will you"—answered he faintly—"still persist to feed idle hopes! I have lived an outcast: suffer me at least to die in piece; nor disturb my last mo-

ments by vain illusions. My soul pants to rejoin the supreme Spirit; arrest not its flight: it would only be delaying my eternal bliss!"

As the stranger spoke these words—which struck even Yacoob sufficiently to make him suspend his professional grimace—the last beams of the setting sun darted across the casement of the window upon his pale, yet swarthy features. Thus visited, he seemed for a moment to revive. "I have always," said he, "considered my fate as connected with the great luminary that rules the creation. I have always paid it due worship, and firmly believed I could not breathe my last whilst its rays shone upon me. Carry me therefore out, that I may take my last farewell of the heavenly ruler of my earthly destinies!"

We all rushed forward to obey the mandate: but the stairs being too narrow, the woman only opened the window, and placed the dying man before it, so as to enjoy the full view of the glorious orb, just in the act of dropping beneath the horizon. He remained a few moments in silent adoration; and mechanically we all joined him in fixing our eyes on the object of his worship. It set in all its splendor; and when its golden disk had entirely disappeared, we looked round at the Parsee. He too had sunk into everlasting rest.

Our easy successes amongst the lower orders made us by degrees aspire to higher patients. We took

to attending the poor gratis, in order to appear qualified to try the constitutions of the rich; and, by appearing to have respectable customers, we got them. A Beglier-bey[11] of Roumili—the great-grandson of a Sultan, on the mother's side (for, on the father's, such filiations are stifled in the birth), was passing through Constantinople. One of his Armenian grooms chose to thank Yacoob for having been relieved by nature from a troublesome quinsy, and recommended him to his master's kehaya. The kehaya also—in spite of Yacoob's attendance—got the better of his rheumatism, and praised us to the head eunuch. The head eunuch, left by us as we found him, spoke of us in high terms to his master; and the Visier, on being seized with an indigestion for which he had laboured very hard, himself condescended to send for us. He however determined to have two strings to his bow, and to consult the stars as well as the faculty: so that my master found himself pitted against a moonedjim,[12] who recommended an emetic, while Yacoob insisted on a contrary remedy. The Visier, determined to be right, slily took both, thinking thus to make the opposite opinions meet. The medicines certainly did; and by their conflict, kept us for a while in as violent a perspiration as the Pasha himself. As however the disorder only proceeded from too free an indulgence of a good appetite, the double remedy, though a little violent, in the end proved beneficial; and after

suffering a few sympathetic pangs, we ultimately reaped both reputation and profit from our treatment of this three-tailed patient.

Thus we were enabled to quit our itinerant mode of life, and to set up near the Backtché-capoossee[13] a shop of decent appearance, furnished with jars and phials of all sorts and sizes. These we inscribed with the names of the most costly medicines, while the inside bore witness to their rarity. Instead of going in pursuit of patients, we now waited till they came or sent. In the course of his practice my principal had discovered that, if some ailments will only obey a face furrowed with age, youth and freshness best dispel certain others; and these he left to my sole management.

Our Visier (he was ours, body and soul) had his two regular wives—fixtures in the capital. But to his home establishment he added a lighter travelling equipage of half a dozen slaves, Circassians and others. Among this latter troop, the stag-eyed Fathmé shone like the full moon among the stars. Besides her patron of eighty or thereabouts, this fair one boasted two other equally strenuous admirers; the black eunuch who guarded the harem, and the old governess who kept its contents in order. These two personages used to devote half their time to the cares of their own persons, and the other half to watching that of their rival. Both having intrusted us with their health, each took an

opportunity of hinting how agreeable I might make myself, by putting that of the other beyond the reach of contingencies. It was a glorious hint! Without going the whole length of the modest request, I might contrive to keep signor Suleiman and signora Zelidah confined to their beds, while I made my inquiries after the health of their prisoners; but unlooked for incidents marred this bright scheme.

Disappointed at Yacoob's not being able to restore him at fourscore to the vigour of forty, the Visier had, unknown to his jew doctor, called in a new ally;—the very person whose lynx-eye Yacoob dreaded more than the spectacles of all the imperial moon-edjims put together, namely, the chief physician of the Seraglio. Just as my master was coming in triumphantly one morning to his patron, with a phial of soap-suds and cinnamon which he swore would renovate the last defunct Mufti himself, he unexpectedly beheld the crabbed visage of the crusty Triestene the very first thing on the threshold. Poor Yacoob looked as if he had seen the Medusa in person! He however had presence of mind enough left to dash his phial to pieces, and then to be in despair at the accident. It afforded him an opportunity of making an immediate retreat, under the pretence of running home to repair the grievous loss; but with the full determination never more to go near the Pasha's door. This availed him little. The old devil of a Triestene—who at his exit had sent after him

the ugliest grin I ever beheld,—satisfied that we practised unlawfully, denounced our doings to the president of the killing college. The Visier,—the more incensed at being duped, from the pleasure he promised himself in bringing together two such luminaries of the profession,—threw in his weight against us, and the consequence was our being sentenced to an exemplary punishment. As we sat brooding over the misfortune of the Pasha's proving less a fool than we thought, a posse of police myrmidons invaded our shop, and summoned us to prison. These gentlemen, however, as usual, began their official functions by emptying all our phials and gallipots into their capacious stomachs. This proceeding, and its natural consequences, caused us a short respite.

While our first guardians were engaged, a new set was to be sent for: but these conveyed us without further delay to the place of our confinement. The very hour which I had destined for consoling the fair Fathmé in her prison saw me ushered into that of the Bagnio.[14]

CHAPTER VI.

THE vast and high enclosure of the Bagnio, situated contiguously to the arsenal and the docks, contains a little world of its own, but a world of wailing. One part is tenanted by the prisoners made on board the enemy's ships, who, with an iron ring round their legs, await in this dismal repository their transference on board the Turkish fleet. This part may only be called a sort of purgatory. The other is hell in perfection. It is the larger division, filled with the natural subjects of the Grand Signor whom their real or supposed misdemeanors have brought to this abode of unavailing tears. Here are confined alike the ragged beggar urged by famine to steal a loaf, and the rich banker instigated by avarice to deny a deposit; the bandit who uses open violence, and the baker who employs false weights; the land robber and the pirate of the seas, the assassin and the cheat. Here, as in the infernal regions, are mingled natives of every country—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Gipsies; and are confounded individuals of every creed—the Mohammedan, the Christian, the Hebrew, and the Heathen.

Here the proud and the humble, the opulent and the necessitous, are reduced to the direst of equalities, the equality of torture. But I err: for should some hapless victim—perhaps guilty of no other crime but that of having excited the Sultan's cupidity—still wear on his first entrance the livery of better days, his more decent appearance will only expose him to harsher treatment. Loaded with the heaviest fetters, linked to the most loathsome of malefactors, he is compelled to purchase every alleviation of his burthen, every mitigation of his pain, at the most exorbitant price; until the total exhaustion of his slender store has acquired him the privilege of being at least on a level with the lowest of his fellow sufferers, and spared additional torments, no longer lucrative to their inflicters.

Every day a capital fertile in crimes pours new offenders into this dread receptacle; and its high walls and deep recesses resound every instant with imprecations and curses, uttered in all the various idioms of the Othoman empire. Deep moans and dismal yells leave not its frightful echoes a moment's repose. From morning till night and from night till morning, the ear is stunned with the clang of chains, which the galley-slaves wear while confined in their cells, and which they still drag about when toiling at their tasks. Linked together two and two for life, should they sink under their sufferings, they still continue unsevered after death; and the man

doomed to live on, drags after him the corpse of his dead companion. In no direction can the eye escape the spectacle of atrocious punishments and of indescribable agonies. Here perhaps you see a wretch whose stiffened limbs refuse their office, stop suddenly short in the midst of his labour, and, as if already impassible, defy the stripes that lay open his flesh, and wait in total immobility the last merciful blow that is to end his misery; while, there, you view his companion foaming with rage and madness, turn against his own person his desperate hands, tear his clotted hair, rend his bleeding bosom, and strike his skull until it burst against the wall of his dungeon.

A long unpunished pirate, a liberated galley-slave, Achmet-reïs by name, was the fiend of hell who by his ingenuity in contriving new tortures, and his infernal delight in beholding new sufferings, had deserved to become the chief inspector of this place, and the chief minister of its terrors. His joys were great, but they were not yet complete. Only permitted thus far to exercise his craft on mortals, he was still obliged to calculate what degree of agony the human frame could bear, and to proportion his inflictions to man's powers of suffering, lest, by despatching his victims too soon, he should defeat his own aim. He was not yet received among his brother dæmons, in the blissful abodes where tor-

ments do not kill, and where pangs may be increased in an infinite ratio.

Of this truth the very hour of my arrival had afforded him a sorely lamented proof! An Armenian cashier, suspected of withholding from the Sultan—sole heir to all his officers—the deposit of a deceased Pasha, had just been delivered over into Achmet's hands; and many were the days of bliss to which the executioner looked forward in the diligent performance of his office. On the very first application of the rack, out of sheer malice, the Seraff expired!

Two days later the whole of Achmet's prospects of sublunary happiness were near coming to a close. Some wretches, driven by his cruelty to a state of madness, had sworn his destruction. Their hands, tied behind their backs, could be of no use to them in effecting their purpose:—they determined to crush him with their bodies. All at the same instant fell with their whole weight upon the executioner, or upon their own companions already heaped upon the monster, in hopes of burying his corpse under a living tumulus. But Achmet's good star prevailed. Ere yet his suffocation was completed soldiers rescued the miscreant. He recovered, to wreak on his disappointed enemies his fiercest vengeance. Their punishment was dreadful! Sanguinary but not cruel, prone to shed blood in anger, yet shuddering at tor-

ture, I was horror-struck at the scene, and the yells of the victims still ring in my ears.

Characters meet at large in the world, which may almost count as sure their meeting again, some time or other, within the narrow precincts of the Bagnio. Of this species was the captain of the Maynote pirates, who took our Venetian cutter. He now occupied his winter quarters among the galley-slaves. Though I had had but little time on our first interview to cultivate his acquaintance, I could not help remembering that from the moment his tall commanding figure rose above the side of our vessel, and stepped on board, my stars had assumed a milder aspect, and my situation had been improved. Each, therefore, was glad of the *rencontre*; each expressed his sincere pleasure at meeting the other; each politely hoped the other might be destined to make a long sojourn in the place.

There are men so gifted, that in whatever situation fate may place them, they still inspire a certain awe and respect, and, though fallen through dint of adverse circumstances into the most abject condition, still retain over all around them an innate superiority. Of this sort was Mackari. He had been one of the chieftains of that small tribe of mountaineers, pent up in the peninsula of Mayno, who like greater nations claim dominion over the seas that gird their native rocks. Mackari, therefore, had only considered himself as acting conformably to his natural

right, in capturing the vessels that trespassed on his domain without purchasing his permission; and in his conduct he discerned neither injustice nor treachery. Hence his lofty soul still preserved all its dignity amid his fallen fortunes. Patient under every insult, unruffled by the direst torture, he was never heard to utter a sigh, to offer a remonstrance, or to beg a mitigation of the agonies inflicted on him. Even when his keepers, unable to wrest from his scornful lip the smallest acknowledgment of their ingenuity in torturing, began to doubt their own powers, and—irritated at his very forbearance—resolved to conquer by a last and highest outrage his immoveable firmness; when with weights and pullies they forced down to the ground that countenance, which, serene in the midst of suffering, seemed only fit to face the heavens; when they compelled him, whose mental independence defied all their means of coercion, constantly to behold the fetters that contracted his body, they only succeeded to depress his earthly frame; they were not able to lower his unbending spirit. Still calm, still serene as before, he only smiled at the fresh chains with which he was loaded; and at each new fetter added to his former shackles, his mind only seemed to take a loftier flight.

Yet, impassible as he appeared to his own woes, was he most feelingly alive to those of his companions. Of every new hardship with which they

were threatened, he uniformly stood forward to court the preference; and while his fortitude awed into silence the useless complaints of his troop, his self-devotion still relieved its real misery. One day, when a ferocious soldier was going to fell with his club the comrade of Mackari's fetters, whom his manacled hands could not save from the blow, he opposed to the frightful weapon all he could command, his arm; which, broken by the stroke, fell by his side a wreck.

Thus did the Maynote captain's former crew still view in their chief, though loaded with irons like themselves, not only the master to whom they continued to pay all the obedience they could show, but the protector on whom they depended for all the comfort they could receive. His very keepers were unable in his sight to shake off the awe felt by all who approached him. They confessed by their fears their nothingness in his presence: they scarce could derive a sufficient sense of security from all the fetters which they had heaped upon their victim. In vain would he himself with a bitter and disdainful smile point to his forlorn state, and ask what they apprehended from one on whom they might trample with impunity? The mere sound of his voice seemed to belie his words. It was the roar of a lion, dreaded even through the bars of his cage. And when his shackles were loosened in order that his daily labours might begin; when Mackari was enabled to

raise for a moment his long depressed head; when his majestic brow soared above the humbler height of his tallest companions,—he looked like the cedar of Lebanon, which, though scathed by the lightning from heaven, still overtops all the trees of the forest; and the wretches to whose care he was committed used immediately to recede to a fearful distance.

Unendowed with any of the forbearance of the Maynote chief, I had scarcely been an hour in the Bagnio before I began to measure with my eye the height of its walls, to consider the strength of its gates, and to count the number of its guards. A good-natured fellow-sufferer, who guessed my thoughts, called me aside. "Take care what you do," whispered he; "there is danger even in looking at these walls. The mere suspicion of a plan to escape from this place meets with the severest punishment; the execution is impossible. Should you have succeeded so far as to clear every impediment, every barrier, every centinel; should you have reached the very heart of the city; should you in its seemingly impenetrable vortex think yourself most secure from any search, you have yet achieved nothing; you have not advanced a single step toward your liberation. Many inmates of the Bagnio, possessing families in the city, enjoy unrestrained egress on the express condition of bringing back the missing, or of taking their place. The most active and watchful of the spies they employ are stationed precisely

wherever the security from discovery seems the greatest; and the sufferings of those whose attempts at evasion have been baffled by their vigilance are so cruelly aggravated, that a man must have lost all hope of any other deliverance on this side the grave, ere he attempt so desperate a mode of regaining his freedom."

Not such was my case. As soon as, recovering from my first dismay, I had begun to cast my eye around, it had been arrested by a neat little spire with a handsome gilded top, peeping over the battlements of the western enclosure, and which somehow struck me as an old acquaintance. No wonder that it should! It crowned that very pavilion of the arsenal where the drogueman held his office; where sat Mavroyeni; where I myself had performed with applause my first part on the stage of the capital. An immediate gleam of hope beamed from its golden ball, and glanced on my mind. "How!" thought I, "Mavroyeni, my old master, shall spend all his mornings within a stone's throw of the place in which pines his Anastasius; shall only be impeded by the thickness of a wall from seeing his hapless favourite; shall almost in the midst of his business hear the moans of his suffering servant, and, if applied to, can he refuse to relieve me?—Impossible! He needs only know where I am, and what miseries I experience, to restore me, not perhaps to his pristine favour, but to the common privilege of living, or at least of dying, where I choose."

My only doubt was whether I should demean myself so far as to implore his intercession. This scruple, however, one of my satellites soon helped me to get over by an opportune application of his switch—only to keep his hand in practice—just as I sat down in deep deliberation. Accordingly I adjured the first fellow-prisoner who was liberated, by all that he held sacred, to acquaint the drogueman with my confinement, and to lay before him my petition. I must confess that there was nothing the good-natured creature did not promise in his joy to do for me; but there I rather imagine his generosity stopped. Though he had sworn that the sun should not set before he spoke in my behalf, the sun set and rose, and set and rose again, and nothing more was heard of the fate of my request. I hereupon repeated it to another person allowed to leave the Bagnio, and after him to a third, and to a fourth; but always with the same result. All professed equal readiness to serve me, but all were either alike forgetful of their promise or unsuccessful in their application; for no notice was taken of me by Mavroyeni. In vain I lingered day after day in feverish expectation: in vain I questioned every new face that appeared. No one knew any thing of my business; no one had heard my name mentioned. At last I became convinced that the drogueman was determined to leave me to my fate, and resolved to give up all further hopes of being freed, at least by the hand of man. I say "by the hand of man;"

—for a higher power was beginning to manifest its awful presence, which held out a prospect of speedy release, not only to me, but to the whole Bagnio.

This was the plague.

The scourge had been expected for some time. By several of the prisoners had the frightful hag, its harbinger, been distinctly seen hovering with her bat's wings over our drear abode, and with her hooked talons numbering one by one her intended but still unsuspecting victims. In the silence of the night she had been heard leisurely calling them by their names, knocking at their several doors, and marking with livid spots the damp walls of their cells.[1]

Nothing but the visitation of this destructive monster seemed wanting to complete the horrors which surrounded me:—for if even, when only stalking forth among men free to fly from its approach and to shrink from its contact, the gaunt spectre mows down whole nations like the ripe corn in the field, it may be imagined what havoc ensues when it is permitted to burst forth from the inmost bowels of hell, in the midst of wretches close-wedged in their dungeons or linked together at their tasks, whom it must trample down to the last, ere it can find a vent in space. It is there that—with a focus of infection ready formed, a train of miasma ready laid on every side—though this prime minister of death strike at random, it never misses its aim, and

its progress outstrips the quickness of lightning or of thought. It is there that even those who thus far retain full possession of health, already calculate the hours they still may live; that those who to-day drag to their last abode their lifeless companions, to-morrow are laid beside them; and that those who are dying, make themselves pillows of the bodies not yet cold of those already dead. It is there that we may behold the grim destroyer in one place awaited in gloomy silence, in another encountered with fell imprecations, here implored with anxious cries, there welcomed with eager thanks, and now perhaps received with convulsive laughter and mockery, by such as, trying to drink away its terrors, totter on the brink of the grave from drunkenness as well as from disease.

The before busy beehive of the Bagnio, therefore, soon became a dreadful solitude. Its spacious inclosures, so lately teeming with tenants of every description, now began to present a void still more frightful than its former fulness. Universal silence pervaded those endless galleries, but a few days before re-echoing with the confused din of thousands of prisoners, fighting for an inch of ground on which to lay their aching heads; and nothing any longer appeared that wore a human shape, except here and there some livid skeleton, which, as if again cast up by the grave, slowly crept along the clammy walls. When however the dire disease had devoured all

that could offer food to its voracity, it gradually fell like the flame which has consumed its fuel; and at last became extinct. What few miserable remains of the former population of the Bagnio had escaped its fury, were again restored to the regular sufferings of the place, suspended during the utmost height of the desolation.

I was among these scanty relics. I who, indifferent to life, had never stooped to avoid the shafts of death, even when they flew thickest around me, had more than once laid my finger on the livid wound they inflicted, had probed it as it festered, I yet remained unhurt: for sometimes the plague is a magnanimous enemy, and, while it seldom spares the pusillanimous victim, whose blood running cold ere it is tainted, lacks the energy necessary to repel the infection when at hand, it will pass him by who dares its utmost fury, and advances undaunted to meet its raised dart.

Not that my old master Yacoob can be quoted as another instance in point. He too escaped indeed: but it was from any thing but excess of courage. Probably the plague thought his former campaigns in her cause as an old clothesman, should not be forgotten in his later acts of hostility as a physician. Little trusting, however, to the generosity of his old ally, who might consider the obligation fully repaid by the ample stock of goods she had occasionally procured him, his mind had, during the progress of the

disease, brought forth nothing but plans of evasion. Each later device indeed miscarried, as all the former contrivances had done before it; but this was only to give birth to some plan still later and more preposterous. One day, astride on the lofty summit of the outer wall which surrounds the prison, he had nearly given his enfeebled guardians the slip, by softly letting himself down upon a heap of rubbish thrown up outside as if on purpose to break his fall, when, most unluckily espied, he was hauled down to receive a hundred lashes on the soles of his feet, for the nimble use he had made of them. This castigation, if inflicted, must have ended his troubles. Fortunately he had laboured before under a suspicion of madness; and so violent a paroxysm of raving now suddenly seized him, that some of the by-standers began to think an hospital fitter for his residence than a prison. The sacredness of insanity saved his skin. The keepers durst not execute the sentence passed upon him; and Achmet, to whom a treat in his own way was since the ravages of the plague become quite a rarity, walked off sorely disappointed, and devoutly praying God to deliver the Bagnio from all such madmen!

Yacoob's contrivances to be released from his confinement did not end here. He had got by heart all the prayers of the Mohammedans, and secretly made himself perfect in all the accompanying gestures. One morning, after he had attracted the eye

of a Turkish visitor of some distinction, he suddenly fell on his face, crying: "he saw the prophet, and was not only bidden by him to embrace Islamism,[2] but actually instructed how to perform its rites;"— of which indeed he forthwith acquitted himself with great dexterity. The bait took with the stranger; but the farce was laughed at by the familiars of the place, who told Yacoob he might go to the mosque if he chose, but reminded him that there was one in the Bagnio. This damped his religious ardour, and the vision sneaked off, as visions do. Still did he from time to time repeat his grimaces; and he was always observed to invoke Allah most lustily when a stranger came in sight. It was curious to see the holy violence with which on these occasions he went through his namaz,[3] until large drops of perspiration trickled down his greasy face. No disappointments had power to stop these pious but unavailing exercises.

He and I herded little together. The ordinary companion of my toil was a young Greek, nearly of my own age, but, from his less elevated stature, his rounder features, and his more delicate complexion, seemingly three or four years younger. His dress, though at the time rather the worse for wear, preserved an appearance of something beyond mere neatness, or even costliness: it had a sort of studied, and what would be called in Christendom theatrical elegance. His gait and manners corresponded.

They too wore, not an air of quality, but a species of *recherche* carried beyond natural grace. This artificial exterior, this refinement of appearance, were the more remarkable from the simplicity of mind, the singleness of heart, on which they seemed superstructed. The varnish penetrated not beyond the surface. Yet there it adhered pertinaciously, and amidst sentiments of the sincerest piety, Anagnosti never fell upon his knees to say his prayers, without an air, and never rose from his devotions, without a grace. He himself, when aware of these superfluous ornaments, blushed, and would have given all he possessed to shake them off: but they clung to him in his own despite. Sometimes I used to rally him on a semblance of affectation so little suited to our abode, and so discordant with his real character. "Is it my fault?" cried he one day. "If the plant has so long been trained to formal symmetry, can the utmost neglect itself immediately recal its primitive ease and wildness? The subject, as you may have observed, is one which I think of reluctantly, and hitherto have avoided with care: but your good nature assures me of your pity. Hear my story, and judge."

CHAPTER VII.

"My father," continued Anagnosti, "was proësti[1] of Stavro: Phonea gave birth to my revered mother. . . . . ."

"No doubt," cried I, interrupting him, "all the world knows those two important places; but fancy me very ignorant, and tell me where they lie?"

"Near Corinth," answered the youth, somewhat surprised, and resumed his tale.

"The inhabitants of Phonea,"—said he,—"justly boast of their proficiency in the mysteries of divination. This art formed my mother's principal portion. Unfortunately her skill made her foresee every calamity, but it found a cure for none; and she spent her life in bewailing her sorrowful endowments. Those of my father were of a different cast. They consisted not so much in doubling present evils by the fear of future mischiefs, as in making the best of the ills under which we unavoidably laboured. When therefore one evening a troop of Arnaoots—in order to pay themselves for the unwelcome protection they had afforded us against the Russians—plundered our house, made fire-wood of our olive-trees, and turned out our cattle into

our vineyards, my much respected father observed how fortunate was this misfortune, as we possessed at Salonica a rich relation who would do better for us than we could do for ourselves—unless, as my mother added with a shake of the head, he should be dead or ruined.

"This kinsman we determined to seek out. Leaving our patrimony at the mercy of the waywode, as an acknowledgment for his trouble in selling us to the robbers, we bade adieu to our native land —which never had looked more lovely than it did at that moment—and set out upon our journey. My father trusted for our travelling expenses to the charity with which he was sure Providence would inspire every mortal we met, while my mother trembled lest we should only meet banditti. If any thing could move the hardest heart, it certainly was our procession. Imagine, first, a man already in years, loaded with the scanty wrecks of his property; next, a woman, pale, emaciated and borne down by illness, with a baby at the breast, and leading another by the hand, hardly able to follow; while myself, between two little girls, one of ten and one of twelve, in a most tattered condition, brought up the rear. We did not beg, for we knew not the way; but we looked wretchedness itself: and sometimes we found relief, and to those that bestowed it, we gave in return all we had to give, —our blessing. As however we advanced on the

journey, we began to need less assistance. This my mother had said would happen, and she herself was the one that accomplished her prediction. Sinking under her grief she turned out of the path, sat down upon a stone, and urged us to proceed—for she could go no further. I threw my arms round her neck, tried to cheer her, and sobbed. 'O my Anagnosti;' said she, as she pressed my little fingers within her clammy hand, and fixed on my countenance her anxious boding look,—'O my curly-headed boy! remember your poor mother's last words: let others fear their foes; you, my sweet innocent, beware only of your friends!' Then, in convulsive agony, she clasped me to her breast, laid down her head, and died.

"Much as my mother's weakness had retarded our progress, her decease was the only event in which my father could not at first see any advantage. Long he wept for his loss, and at last, assisted by us all, he dug a grave by the road-side. In it was buried my poor mother,—all but this lock of hair, which shall only return to dust with her child.

"Just as we again set forward from the dismal spot, the baby, which had long been pining, expired for want of sustenance. We would not divide in death what in life had thus far still been as one; and turning back, deposited the child in the lap of its parent:—they sleep together!

"My father now observed, 'it was better for my

mother to be dead than to suffer; and my little brother was provided for.' Still he never ceased to weep until we arrived at Volo. A lady of that place, who had lost an only child, took such a fancy to my rosy face that she begged to have it. Her nauseous kisses had stamped it hers already! After my mother's, could I bear them? My father too was but indifferently inclined to part with his Anagnosti—the only one of his children who in all his looks and sayings reminded him of his Zoë: but he was poor, he thought that his loss would be my advantage, and he only proceeded on with the other three. I staid, to cry and to be kissed.

"At Salonica my father found that his affluent relation had died a bankrupt, as my mother had foretold. 'This,' he observed, 'must make him return to the labours of the field, which after all were the healthiest.' Alas! in the damp deleterious country to whose climate he was unaccustomed, they carried him off. It was what my mother knew would happen. In a quarrel between my father and his waywode, she had heard the spiteful wretch wish his worthier neighbour a seven year's ague.[2] The disease only took seven months to bring him to the grave; and this he thought a great mercy. While ill too, he remembered that one day in the fields, on suddenly turning round, he had seen his fellow-labourers, jealous of a stranger, stamp on his shadow. How could he after that be expected to live?

At the last gasp, his eye lit up at the thoughts of rejoining his Zoë !—and his poor Anagnosti, he was sure, would not long stay behind. Charitable persons took in the other little orphans: I sent them the few pence I had collected: but alas, my little hoard was lost by the way!

"My own good fortune lasted not. The old lady at Volo who had promised to adopt me, changed her fondness into aversion when she found how dearly I loved to play in puddles, and how little I liked to be kissed. She scolded me for being a boy; and sighed to think what a tidy little girl she might have had in my place, who never for an instant would have quitted her side. The first of these faults I acknowledged, and observed that she might have been aware of it before; and as for the other grievance, I told her 'if I could not always stay by her side, I could do the next best thing, which was never to go near her again.' She made no reply, and I ran away.

"As I had always promised the Holy Virgin faithfully to divide with her whatever I might earn, I made no doubt that she would direct me well in my search for a livelihood. I cannot think she did; though it might be for my good. She made me engage on board a Hydriote[3] laden with corn for the Black sea. A single family formed the crew, from the captain down to the lowest cabin-boy. But to that family poor Anagnosti belonged not; and when

all the rest of the sailors used in a calm to dance on the deck, I alone was left out to listen to their mirth in the hold. Alas, I have since had dancing enough! At the time, however, I thought the hardship so great, that on my knees I begged the captain to let me too have my share of dancing, and to flog me afterwards as much as he pleased. Had he granted my petition, I might not have had leisure to discover, as I did, how ill a sailor's task suited my abilities, or agreed with my duty to the Panagia. I therefore resolved to abandon my amphibious life. The moment we touched at Constantinople I took to my heels, not doubting to find an easy subsistence in a place where, as I had heard, the streets were paved with silver, and the houses roofed with gold. For two long days I waded knee-deep in mire—sleeping at night among the cinders of the public baths, and waking in the morning without a morsel of bread to break my fast. So great became my hunger, that, at a sudden turn which brought me opposite a cook-shop near the Tophana,[4] the sight of a plate of kiebabs[5] hot from the oven almost bereft me of my senses. Not daring to approach, I involuntarily fell on my knees, and half worshipped the dear hissing cutlets at a respectful distance. An ill-looking fellow saw the action, and guessing the motive, told me, 'if I was hungry, to come along with him:—I should not want for bread, as he was a baker.' He wanted a shop-boy; and hard as it might seem for the son of proësti of

Stavro to sell rolls at Constantinople, my stomach audibly groaned the words: 'necessity had no law!'

"My apprenticeship was short. The very second day of my ministry, after a flying visit from a Turk, my master came up to me, and said 'he liked me so well that he had determined immediately to give me a share in the business; and I had nothing to do—whoever might call—but to say that the concern was my own.' On this my principal ran out, leaving me in astonishment at my speedy promotion.

"A person did call, and I did say that the concern was my own: but as that person was the Stambool Effendee,[6] who had set apart that day for weighing the weights and for measuring the measures of the different tradesmen, the deficiency he found in ours made him—though very condescending and familiar at first—end by ordering that I should be dealt by as I dealt by my loaves; namely, baked in my own oven. In this consisted the chief advantage I was to derive from the partnership.

"My cries of 'aman'[7] at this intemperate sentence, brought out the whole neighbourhood. It well knew my master's character, vouched for mine without knowing it, and through dint of strenuous intercession moved the Effendee to such excess of lenity, as, in regard for my innocence, only to order me three dozen strokes on the soles of my feet.

"The change, undoubtedly, was to my advantage: yet did I feel so angry that I swore rather to go

without bread all the days of my life, than ever again to trust to a baker. Lame as I was I tried to hobble away. An odd-looking man, who had been eyeing me all along from head to foot, asked me whether I loved dancing. The question seemed insulting; but, lest I should commit myself, I neither answered yes nor no. 'You have been ill-used'—added he—'My compassionate heart moves me to take you home, there to cure your bruises.' I fancied not the man's countenance, but my feet told me not to mind his face, and I saw the less of it as he took me on his back. While riding along I conceived very sinister forebodings; but when set down where we stopped I smiled at my fears. Nothing could look less terrific than the place of my destination. Around the walls hung suspended by elegant cords and tassels, lutes, cymbals, guitars, and other musical instruments, beautifully inlaid with mother of pearl. The richest dresses were airing at the windows, and if the habitation resembled any one thing more than another, it was a temple of mirth. In fact, when, restored by wholesome applications both outward and inward, I asked what return I could make for so much hospitality? the answer was, 'to dance.'

"I immediately began capering. But this was not the thing meant. My host—a Greek of Scyra—had in his youth been a dancer by profession. Age having stiffened his joints, he now gained his liveli-

hood by giving suppleness to younger limbs. He had a number of boys whom he trained to perform ballets in the conacks or palaces of the great. His eye had been caught by my nimbleness when about to be put into the oven, and he roused my ambition by pledging himself to make me a first-rate dancer.

"The greatest natural genius still requires cultivation. For a while I toiled beyond all belief. But as I never attempted a difficult step without addressing the Panagia, I succeeded at last. I may say without vanity that I acquired the perfection of the art. The exactness of my poise, the precision of my movements, the apparent ease with which I performed the most difficult steps, were pronounced positively sublime. From the ends of my fingers to the tip of my toes, all was expression. The best connoisseurs declared that in me alone they had found the poetry of the heel; and my very shadow was lighter than other people's shadows. But I do not wish to praise myself!

"That I became celebrated, I need not tell. Every other dancer was voted execrable. Whenever I appeared, I was stunned with applause before I moved a step; and the spectators were entranced at my performance of what in others would have been hissed: for it was not always that I exerted my best abilities. With indifferent judges I would scarcely stir; and even with the best I sometimes had my bad days, when all the coaxing in the world could

not draw out my powers. I once felt so ill in reality, that another dancer was sent out in my clothes, who, accomplishing with evident effort what I performed with ease, made the blockheads declare that I never yet had danced so well as I did that evening.

"My emoluments kept pace with my celebrity. At each pause in my exhibitions my forehead used to be studded with gold coins,[8] and at the conclusion of the performance, heaps of sequins showered from all sides into my spangled cap. Who then could have fancied me otherwise than happy? But it is one thing to divert others, and it is another to taste of joy one's self! The constant fatigue, the sense of dependence, the fear of not succeeding, the liability to the humours of a capricious audience, the danger of losing the attraction of novelty, the chance of being eclipsed by some abler competitor, are alone dreadful drawbacks on a profession like mine. Yet with me they were minor evils. Keener sufferings peculiar to myself assailed me, and that in general by preference just when my situation seemed most enviable: for it was almost always in the intoxication and flurry of spirits produced by the exertions I made, by the bravos I excited, and by the crowds of people, the glare of lights, and the din of instruments I moved among, that the image of my deceased mother, as she appeared in her last moments, would rise with most distinctness to my heated fancy. And often have I between the several

acts of the entertainment, retired to some lonely corner to weep at liberty, while the whole assembly seemed in ecstacies of pleasure. It is true that if dancing produced melancholy, melancholy more than once in its turn produced dancing. Sometimes, in the sort of phrensy brought on by the clang of a full band, I have started up, and, like the Mewlewi derwishes,[9] have reeled round a room full of people, until, completely exhausted, I fell senseless on the floor.

"To add to the discomforts of my situation, I was not even allowed to retain the hard-earned fruits of my labour. Of the gold which I gained by the sweat of my brow not a para remained my own, except what in the evening, when I crossed the cemetery of Galata, I had the address to slip into a hollow tree or to drop behind a mouldering tombstone, where the crows often were the first to find my little store. The moment I got home from our nightly exhibition I was regularly searched, and every farthing found about me went into my master's pocket, as his pay for my board, lodging, and maintenance. Enraged at his illiberality I one evening threw my gilt jacket in his face, saying, I wished to keep nothing that was his, but would go and exercise my talent, naked as I stood, on my own account. Hereupon the vampire—the odious blood-sucker—brought against me such a bill for bestowing that talent of which he said I wanted to rob him, as must have left me all my

life a mere drudge—a puppet moving at his nod,—had I not determined to settle the account in my own way.

"In fact, now clearly discerning the whole drift of the hospitality which the Scyrote had so kindly afforded me, I henceforth watched my opportunity to slip away from the ballet-master at Galata, as I had done from the lady at Volo, the Hydriote captain, and the fraudulent baker. This was not an easy matter. Our manager was vigilance personified, and never allowed me to go out of his sight. An accident befriended me. One of my companions had long cherished the greatest envy of my superiority. In a *pas-de-deux* which we performed together as a lover and his mistress, he kicked my shins; I boxed his ears; he retorted by breaking on my head the guitar with which he was serenading me, and scratching my face in such a manner that the next time the troop went out, I was left at home as unfit to be seen. Whatever might ail my head, my heels were in good order; I took to them as usual, and never stopped till I had reached the quarter most remote from where the Scyrote lived.

"Here I might dance on my own account as much as I pleased, but found nobody to dance to except the lowest rabble. In retiring out of my master's latitude I had outstepped my own vantage-ground. From exhibiting in palaces to assemblies of the great, amid showers of gold, I was reduced to

toil in taverns for the amusement of ruffians, who thought a few paras a very liberal reward, after perhaps mortifying my pride into the bargain, by invidious comparisons with some arrant posture-maker. Obliged to lower the tone of my performance to the standard of my new patrons, I lost all that finish and delicacy of movement for which my dancing had been celebrated, and dwindled into little better than a tumbler.

"Nor was this all. One night, after drudging to amuse a set of brutes, I met with such ill treatment from the Bacchantes their companions, as to make me expect with my poor lyre the end of Orpheus. Thank God! the Panagia—knowing how observant I always had been of her festivals—protected me even against her own sex, and my poor life was saved, little worth as it was. This signal escape led me to serious reflections.

"I had always been punctual in my prayers, both before dancing and after; and had as yet committed no very heinous sin, save once on a fast-day eating some nice yaoort,[10] which a Turk gave me after a long performance; but I did not know what worse might happen in my daily intercourse with infidels; and I determined to avoid the danger by quitting a profession, which, if distinguished, is also dangerous, and full of hazard to one's faith and morals.

"Alas! it was too late to execute my good intentions! My special admirers, brought in contact

at a tavern with the professed supporters of a rival dancer, the two factions came to a pitched battle, in which a life or two were lost, while I—the innocent cause of the disturbance—was taken up by the patrole, and thrown into this place of wretchedness; more than ever convinced of the truth of all my honoured mother's predictions:—for what were the old lady of Volo, who washed her hands of me when I would kiss her no longer; the Hydriote captain, who would not let me dance with my messmates, after giving me shelter on board his ship; the baker who first fed, and next slily destined me to a snug corner in his oven; the Scyrote, who cured, who entertained, and afterwards robbed me of all my lawful gains; and the caleondjees, who went about my zealous champions, in order to get me almost torn to pieces limb by limb, and locked up in the Bagnio—but so many persons, at first all professing themselves my stanch and trusty friends! and such is the horror with which that word now inspires me, that, were I to hear the Panagia herself say she was my friend, great as hitherto has been the holy lady's goodness, I should expect her to end by playing me some scurvy trick!"

Here ended my companion's tale—the faithful picture of his mind, in which moral rectitude and affection were strangely combined with conceit, credulity and bigotry. In the wide range of social intercourse this odd mixture might not perhaps

have taken much hold on my harder compound; nor should I greatly have coveted an intimacy with the character of a stage-dancer grafted on a peasant; but in the narrow precincts of the Bagnio fastidiousness wears out, and constant propinquity produced different sentiments; and the more, as athwart Anagnosti's apparent facility of temper and tenderness of heart there broke forth a sort of determined sturdiness on certain points, which all the laxity of his education and companions had never removed, and which, inclined as one might be to smile at his studied exterior, induced a sort of respect for the stuff within. Insensibly, therefore, an attachment grew between us, which, though it daily increased, gave my companion no alarm, until one day I remarked how great an alleviation our misery had derived from our friendship. At this unguarded speech Anagnosti turned pale. "Friendship!" repeated he; "Say not so! It will again bring me ill fortune. Like the rest of my friends, you will ultimately be my bane."

"Words," answered I, laughing, "cannot alter the nature of things. We certainly at this moment are friends, and warm ones too: for I believe each would willingly lay down his life for the other; and even if the dangers of friendship should now make us resolve to become bitter enemies, it would already be too late:—already would the present

evil fail to insure redemption from the future one !—The mischief is done; the spell is upon you."

"Then," said Anagnosti, after ruminating a little, "if we cannot be less than friends, let us be more! Let us become brothers; let religion sanctify our intimacy, so as to divest it of its dangers;"—and upon this he proposed to me the solemn ceremony,[11] which, in our church, unites two friends of either sex in the face of the altar by solemn vows, gives them the endearing appellation of brothers or sisters, and imposes upon them the sacred obligation to stand by each other in life and in death.

Anagnosti, though he certainly had in his different avocations run away full as often as he had stood his ground, and had derived from his last mode of life a certain outward tinge of effeminacy, yet in reality was as brave as affectionate. He had more than once resisted his guardians most manfully in their unjust behests; he had even defended his new friend at the risk of his life:—for, one day that, disabled by illness, I lay at the mercy of every aggressor, he had wrested from a fellow slave the dagger levelled at my breast for the sake of the worn-out capote on my back; and from his disposition there was every reason to expect that the fruits and the burthens of our alliance would ever be equally shared. The first day therefore that we could obtain the permission, we went

to a priest in the Bagnio, and desired the holy man, after the short service which our straitened means permitted, to accomplish the indissoluble union. At first the venerable papas treated the request as a jest. "The practice," he said, "was quite obsolete, except among the most barbarous clans of the remotest provinces. Epirotes, and other savages who like them lived in eternal strife, might indeed still retain such old customs,[12] but the people at Constantinople were sufficiently employed in minding their own concerns, without gratuitously engaging to risk their lives for others." This remonstrance producing no effect, the priest warned us more earnestly to consider the consequences, before we irrevocably bound ourselves by so serious an engagement. Still we insisted, and he at last complied. He enveloped us in the sacred veil, symbol of the holy ties we contracted; and made us swear on our knees, in the face of Heaven, to share together like brothers, while we breathed, both good and adverse fortune.

The solemn vow pronounced, and Heaven fervently implored to bless it, we again rose. I shook Anagnosti by the hand, and could not refrain from saying, "though now brothers, still friends as before."

He involuntarily shuddered. All his fears recurred; and on casting off the sacred zone, we found on it a fresh stain of blood. How it came

there neither of us could guess. Both searched for the cause: none could be discovered; and we at last forgot the evil omen.

The very period which saw our intimacy indissolubly riveted, was fated to be that of our separation. Whether at the time of my imprisonment the length of my detention had been fixed; or whether (as I afterwards suspected) Mavroyeni, while apparently rejecting my application, in reality had procured my deliverance,—one morning, when I least expected my freedom, I was bidden to quit the Bagnio. I say "bidden;" for, thinking the thing optional, I at first, in conformity with my sacred engagement, refused to accept the boon offered, unless shared by my friend. But I now found myself as little allowed to stay in, as I had before been to stay out of the Bagnio, at my pleasure. I must resume my liberty whether I chose or not, and was very near being driven by force out of prison,—a somewhat unusual circumstance! Anagnosti tried to sweeten the bitterness of my release, by observing that it might be rendered instrumental in procuring his own. "Remember," said he, "that in losing you, I lose all. O Anastasius, O my—*friend!* remember," . . . . .

Here his sobs interrupted his speech, and the guards, tired of our tedious leave-taking, tore us asunder. After proceeding on a few yards, I turned round to cast one more last look after my com-

panion: but already the gates had been shut behind me; and I went forth—shaking off indeed the dust of my prison, and with all Constantinople open before me,—but without a single particle of that rapturous joy of heart, which I always fancied must crown the hour of my liberation.

CHAPTER VIII.

To enjoy liberty one must live, and to live one must eat, and I had not a para in the world to purchase me a meal. In this embarrassing situation I thought of my old patron. If he really had procured my freedom, it was proper to thank him; if not, it still was wise to do so. In the first case, he might be induced by my sense of past kindness to seek still greater claims to my future gratitude,—since benefactors often resemble gamblers, who double their stakes rather than lose the benefit of a first throw; and in the latter case, the thanks I gave for imaginary services would make the drogueman wish to deserve them by real obligations. Gratitude I had often found most productive when it preceded the benefit. Besides, I had my friend Anagnosti to intercede for; and I was desirous to strike the iron while it was hot.

Most willingly would I have smartened myself up a little for the visit. Not only a tattered appearance smooths the way but indifferently athwart the out-post of pampered domestics, who guard the approaches of the great man's citadel; it often

makes the master himself ashamed of his petitioner. The rich are ever ready to accuse the poor of wanting proper respect, when they offend the fastidious eye of pride by the display of their wretchedness. The utmost I could do, however, was to arrange my rags gracefully; and—repeating to myself, as I strutted along, that a man's innate dignity of mien and manners were a sufficient passport even to the presence of a king—I boldly went to the Fanar, and with the least possible tremor knocked at Mavroyeni's door.

It certainly opened at my summons, but not to let me enter. The porter who answered, holding it cautiously ajar, contrived to fill the whole aperture with his own person, until he had most leisurely surveyed mine. While thus examined, I recognised in my surveyor an old acquaintance. So it seems he did in me; for when I asked to see his master, he banged the door in my face, without a syllable of reply. It was just what I myself had done a dozen times, when with Mavroyeni at Argos. The uncouthness of the janitor's reception, therefore, I thought, must originate higher. Servants behaved not thus, unless they felt their conduct sanctioned by their masters: for dependants know the antipathies of their patrons by instinct. "Hie thee hence, therefore, Anastasius," exclaimed I; "thou hast no longer any business near this threshold:" and hereupon I walked away.

At that instant the same door burst open again, and almost flew off its hinges. I looked back. It was to let out Mavroyeni himself. Convinced that an attempt to accost him would only expose me to fresh mortifications, I now felt as solicitous to avoid his eye as I had been before to be admitted to his presence. Hastily drawing back my head, I passed on, or rather, ran away, as if it had been an ignominy even to be seen near the drogueman's abode.

Heated with my race, I rushed into the first coffee-house on my way, and observing a large bowl of hoshab[1] most invitingly set out on the counter, greedily lifted it to my lips, and gulped down the icy beverage. I had no earthly means of payment; but heaven came to my assistance. Exhausted with inanition, I felt too weak to resist the sudden chill: it struck me to the heart. I reeled backwards, and fell senseless on the floor.

How long the fit lasted I am unable to tell. All I know is, that when my senses returned I found myself in a smart jog trot, bumping at the back of a hamal, and travelling in this inconvenient posture at the rate of a league an hour, up one dirty lane and down another;—but whither, was beyond my power to guess.

I therefore made free to ask the question, and was but little pleased with the information obtained. Convicted in the shop by my sudden seizure of a confirmed plague, the master had only felt desirous

to get rid as soon as possible of so unwelcome a customer, and had called in the porter aforesaid, to convey me to the hospital. Thither I was speeding as fast as another man's legs could carry my person: for even during the above account my bearer slackened not his pace, but kept jogging on as lustily as before.

I took the liberty of representing that there was a mistake in the case. However weak and exhausted, I was totally free from any infectious disorder. "Nothing more likely," answered the hamal; "but he was paid for the job, and must earn his fare;" and upon this he only grasped me somewhat tighter than he had done before, for fear that being less ill than he had imagined, I might contrive more easily to give him the slip. In vain I insisted upon being let loose, and excused from going where, if I brought not the plague, I was sure to find it. My expostulations were of no avail; and I therefore tried to liberate myself by pummelling my vehicle with all my might:—but the feeble impression of my unnerved fist on the tough hide of my obstinate beast, instead of making him throw me off, only served to quicken his pace.

I now resorted to the last means of salvation in my power, fixed my claws in the brawny throat of the miscreant, and squeezed him almost to suffocation. Finding his load became too troublesome, he at last let me slip down from his back to the ground,

swore I was the most refractory piece of goods he ever had carried, and left me, in order to seek elsewhere an easier fare.

One street appeared to me as good as another to die in:—and my present sensations foreboded nothing else. I crawled to a stepping-stone near the place where I had been deposited, and on that pillow resigned myself to my fate.

So near in fact seemed my exit, that a novelist writing my history would have availed himself of the circumstance happily to terminate his first volume, and to leave me irretrievably for dead in the opinion of his reader, until my unexpected resurrection at the beginning of volume the second. Writing in the first person, I cannot keep my friends in this state of agreeable suspense, or conceal from them one single moment that I lived on: but it was for some time in such wretchedness, as would not even leave the most fastidious critic any pretence to find fault with the proceeding. One man passed by me, and another, and another, and several stopped and looked; but, when their curiosity was satisfied, all went on again, only shrugging up their shoulders. No one of my own sex offered me the least assistance. At last came two females. For several minutes ere they reached my resting-place, their incessant loquacity had warned me of their approach; but I was too ill to look up, and had closed my eyes. "Bless me," said the one, "I see something alive

there!" "Bless me," said the other, "and so do I!" "A man!" cried the first. "A handsome youth I declare!" cried the second. "Unwell," rejoined the little one: "Dying, I fear," resumed the tall one. "How like Anastasius!" exclaimed the former. "Himself, as I live!" replied the latter. "Then, indeed," continued the other, in a sagacious whisper, "I am very much afraid, neighbour, that he is not dying, but only dead drunk."—Enviable effects of a good name!

My character was now to me a matter of life and death. "No," said I, therefore—making an effort to speak, but in a scarce audible voice;—"it is not drunkenness that oppresses me: it is suffering—it is starvation."

At this speech, the women both scream out in astonishment; both talk at the same time. They want to know the how, the when, the where. "Torment me not with questions," cried I; "but if you have any humanity, get me conveyed to St. Demetrius.[2] Pay the five piastres required for my admission; and expect not to be repaid in this world." Saying this, I again fainted away.

The first perception which followed this second fit, was that of an entirely new change of objects. The women had succeeded in their humane endeavours, and I was lying under a filthy coverlet, on a filthy pallet, in the filthy hospital in question, next to a dead man, whose pulse the would-be

physician of the place was just in the act of feeling,—assuring some by-standers that it was perfectly quiet, and no longer showed any symptom of fever.

I shall not finish the picture of the disgusting abode, where nevertheless I had been introduced only out of sheer humanity. Suffice it to say that under its truly hospitable roof every nuisance found a home, medicine alone excepted. A scanty charity was the chief support of the institution, and an unwieldy governor the chief object supported. Yet, after a fair contest between my constitution and my pleurisy, in which neither side received the least assistance from doubtful prescriptions, the former got the better. The father of nine helpless orphans expired by my side, and I recovered.

It was during my convalescence that I most forcibly felt all the wretchedness of my receptacle: it was during my convalescence, also, that I most fully owned my unworthiness of a better. "But," cried I, tossing about on my hard couch, "the deadliest poisons compose the most salutiferous medicines, and the direst calamities produce the best resolves. It will be my own fault if I rise not from this bed of sickness and suffering, both wiser and worthier!" Thus I spoke while my pulse still beat low, and my passions were still weak.

At last came the day which I fancied would never come—that of my release from the hospital. It

dawned about a month after I had entered the dismal place. I sallied forth at mid-day; and indescribable was the rapture with which I first again breathed a pure air, and beheld the whole expanse of an azure sky.

Still was I as much as ever at a loss how to subsist. Absorbed in this weighty consideration I slowly walked down the hill of St. Demetrius, when I fancied I discerned at a distance a caravan of travellers, who, with a slow and steady pace were advancing towards Pera, the residence of the Franks at Constantinople. I mechanically quickened my steps, in order to survey the procession more closely.

First in the order of march came a clumsy calash, stowed as full as it could hold of wondering travellers; next came a heavy araba,[3] loaded with as many trunks, portmanteaus, parcels, and packages, as it could well carry; and lastly led up the rear a grim-looking Tartar,[4] keeping order among half a dozen Frank servants of every description, jogging heavily along on their worn-out jades. At this sight the droguemanic blood began to speak within me. "These are strangers, Anastasius," it whispered: "be thou their interpreter, and thy livelihood is secured." I obeyed the inward voice as an inspiration from heaven, and, after smartening myself up a little, approached the first carriage.

"Welcome to Pera, excellencies!" said I, with a profound bow, to the party within. At these words up started two gaunt figures in nightcaps, with

spectacles on their noses, and German pipes in their mouths—whose respective corners still kept mechanically puffing whiffs of smoke at each other. The first action which followed was to lay their hands on the blunderbusses hung round the carriage; but, seeing me alone, on foot, and to all appearance not very formidable, they seemed after some consultation to think they might venture not to fire, and only kept staring at me in profound silence. I therefore repeated my salute in a more articulate manner, and again said, "welcome, excellencies, to Pera, where you are most anxiously expected. As you will probably want a skilful interpreter, give me leave to recommend a most unexceptionable person—I mean myself. Respectable references, I know, are indispensable in a place where every one is on the watch to impose upon the unwary traveller; but such I think I can name. As to what character they may give me; *that*,"—added I with a modest bow,—"*that* it would ill become your humble servant himself to enlarge upon."

At so Christian-like a speech, uttered in the very heart of Turkey, the travellers grinned from ear to ear with delight. It produced another short consultation; after which the two chiefs cried out in chorus: "*Oui chai pesoin;*" and bade me mount by their side. This enabled me, after a little compliment on Germany their birthplace, and on their proficiency in the French idiom, immediately to enter upon the duties of my office—for which I thought

myself sufficiently qualified, by the squibs which I had heard the drogueman of the Porte, Morosi, let off, in company with my patron, at the diplomatic corps of Pera.

"This edifice," said I, pointing to the first building of note in the suburb which we met in our way, "is the palace of the Ich-oglans—the Sultan's pages. It is the most fruitful seminary of favourites, of Pashas, and of Sultanas' husbands.[5] In that direction lives that most respectable of characters the Imperial internuncio[6]—the baron Herbert; who, with all the shrewdness of a thorough-paced minister, combines all the playful simplicity of a child. Further on dwells the French embassador Monsieur de Choiseul-Gouffier—a very great man in little things; and opposite him lives his antagonist in taste, politics and country, the English envoy sir Robert Ainslie—of whom the world maintains exactly the reverse. Quite at the bottom of the street, likewise facing each other, live the envoys of Russia and of Sweden.[7] The former I feel bound to respect, whatever be his merit; the latter really possesses much. He is an Armenian, who writes in French a history of Turkey. He has lately made with his bookseller an exchange profitable to both,—he having given his manuscript, and the other his daughter: that is to say, the Armenian a single voluminous work, and the Frenchman a brief epitome of his whole shop. Wedged in between the palaces of Spain and

Portugal is that of the Dutch embassador, whose name, Vandendiddem-totgelder,[8] is almost too long for these short autumn days; and whose head is thought to be almost as long as his name: inasmuch as he regularly receives, twice a week, the Leyden gazette; which renders him beyond all controversy the best informed of the whole Christian *Corps Diplomatique*, with regard to Turkish politics. You see, gentlemen, the representatives of all the potentates of Christendom, from Petersburgh to Lisbon, and from Stockholm to Naples, are here penned up together in this single narrow street, where they have the advantage of living as far as possible from the Turks among whom they come to reside, and of watching all day long the motions of their own colleagues, from their most distant journies to the sublime Porte, to their most ordinary visits to the recesses of their gardens."

These little specimens of my *savoir-dire* seemed to please my German friends. They immediately noted them down in their huge memorandum books, which, no more than their short pipes, were ever left an instant unemployed. Scarce had the party stepped into the inn which I was allowed to recommend, when they engaged me for the whole fortnight which they meant to devote to the survey of the Turkish capital.

My travellers were of the true inquisitive sort. Every body used to fly at their approach; a circum-

stance highly favourable to my interest. Under the notion of always applying for information at the fountain-head, they would stop the surliest Turk they met, to ask why Moslemen locked up their women. One day they begged the Imperial minister, at his own table, to tell them confidentially whether Austria was to be trusted. They were very solicitous to know from the Russian envoy the number of Catherine's lovers; and they pressed hard for an audience of the Kislar Aga,[9] only to inquire whence came the best black eunuchs. Had they been in company with the Grand Mufti, they certainly would have asked his honest opinion of the mission of Mohammed; and they would scarce have neglected the opportunity, had it offered, of inquiring of the Sultan himself, whether he was legitimate heir to the Califate, as he asserted. In consequence of this straight-forward system I was every moment obliged to interfere, and to pledge myself for the guiltless intentions of our travellers. The statistics of the empire, its government, politics, finances, &c. they indeed troubled themselves little about. All such things they thought might be learnt much more compendiously at home from the Leipsic gazetteer; but the botany and mineralogy of the country were what they studied both with body and soul. Every day we brought home from our excursions such heaps of what the ignorant chose to call hay and stones, that the wags whom we met on our

way used to ask whether these were for food and lodging; while the more fanatical among the Turks swore we carried away patterns of the country, in order to sell it to the infidels; and one party, by way of giving us enough of what we wanted, was near stoning us to death. Hereupon, to elude observation, my cunning travellers determined to dress after the country fashion: but this only made bad worse; for they wore their new garb so awkwardly, that the natives began to think they put it on in mockery, and were frequently near stripping them to the skin; independent of which, whenever they went out, they got so entangled in their shaksheers and trowsers, their shawls and their papooshes, that our progress might be traced by the mere relics of their habiliments which strewed the road. Sole manager both of the home and foreign department, I however tried to give all possible respectability to their appearance, and never would suffer their dignity to be committed by paltry savings; at the same time, that, to show them how careful I was of their money, I took care sometimes to detain them an hour or two in driving a close bargain about a few paras,—especially when I saw them in a hurry. Accordingly, if they had any fault to find with me, it was for my over-scrupulous economy. That failing alone excepted they thought me a treasure; and so I certainly found them.

The fortnight of their intended stay having elapsed,

they were all impatience to depart. Out of pure regard for science I contrived to prolong their sojourn another fortnight, by various little delays, which with a little industry I brought about in the most natural way imaginable, but which I joined them in lamenting exceedingly: and when at last they set off—which I saw with very sincere regret—I was left by them in possession of a most flattering written testimonial of my zeal and fidelity. As to their behaviour to me, its liberality might be sufficiently inferred from the change in my appearance.

This first experiment gave me a taste for the tergiumanic life. It also increased my means of success in that department. Till I took up my residence at Pera, I had little intercourse with that odd race of people yclept Franks, except through the stray specimens that now and then crossed the harbour, on a visit of curiosity or business to Constantinople. I now got acquainted with their ways, while they became familiarised with my person. This gradually procured me the advantage of seeing and serving, in my new capacity, samples of almost every nation of Europe. Thus I formed a sort of polyglot collection of certificates of my own ability and merits, which I filed very neatly on a red tape according the order of their dates, and to a sight of which I treated every new comer whom I thought worthy of that distinction.

Once, however, the lofty manner and the impe-

rious tone of an English traveller, newly arrived, completely deceived me. From his fastidiousness I made no doubt I was addressing some great My-lordo: it was a button-maker to whom I had the honour of bowing. He came red hot from a place called Birmingham, to show the Turks samples of his manufacture. Unfortunately Turks wear no buttons, at least such as he dealt in; at which discovery he felt exceedingly wroth. My ill fated back was destined to feel the first brunt of his ill humour. After spending nearly two hours in spelling every word of every one of my certificates—" this then," said he in a scarce intelligible idiom, which he fancied to be French, " is the evidence of your deserts?" " It is," answered I, with an inclination of the head. " And I am to make it the rule of my behaviour?" " If your excellency be pleased to have that goodness," replied I, smirking most agreeably. " Very well," resumed the traitor, never moving a muscle of his insipid countenance, " My excellency will have that goodness." And up he gets, gravely walks—without uttering another syllable—to the door, turns the key in the lock, takes a little bit of a pistol scarce five inches long—also from Birmingham, I suppose—out of his pocket, snatches up a cudgel as thick as my wrist, and turning short upon me, who stood wondering in what this strange prelude was to end, holds the pistol to my throat, and lays the cane across my back.

This operation performed to his satisfaction: "It was No. 5," coolly said the miscreant, "whose contents I thought it right to comply with first; as being written by one of my countrymen, and because I make it a rule, in every species of business, to get the worst part over first. Had you understood our language—as an interpreter by profession ought—you might have known the certificate in question to be a solemn adjuration to all the writer's countrymen, to treat you as I have had the pleasure of doing; and all that remains for you to perform is to give me a regular receipt, such as I may have to show."

The pistol was still tickling my throat, I, jammed up against the wall, and the button-maker six feet high, and as strong as a horse. All therefore I could do in the way of heroism would have been to have let him blow out my brains at once;—after which, adieu my turn, at least here below! I therefore signed, had the satisfaction of seeing the receipt neatly folded up and deposited in a little red morocco pocket-book with silver clasps, was offered a sequin for the exercise I had afforded, took the money, and, leaving the button-maker to write home what mean rascals the Greeks were, departed fully impressed with the usefulness of learning languages.

Almost every evening the man of buttons used to walk from Pera, where he had his lodgings, to a

merchant's at Galata, from whence he frequently returned home pretty late at night, without any escort,—trusting to his small pocket instrument, and to his own colossal stature, for his safety. A dexterous thrust, at an unexpected turn, might easily have sent him to the shades below; but this would not have sufficed to assuage my thirst for just revenge. I wished to inflict a shame more deep, more lasting than my own, and which, like Prometheus's vulture, should keep gnawing the traitor's heart while he lived. His great ambition at Constantinople was to boast the good graces of some Turkish female—young or old, fair or ugly, no matter! On this laudable wish I founded my scheme.

Muffled up in the feridjee which conceals the figure of the Mohammedan fair, and the veil which covers their faces, I went and seated myself immediately after dusk, on one of the tombstones of the extensive cemetery of Galata, where my traveller had to pass.

He soon arrived, and, as I expected, stopped to survey the lonely fair one, whose appearance seemed to invite a comforter. The bait took. My friend, on his nearer approach, aware that his pantomime was more intelligible than his idiom, had recourse to the universal language: he held up a sequin,—and on the strength of this gift becomes more enterprising. Profane hands are laid on my veil. I

resist:—but by way of compromise for keeping concealed my features, I show my necklace, my bracelets, my girdle. In an infantine manner I slip the manacles from my own wrists over those of my amorous shepherd, and, before his suspicions are aroused, have the satisfaction to see him fast bound in chains, not only of airy love, but of good solid brass; and with a soft lisp wish him joy of being at once handcuffed and pinioned. It was now I showed my face, and drew out my handjar.[10] Perceiving an inclination to remonstrate, "No noise," cried I, "or you die; but return me the receipt." Unable to stir, my prisoner in a surly tone bade me take it myself. I did so, and thanked him; "but," added I, "as we have not here—as with you—all the conveniences for writing, accept the acknowledgment of the poor and illiterate:" saying which, I drew the holy mark of the cross after the Greek form, neatly but indelibly, with the button-maker's own sequin, on his clumsy forehead; poured into the wound some of the gunpowder out of his pouch; and, apologizing for the poorness of the entertainment, bade him good night, and walked off.

A troop of caleondjees of my acquaintance, reeling home from a tavern, happened to come up just as I retired, and took all that I had left. The next morning the man of buttons departed from Constantinople without sound of trumpet, before sun-

rise; and never since has been heard of in the Turkish dominions.

This little frolic, at the expense of the English speculator, recommended me to a French chevalier, come to Stambool on a visit to his kinsman the embassador. The lively young gentleman swore he wanted no other certificate of my character than my prowess. His object in undertaking the long journey to Turkey seemed to be to play on the guitar, and to compose French love songs. Twice a week a messenger of the embassy was despatched to Paris, with M. de Vial's effusions, in order that his friends at home might see how he employed his time abroad. *Par contre*, he had determined, as soon as he returned to France and found himself at leisure, to write a detailed account of Turkey—rather however as it ought to be, than as it was. For M. de Vial disapproved of the Othoman system *in toto:* and hence he deemed it sheer loss of time to visit the curiosities of its capital. The only thing he could have liked—had he not been too busy learning the romeïka—was an *affaire de cœur* with the favourite Sultana; and for a long while he continued exceedingly anxious to give the ladies of the imperial harem a fête on the Black sea; but that project failing, from their sending no answers to his notes, he wondered who could bear the dowdies of Constantinople, that had seen the

Trois Sultanes of Marmontel at the Paris opera. In truth M. de Vial had no patience with the barbarians. Their language was a gibberish, *où l'on n'entendait rien;* and they had so little *savoir vivre*, that they let their heads be chopped off like cabbage tops. Desirous however of treating them to a sight of the last Paris fashions, he decked out his nether man in pea-green coloured cloth, and got himself chastised by a hot-headed emir,[11] for thus profaning the forbidden colour—almost too sacred with the Turks for the head itself. In his turn M. de Vial sent the cousin of Mohammed a challenge, with which the emir lit his pipe. At last, after a whole day uselessly employed in ogling the Sultana mother through a huge telescope, from the tower of Galata, the chevalier felt seized with a desperate fit of ennui, laid in a reasonable stock of embroidered handkerchiefs, to throw to the Paris belles after a Turkish fashion which the Turks know nothing of, and determined to bid adieu to Pera. My services and talents he transferred, ere he went, to a flaxen-headed Swedish baron, whose ruddy face had inflamed the susceptible heart of the droguemaness of the Venetian mission, and who was so highly favoured by his doting mistress, that every night she allowed him to pay her whole loss at *tresette*. This lady was an uncommon proficient in writing. Proud of an accomplishment which so few of her colleagues possessed, she used every morning to fire at her lover

a little billet-doux of three or four pages. These refreshing epistles I came to call for as regularly as for the water from the well, the moment the husband was supposed to have gone forth to the Reis-effendee, with the scarce shorter memorials of the Serenissima Republica—at that period any thing but serene. This same husband, though only four feet high, presumed to be jealous; and the correspondence, therefore, was to be kept from his knowledge—a circumstance which rendered my office of Mercury an employment of some trust.

I acted accordingly. Tired of being postman without pay, I one day hinted to the lady that I should expect some species of acknowledgment for my trouble. Madame D——i was one of those fair ones for whom Cupid must tip his dart with gold, or they recoiled unfelt. She resented my freedom, called me a low-born fellow, and forbade me her presence. The tide of amorous billets now ceased to flow for want of a channel. Nothing but my forgiveness of the insult could make it resume its course. On the part of the lady, accordingly, advances were soon made towards a reconciliation, and on mine, every spark of resentment was magnanimously extinguished until further occasion. I saw myself formally reinstated in my daily office.

The Hyperborean lover—not quite so brisk a correspondent as his mistress—used to answer about one letter in three or four. This, however, in the

course of a few weeks began to form a very respectable amatory collection. The pink-edged, perfumed epistles—regularly endorsed—were all deposited by the delighted droguemaness in a little mother-of-pearl casket, which she kept for the benefit of her heirs by the side of her reliquary. From one of those strange incidents which will happen in the course of things, this casket, though most carefully locked up, fell into my hands; but no contrivance of mine could conjure the key out of the lady's unfathomable pocket. She used to sleep with the huge receptacle under her pillow, in order to obtain pleasant dreams. It mattered little: I had no sort of curiosity to peruse the correspondence. I contented myself with carefully wrapping up the box, sealing the cover, and begging the signor drogueman—that is to say, the signora's husband—to keep the parcel in trust for me, as most valuable property, and such as could not be committed to fitter hands. The rod thus kept suspended over his faithless spouse, the reward of my discretion past and future was demanded with becoming humility; and, to do Madame D——i justice, when she found that no other way of extricating herself was left, she showed every readiness to listen to the voice of reason.

By some accident, however, the baron got wind of these transactions, and, so far from feeling flattered as he ought to have been, with the anxiety which his mistress evinced to recover his letters, had

the ingratitude to cavil about the mode, and left the fair one to find what consolation she could in the re-perusal of his correspondence. Jupiter's retreat became the signal for that of Mercury. I wanted nothing more of the commonwealth of Venice, and, with a mock farewell, left the droguemaness punished alike in her pride and her avarice.

CHAPTER IX.

No sooner had my various little trades rendered me a person of some substance, than I began to think of purchasing a berath:[1]—I mean one of those patents of exemption from the rigour of Turkish despotism, which the Sultan originally granted to foreign ministers, in behalf only of such rayahs as they had occasion to engage in their immediate service, but which these excellent economists now readily sell to whatever other subjects of the Grand Signor are disposed to pay the current price of the article. To a youth like me it was highly desirable to possess a paper, through whose magic power a native might in the very capital of his natural sovereign outstep the limits of his jurisdiction, brave his authority, put himself on the footing of a stranger, and, from being heretofore an Armenian or a Greek, at once find himself transformed into a reputed Italian, or German, or Frenchman, wear the gaudiest colours in competition with the Turks themselves, and strut about the streets in that *summum bonum*, a pair of yellow papooshes.

The thing had been put into my head by an

Italian missionary of the Propaganda, who, considering me as a sort of stray from the Greeks, had determined to stow me safely within the pale of the Romans. On first perceiving his drift I gave his pious exertions small encouragement; observing that early habits, as well of belief as of action, could only be rooted out later in life, either by the most irresistible arguments, or the most palpable interest to adopt different tenets. To this remark the missionary only replied that he had a very general acquaintance at Pera, and, consequently, possessed many opportunities of recommending a well-disposed youth to travellers. The observation was in point. Impressed with its full weight I began to indulge padre Ambrogio, whenever I happened to be out of place, with a little conference on the disputed articles; and for every Greek variation from the Latin creed which I yielded up, he used to find me a new situation. Unfortunately the discussion of the Greek liturgy ran so parallel with that of the signora D—i's correspondence, and the interviews with the friar were so interwoven with those with the lady, that I sometimes confounded the two subjects, and more than once, in a fit of absence, let padre Ambrogio into the mysteries of my negotiation, instead of learning from him those of his faith. The ghostly conferences, however, only ceased entirely when the friar very nefariously disappointed me, in favour of another neophyte, of an excellent

employment for which I had sacrificed the whole procession according to the Greeks. Hearing of this flagrant act of bad faith, I called upon him in a very great passion; told him I again disbelieved all that he had enticed me to believe; and, leaving him exceedingly dismayed at my unexpected rebellion, went to dispel the confusion in my head by a walk on the road to Dolma-backtché.

The snow which had lain several days on the ground having entirely disappeared, I met a good many people taking the air; but who all looked, I thought, as if like me they had been bewildered by some friar or derwish. At last came a Turkish woman of rank, accompanied by a long train of females. The pavement being narrow, I stood up against the wall to let her pass. As she brushed by me, her hand, gently pressing against the back of mine, gave me reason to think that I had not been unnoticed. A gay adventure seldom found me slow to engage in it, be what it might the peril of the enterprise. I therefore let the lively group trot on a few yards, and then turned back hastily myself, in the manner of a person who recollects having left something behind. Thus, without casting right or left a single glance which might savour of design, I gave the lady an opportunity of minutely scrutinising my appearance, should she be disposed to cultivate my merits. That done, I crossed over to

the other side, and stole away into a by-lane, for fear of rousing the suspicions of her suite.

The next day, however, I failed not at the same hour to take a walk in the same street, and again did the same the next day, and the next; in the full expectation, each time, of meeting with some faithful Iris, commissioned to give me the verbal assurance of my good fortune.

During a whole week, my punctuality continued without the least abatement. As sure as the clock struck one I used to sally forth, and display my handsomely attired person before every woman, young or old, fair or ugly, who bore the least appearance of coming on my business. Vain and fruitless diligence! The busier females passed on without noticing my disconsolate figure at all; the less diligent baggages, who remarked my airs and graces, only answered them with laughing. Some, who had become familiar with my forlorn perambulations, ironically pitied me for the cruelty of my mistress. It was worse when two or three *goules*, that haunted the same street, seriously undertook to console me under my disappointment, and put me in the greatest fright, lest, by their unconcealed advances in the broad glare of day, they should drive away any messenger of love that might be on the wing.

At last I lost all patience, and was going in good

earnest to execute the resolution fifty times solemnly taken, and as often again broken, of giving up the vain pursuit, when, just as for the last time I paced down the oft-trodden pavement, looking anxiously round on all sides to see what good tidings might still be in the wind, I perceived a jewess—seemingly equally on the alert with myself—who eyed me with a promising air. I coughed once or twice; and this signal inducing the old dame to approach, we opened a parley. My answers tallying with her private tokens, she soon became confidential.

"You must know," said she, "I am a trades-woman, one who goes about to ladies' houses to provide them with ....."

"What signifies, my dear,"—cried I, interrupting her—"what you are, and what you provide your customers with? That speaks for itself. Only tell me who the lady is, who graciously condescends to make me the object of your embassy."

"The lady, answered the jewess, "is the young wife of an old Turkish effendee of very high rank. Her own birth and fortune made her parents stipulate that her spouse should have no other wife but herself.—Nor has he; but while he adheres to the letter of the agreement, he violates its spirit. —In short, he totally neglects his handsome helpmate. This the fair Esmé properly resents—and....."

"And in me,"—cried I, interrupting my in-

former,—"she shall find the avenger she deserves. Let us forthwith go!"

"Gently, gently," now whispered the old beldam. "It is not thus that matters of this sort are conducted. If the lady, by whom I have the honour of being employed, were one of your ordinary women on whom the wind blows as freely as on the weeds of the desert, all would be easy enough. Females who go out at all hours to the bath, and to the market-place, and to the bezesteen, or to visit their friends, do whatever they please. But cadin Esmé is none of those, I'll warrant you. This exalted fair one has in her own apartment baths of marble and gold; twenty slaves are always ready at her nod to execute whatever whim may cross her fancy; the richest goods of every country are brought from every quarter to be spread out before her at her toilet; her own chamber opens on gardens whose roses make those of Sheeraz look pale. In short—poor thing!—she can find nothing to want abroad; and when she does go out, it seems rather for the sole purpose of seeing how superior is all that she leaves at home. Then she generally only travels about in a close carriage. Her visits are confined to two or three of her near relations; and she so seldom finds an excuse for stirring out on foot, that the day you met her was the first time these six months she had stepped across her own threshold. Even when she indulges in a little excursion of the sort, she

only moves, as you see, accompanied by a swarm of servants, or rather, of spies."

"You only add fuel to my flame," cried I. "The more difficult the enterprise, the nobler the victory!"—and immediately we fell to discussing the ways and means. A hundred different schemes were alternately proposed and rejected. At last a contrivance was hit upon, only liable to half a dozen radical objections. Still it was the best, and therefore adopted. A friend of the jewess's, equipped as a woman of rank, was to spend the day on a visit to the lady Esmé, whose husband could not, during that period, intrude upon the privacy of his wife's apartment. Esmé would thus obtain an opportunity of slipping out in the attire of a slave, of stopping at the jewess's own abode, there to put on Greek habiliments, and of thence going to meet me at some selected house in Galata. After the interview, she would have nothing to do but to resume her Turkish dress, in order to release by her return her pretended visitor. The plan required some preparation, and the day after the next was fixed upon for its execution.

Matters being thus all apparently settled:—"One word more," added the jewess. "You are aware that we embark upon an adventure of life and death. In this nether world the joys of paradise can only be sipped with the secrecy of the grave. The least indiscretion brings ruin to us all."

I begged my instructress to make herself easy on that score;—"and," added I in my turn, "there is one circumstance which the lady may not be sorry to learn; namely, that in me she will find a youth not only of the greatest discretion, but of the most respectable birth and connexions."

I thought the peal of laughter never would have ended, into which the old hag broke out at this intimation. "And pray," cried she, "do you imagine the fair Esmé is in love with you for your musty ancestors, or means to show you off to her acquaintances? For my part, I mistook you for little better than a porter. If you be a prince, so much the worse! It will require consideration."—Here the beldam hobbled off.

"Can I have marred my hopes by my vanity?" thought I, after the woman was gone. But though this idea gave me a little uneasiness, it prevented me not from bestowing the utmost pains, on the day appointed, in adorning my person, ere I went to a place conveniently situated for watching the entrance of the party into the house agreed upon.

Here minute after minute rolled on, without my perceiving the least symptom of the looked-for couple. But what I very clearly discerned instead, were loud titterings behind a latticed window, which presently left no doubt in my mind that the whole interview was a mere waggery of some of the females who had found me out, and were determined to have

a laugh at my expense. The very description of the lady's grandeur now made that matter palpable by its exaggeration; and I held myself assured that the greatest real danger I had to apprehend was that of becoming the laughing-stock of the whole district. In this conviction I cursed my credulity, and set my wits to work, in order to devise how I might turn the joke against its authors,—when a faint murmur made me look round, and behold two females, carefully muffled up, glide into the place of our appointment.

"Shall I follow or not?" was now my only thought,—"and take my chance of whatever good or evil may offer?"

The jewess suffered not my suspense to last. Coming out again:—"what are you waiting for?" whispered she impatiently in my ear; and, without staying for my answer, took me by the hand and led me up stairs, where, having bidden me not to be frightened, she left me, and ran down again to keep watch while I remained.

By some strange perverseness of human nature, the jewess's seemingly superfluous caution had the contrary effect from that which was intended; and, combined with Esmé's apparent backwardness to throw off her feridjee, made me fancy I had been entrapped with a perfect monster. Full of this idea, I cursed the Israelite for leaving me thus committed, would have given the world to have

seen her return, even with the account of some most urgent danger, and stood riveted near the door like a statue,—until my expectant fair one, losing all patience, tore off her envelopes more in anger than in love, and convinced me of my error in doubting her attractions.

As her wrath did not continue inexorable, I trust I may pass over the remaining details of this interview, without any great violation of my duty as a biographer:—they presented strong features of resemblance with many others of the same description; and in truth, though the rare beauties of my mistress—her soft black eyes, her coral lips, and her carriage more graceful than the movements of the sailing swan,—might have obtained at other times a more elaborate encomium, thoughts of a sedater hue occupy my mind at present.

Irksome as I had thought the departure of the jewess, I thought her return still a thousand times more barbarous, when, ere we had time to think of her existence, she reappeared, and with relentless cruelty summoned us to separate.

It seemed as if we had only just met; and it also seemed as if we never were to meet again. For the expedient resorted to could not be repeated; and our faculties were too much bewildered to think of any other. Like people just awaking from a rapturous dream, or rather just shaking off a deep intoxication, we reeled about, lost in a maze of

confused feelings, and able to reflect neither on the past, the present, nor the future. The vain attempt to think was soon given up, and we settled to communicate through the channel of the Israelite, when our minds should be sobered by separation. At the moment of parting, however, and when casting on each other the last farewell glance:—"what can I do," cried the grateful Esmé, "to repay my more than preserver, my sovereign, and my god; what gifts worth acceptance can I bestow? Take this, and this, and this: it is nothing to what I owe for the felicity conferred; it is all I can give in return;" and so saying, she tore off her richest jewels, and heaped upon me—in spite of my resistance—strings of pearls, clasps of rubies, and girdles of diamonds.

"And do you then imagine," cried I, "that one, honoured by your smiles, can expect or can want a recompense of this sort?"

"What signifies," replied the fair one, "what you expected or what you want!—You wanted not the poor recluse Esmé, when you vouchsafed to come to me. I have my burthen of gratitude to lessen. For my sake, I must give, and for mine you must receive."

Still I refused. But a cloud began to gather on the brow thus far serene: gleams of ominous lightning flashed from those eyes that before glowed only with unmixed tenderness. "I see it," cried

Esmé. "You love me not. You fear to take an earnest. You intend not to return to my arms!" —and upon this she tore her jetty locks. The jewess now stepped forward. "For God's sake," said she, "pocket all, as I do. It may cost us our lives thus to stand upon ceremony." I therefore yielded, took the proffered gifts, for this magnanimous act received a last rapturous glance, and tore myself away.

Scarce deigning to lower my looks to the earth, scarce feeling the ground that bore my feet, gliding along on invisible pinions rather than walking, I proceeded at random, intoxicated with my good fortune. In my own mind I soared at that moment above all the monarchs of the globe. Constantinople seemed too small to contain my exultation, and, oppressed within its walls by the excess of my happiness, I went forth at the gates, and poured out into the country the ebullitions of my joy, and the ferment of my spirits.

Three good hours of uninterrupted exercise were requisite to allay them; after which I went home through the street which had been the scene of my forlorn perambulations, for the purpose of showing its familiars the difference in my air!

Here however let me for an instant interrupt the thread of my subject, in order to observe that, though my courtships have thus far occupied a great portion of my narrative, it is not the history of my loves, but that of my life, which I wish to

record. Instead therefore of detailing the scheme through means of which was effected our next meeting, and the many others which followed, I shall only in general state that each interview seemed to increase the fondness of my mistress. Every circumstance of my situation which gradually unfolded itself to her knowledge, only gave me new attractions in her eyes. Above all she delighted in that inferiority of my condition to her own, which enabled me to become indebted for ease, affluence, and whatever else appeared desirable, to her sole affection. Hers was the mighty bliss of giving me all I possessed; of making me all I was.

Out of compliment to her taste, I bestowed upon my person the utmost attention. The berath which before I had coveted I now failed not to purchase, and the gold which I accepted for the sake of peace, I laid out in such a way as to make the liberalities of the donor yield her eyes at least an ample return. Every time I appeared anew in her presence, it was with some fresh improvement in my ostensible person. Now and then, indeed, too plentiful supplies proved hostile to my prudence; but if an opulence to which I had not been accustomed often got me into scrapes, it always got me out again; nor left me, like modern friends, in the difficulties into which it had lured me. In one of my midnight orgies—for instance,—being summoned by the patrole before the waywode, "I was actually on my way to his wor-

ship," I forthwith exclaimed, "in order to discharge an old debt. Pray, gentlemen, have the goodness to take charge of these few sequins: but only pay them at your own convenience;"—and immediately my freedom was restored to me with a hundred bows and scrapes. In another frolicsome mood, making so great a noise on the canal that the Bostanjee-bashee had me handcuffed in spite of my berath—on the plea that it was too dark to read it:—"I have heard," I cried, "that a fine carbuncle will throw out as much light as a lamp. Vouchsafe, mighty sir, to try the experiment with this ring;"—and all at once the officer saw so clearly I was a berathlee, as to grant me the entire range of the Bosphorus.

These occasional frolics were necessary to keep up my spirits under the depression which they began to experience. For my intrigue cast upon my free agency a constraint which I had never felt before. I, who until that period knew not what it was to abstain or to conceal; who even with the haughtiest of the archondessas of the Fanar used to assert my liberty, and to mock the fair one's rage, now felt anxious, with the prisoner of a harem, to dissemble the least act of inconstancy, however unpremeditated. Nor let it be supposed that this conduct proceeded from any fear of stopping the current of the lady's bounty. It is true that where I gave my love, and would have given my utmost largess, had the means been mine, I scrupled not, with the

affections, to receive the gifts of my wealthy mistress: but all the gold of Peru could not have purchased my person, had not my heart fully ratified the bargain; and Esmé owed to her situation—not to my selfishness—a consideration which never yet had accompanied my preferences. The archon's wife, a free agent like myself, like me had been mistress of her choice, and where I sinned against her, had possessed all the means to retaliate. It was not so with Esmé. She was a helpless captive, who could not punish my offences by following my example. What with the one seemed a justifiable proceeding, with the other became wanton cruelty.

And most acutely would the fair Mohammedan have felt any unnecessary wound inflicted by my hand: most alive was her susceptible mind to all the fellest pangs of jealousy. "When first I loved you," she said, "you had never beheld me, you knew not whether I was fair or hideous, you could not harbour the least spark of reciprocal affection; you might, without the smallest sacrifice on your part, for ever have kept out of my sight, and left my hopeless flame, unfed, to die away. This indeed—had not your heart been free, and able to return all the warmth of my feelings—honour, justice, and humanity required. You acted otherwise: ere yet you felt a spark of reciprocal tenderness, you threw yourself purposely in my way; you sedulously nourished my passion, and you have

carried my madness to that pitch where it must find yours commensurate, or end in my perdition. You now are bound to sustain the affection which you have gratuitously raised: you are pledged to save me from despair. If, after having fanned my love into a resistless blaze, you should think of forsaking me, I die; but the blow by which I fall—that same blow shall kill us both."

The same blow did not kill both! For when long impunity had made me so daring as to invade the effendee's own roof; when suspicions arose in the husband's mind which he resolved to verify; when on he rushed to his harem; when right and left flew the women's slippers, placed as a spell at its threshold; when open burst the door of the sanctuary, and jealousy carried its search into the inmost recesses of the gynecæum; when what became of the hapless Esmé, heaven, the effendee, and the Black sea alone can tell,—not a hair of my head received the smallest injury. That very impetuosity of my enemy which seemed to doom me to certain and immediate destruction, proved the means of my preservation. In the very act of making my escape, the door which turned back upon its hinges turned back upon my person, and concealed the intruder behind its friendly screen, till the effendee and his troop had passed by. I then slipped away, unperceived by any creature within. Some slaves, however, who kept watch on

the outside, seeing me run and ine vident confusion, set up a hue and cry. Finding they gave me chase, I darted into a mosque, whose open gate seemed to invite my entrance. All I wanted was to throw my pursuers off the scent. A few old Moslemen were in the djamee[2] mumbling their evening prayers; and while the mob outside howled after the adulterer, the congregation within began to scream at the yaoor. Thus placed between two fires, all hopes of escape forsook me. I felt as if I must—but for some special miracle—soon be torn to pieces!

One human measure only remained to save my life. I drew my dagger, threw my cloak over my face, leaned my back against the mihrab,[3] and cried, "I am a Moslemin!"

If there existed not even any positive evidence of guilt having found its way at all into the effendee's harem, still less did there exist any direct proof of my being the offender. All that could be alleged against me was merely circumstantial. So far from being found in the wife's faithless arms, I had not even been caught under the injured husband's roof. At most I had displayed my activity somewhat near the dwelling disturbed; but, though this might be reason enough to massacre an infidel, a follower of the true faith—however recent his conversion—demanded greater respect.

From the moment therefore in which I invoked

the name of the Prophet, every breath of accusation was hushed, every hand became suspended. A magic power seemed to arrest the daggers on my very breast. A fanatical mob instantly took under its protection the new, the fervent proselyte.

But this proselyte I had bound myself to be. I had proclaimed myself one of the faithful; and on the spot, in the very mosque, I went through the various forms which mark the reclaimed infidel, and announce his admission into the bosom of Islamism.

CHAPTER X.

HISTORIANS often err in attributing to a single great cause the effect of many minute circumstances combined. My sagacious biographer, for instance, would not fail to place my abjuration of the Christian faith entirely and solely to the account of my intrigue with a Turkish fair one, and the desperate alternative between life and death which ensued. Nothing would be more erroneous. The seemingly bold measure had long been preparing *in petto*; and the unexpected dilemma to which I was reduced may only be said to have fixed the period for its execution.

There had arrived at Pera a foreigner whom I shall call Eugenius. His ostensible object was to acquire the ancient lore of the East, in return for which he most liberally dealt out the new creed of the West. I cannot better describe him than as the antipode to father Ambrogio. For as the one was a missionary of a society for the propagation of belief, so was the other an emissary of a sect for the diffusion of disbelief. He meditated indeed a pilgrimage to the holy land, but with the view

to prove more scientifically the fatuity of all things holy. Reason, philosophy and universal toleration were the only objects of his reverence; and some of his tenets which I picked up by the way had in them a something plausible to my mind, and, if not true, seemed to my inexperience *ben trovati*. He conceived that there might exist offences between man and man, such as adultery, murder, &c. of a blacker dye than the imperfect performance of certain devout practices—eating pork steaks in Lent included; and, above all, he thought that whatever number of crimes a man might, on using his utmost diligence, crowd in the short span of this life, they still might possibly be atoned for in the next by only five hundred thousand million of centuries (he would not abate a single second) of the most excruciating torture; though this period was absolutely nothing compared with eternity. As to his other tenets, they were too heinous to mention.

Ere father Ambrogio was aware that Eugenius broached such abominable doctrines, he had introduced me to him in the quality of drogueman, or rather of cicerone; and the tone in which I was received might have made the father suspect that all was not right. But the father's range of intellectual vision extended not further than his own nose,[1] and that nose was a snub one.

"It was you quibbling, sophistical Greeks," cried Eugenius laughing, "who, proud, at the

commencement of the Christian era of your recently imported gnosticism, perverted by its mystic doctrine the simple tenets of Christianity. It was you who, ever preferring the improbable and the marvellous to the natural and the probable, have contended for taking in a literal, and therefore in an absurd sense, a thousand expressions which in the phraseology of the East were only meant as figurative and symbolical; and it was you who have set the baneful example of admitting, in religious matters, the most extraordinary deviations from the course of nature and from human experience, on such partial and questionable evidence, as, in the ordinary affairs of man, and in a modern court of justice, would not be received on the most common and probable occurrence."

Father Ambrogio, who conceived that every reflection upon the Greeks must be in favour of the Romans, was delighted with this speech, and, as he went away, earnestly recommended to me to treasure up in my memory all the sagacious sayings of the wise man whom I had the happiness to serve.

But it was not long before he changed his mind. The very next day, when I called on Eugenius, I found padre Ambrogio in most angry discussion with him about the doctrine of Divine clemency, which the friar could not abide. Eugenius at last was obliged to say in his laughing way, that since

the father appeared so incurably anxious for endless punishment, all he could do for him was to pray that, by a single exception in his favour, he at least might be damned to all eternity. Father Ambrogio, who never laughed, and who hated Eugenius the more for always laughing, upon this speech left the room: but the next time he met me alone, he very seriously cautioned me against one who, he was sure, must be a devil incarnate.

"If so," thought I, "he preaches against his own trade; and his principal is little obliged to him for making his dominion a mere leasehold, instead of a perpetuity." Meanwhile I resolved not to be too sure, and, when Eugenius took off his clothes, watched whether I could perceive the cloven foot. Nothing appearing at all like it, and his disposition seeming gentle, obliging and humane, I began to be fond of his company,—until, from liking the man, I unfortunately by degrees came not to dislike some parts of the doctrine of which he was the apostle.

Eugenius differed in one respect from his brethren of the new school. While they wished to subvert all former systems *in toto*, ere they began to re-edify according to their new plan, he, on the contrary, only contended for the appeal to reason on points of internal faith, and urged, in external practices, the propriety of conforming to the established worship;—and this, not from selfish but

philanthropic motives; "for," said he, "while the vulgar retain a peculiar belief, they will close their eyes and hearts against whatever practical good those wish to do them who join not in their creed; and should they, in imitation of their betters, give up some of their idle tenets,—unable immediately, like those they imitate, to replace the checks of superstition by the powers of reason—they will only from bad lapse into worse, let loose the reins to their passions, and exchange errors for crimes."

Now, in conformity to this doctrine of my master's, what could be clearer than that it behoved me, where the koran was become the supreme law, —as a quiet orderly citizen, zealous in support of the establishment—with all possible speed to become a Mohammedan? Should there happen to be any personal advantage connected with this public duty; should my conforming to it open the door to places and preferments from which I otherwise must remain shut out; should it raise me from the rank of the vanquished to that of the victors, and enable me, instead of being treated with contempt by the Turkish beggar, to elbow the Greek prince, was that my fault? or could it be a motive to abstain from what was right, that it was also profitable?

The arguments appeared to me so conclusive, that I had only been watching for an opportunity

to throw off the contemptuous appellation of Nazarene, and to become associated to the great aristocracy of Islamism, some time before the fair Esmé lent the peculiar grace of her accent to its Allah Illah Allah; and though, for the credit of my sincerity, I could wish my conversion not exactly to have taken place at the particular moment at which the light of truth happened to shine upon me, yet, all things considered, I thought it wiser not to quibble about punctilios, than to be sewed in a sack, and served up for breakfast to some Turkish shark.

Thus it was that the doctrine of pure reason ended in making me a Mohammedan:—but with a pang I quitted for the strange sound of Selim my old and beloved name of Anastasius, given me by my father, and so often and so sweetly repeated by my Helena.

I was scarce a Mohammedan skin deep, when I again met padre Ambrogio, whom since my affair with Esmé I had entirely lost sight of, and who knew not my apostasy.

"Son," said he in a placid tone, "we are all at times prone to passion. I myself, meek as you now see me, have had my unguarded moments: but it is impossible that you should not wish to achieve the glorious work so well begun. Suppose therefore we resume our spiritual exercises. You are

already so far advanced in the right road, that we cannot fail ultimately to make you an exemplary Roman catholic."

"Father," answered I, "what may ultimately happen, it is not in man to foresee: mean time, since we met last, another trifling impediment has arisen to my embracing the Latin creed. I am become a Moslemin."

At this unlooked-for obstacle, father Ambrogio started back full three yards. "Holy virgin!" exclaimed he, "how could you make such a mistake?"

Not caring to assign the true cause; "I wanted," said I, "to secure in the next world a little harem of black-eyed girls."

At this speech father Ambrogio fetched a deep sigh; and began to muse, looking alternately at his habit and at mine.—"Well!" said he, after a pause; "at least you no longer are a Greek, and that is something;" and hereupon he departed, —wondering, I suppose, where, in his paradise, Mohammed meant to dispose of the angels whose eyes were blue.

I never was very ambitious of learning, but my new godfather, a formal Turkish grey-beard, could not brook my total ignorance of my new religion. "You are not here among Scheyis,"[2] said he, "who under the name of Mohammedans live the lives of yaoors, drink wine as freely as we swallow opium, and make as little scruple of

having in their possession paintings of pretty faces,[3] as if at the day of judgment they were not to find souls for all those bodies of their own creating. You are—Allah be praised!—among strict and orthodox Sunnees; and, however an old believer may have had time to forget his creed, a young neophyte should have it at his fingers' ends."

So I had to learn my catechism afresh. Great indeed was my inclination to expostulate:—but all I could obtain was to be provided with a teacher who, for my twenty paras a lesson, should put me in the way of passing over the bridge Seerath[4] as speedily as possible. And this I was promised.

Nothing therefore could exceed my surprise, when in walked the gravest of the whole grave body of doctors of law—the very pink and quintessence of true believers; one who would not miss saying his namaz regularly four times a day, three hundred and sixty days in the year,[5] for all the treasures of the Devas:[6] who, to obtain the epithet of hafeez,[7] had learnt his whole koran by heart unto the last stop; and who, not satisfied with praying to God like other people, had linked himself to a set of dancing derwishes, for the sole purpose of addressing the Deity with more effect in a sugar-loaf cap, and spinning round the room like a top:—a personage who, in a devout fit, would plump down upon his knees in the midst of the most crowded street, without turning his head

round before he had finished the last reekath[8] of his orison, if all Constantinople were trembling in an earthquake; who, considering all amusements as equally heinous, made no difference between a game of chess or mangala and illicit attentions to one's own great-grandmother, and once, in his devout fury, with his enormous chaplet positively demolished Karagheuz[9] in the midst of all his drollery: a personage who, at the end of the Ramadan,[10] looked like a walking spectre, and the very last time of this fast absolutely doubled its length, only for having snuffed up with pleasure, before the hours of abstinence were over, the fumes of a kiebab on its passage out of a cook-shop: a personage who had an absolute horror of all representations of the human figure—those of Saint Mark on the Venetian sequin only excepted: a personage, in fine, who already was surnamed in his own district the wely or saint; and whom all his neighbours were dying to see dead, only that they might hang their rags round his grave, and so get cured of the ague.

When this reverend moollah[11] first made his appearance, his face was still bedewed with tears of sympathy, occasioned by a most heart-rending scene of domestic woe, which his charitable hand had just assuaged. In an adjoining street he had found, stretched out on the bare pavement, a whole miserable family—father, mother, brothers, sisters, together with at least a dozen children of tender age

—in a state of complete starvation. The very description of such a piteous sight harrowed up my soul. Lest however the holy man should incur a suspicion of having been betrayed into a weakness so reprehensible as that of pity for the human species —for which he felt all the contempt it deserved, and which he never presumed to solace under any of the visitations inflicted by Providence,—I should add that the wretched objects of his present compassion were of that less reprobated sort, the canine species! They belonged to those troops of unowned dogs which the Turks of Constantinople allow to live in their streets on the public bounty, in order to have the pleasure of seeing them bark at the Christians whom their Frank dress betrays. To these, and other beings of the irrational genus, were confined the benefactions of my tutor; but, if his own species had few obligations to acknowledge from him, he was recorded as having purchased the liberty of three hundred and fifty canary birds in cages, granted pensions to the baker and butcher for the maintenance of fifty cats, and left at least a dozen dogs, whom he found on the *pavé*, handsomely provided for in his will.

No sooner was my venerable instructor comfortably seated on his heels in the angle of my sofa, than, looking around him with an air of complacency, as if he liked my lodgings, he told me to my infinite satisfaction, that, provided he only took his

station there for two hours every day, he pledged himself before the end of the first year to instruct me thoroughly in all the diversities of the four orthodox rituals—the Hanefy, Schafey, Hanbaly, and Maleky; together with all that belonged to the ninety-nine epithets of the Deity, represented by the ninety-nine beads of the chaplet. In the space of another twelvemonth he ventured to hope that he might go over with me the principal difference between the two hundred and eighty most canonical mufessirs or commentators on the Koran, as well as examine the two hundred and thirty-five articles of the creed, concerning which theologians disagree; and in the third year of our course, he promised to enable me completely to refute all the objections which the Alewys and other dissenters make to the Sunnee creed; and to give me a general idea of the tenets of the seventy-two leading heretical sects, from that of Ata-hakem-Mookanna, or the one-eyed prophet with the golden mask, to Khand-Hassan, the fanatic who eat pork and drank wine in the public market-place like any Christian: so as, through dint of so much diligence, on the fourth and last year to have nothing to do but to go over the whole again, and imprint it indelibly on my memory. By way of a little foretaste of the method of disputation in which he promised to instruct me, he took up one of the controverted points; first raised his own objections against it; and then

—as he had an indubitable right to do with his undisputed property—again completely overset them by the irresistible force of his arguments; after which—having entirely silenced his adversary, he rose, equally proud of the acuteness of his own rhetoric, and charmed with the sagacity with which I had listened.

The truth is I had fallen asleep; for which reason, when I suddenly awoke on the din of his argumentation ceasing, I shook my head with a profound air, and by way of showing how much in earnest I meant to be, with a very wise look said I could not give my unqualified assent until I heard both sides of the question. Thus far I had heard neither.

This determination rather surprised my doctor, who seemed to have relied on my faculty of implicit credence. "Hear both sides of the question!" exclaimed he in utter astonishment. "Why, that is just the way never to come to a conclusion, and to remain in suspense all the days of one's life! Wise men first adopt an opinion, and then learn to defend it. For my part I make it a rule never to hear but one side; and so do all who wish to settle their belief."

The thing had never occurred to me before; but I thought it had in it a something plausible, which at any rate made me resolve not to lengthen the four years' course by idle doubts. Accordingly in the three first lessons I agreed to every thing the doc-

tor said or meant to say, even before he opened his mouth, and only wondered how things so simple, for instance, as the Prophet's ascent to the third heaven on the horse Borak, with a peacock's tail and a woman's face (I mean the horse), could be called in question. Unfortunately, when in the fourth lesson the moollah asserted that Islamism was destined ultimately to pervade the whole globe, a preposterous longing seized me to show my learning. I asked how that could be, when, as Eugenius had asserted, an uninterrupted day of several months put the fast of the Ramadan wholly out of the question near the poles? This difficulty, which the doctor could not solve, of course put him into a great rage. He reddened, rubbed his forehead, repeated my query, and at last told me in a violent perspiration, that if I mixed travellers' tales with theology, he must give up my instruction.

I was too happy to take him at his word; instantly paid what I owed for the lessons received; and begged henceforth to remain in contented ignorance. Lest however I should appear petulant to my godfather, I went and desired him to find me a moollah that was reasonable.

"A moollah that is reasonable!" exclaimed an old gentleman present, who happened to belong to the order himself. "Why, young man, that is a most unreasonable request. The Koran itself declares the ink of the learned to be equal in value

to the blood of martyrs; and where will a single drop be shed in disputation, if all agree to be reasonable? But come," added he, laughing, " I will undertake, without a fee, to teach you in one word all that is necessary to appear a thorough bred Moslemin; and if you doubt my receipt, you may even get a fethwa of the Mufty, if you please, to confirm its efficacy. Whenever you meet with an infidel, abuse him with all your might, and no one will doubt you are yourself a stanch believer.". I promised to follow the advice.

CHAPTER XI.

STERN winter had breathed his last: his churlish progeny had fled. The waves were no longer lashed by storms, nor was the earth fettered by frost. Constantinople hailed the day, revered alike by Greeks and Turks, when St. George opens in state the gaudy portals of the spring. The north wind had ceased to howl through Stambool's thin habitations. Mild zephyr reigned alone; and as his fragrant breath went forth in gentle sighs, the white winding-sheet of snow shrunk on the swelling mountain, while a soft and verdant carpet of young herbage spread along the hollow valley. The taller trees of the forest might still slumber awhile: the lesser shrubs and plants of the garden were all waking, to resume their summer robes of rich and varied dye. Blushing blossoms crowned their heads, and every transient gale was loaded with their fragrance. Over fields enamelled with the crimson anemone fluttered millions of azure butterflies, just broke forth from their shells with the flowers on which they fed, and hardly able yet to unfurl their wings in air: while

on every bough was heard some feathered songster, hailing the new season of joy and of love. The very steeds of the imperial stables, liberated that day from their dark winter stalls, measured with mad delight the verdant meads of Kiadhané, while their joyful neighing re-echoed from the hills around. Under each dazzling portico reflected in the Bosphorus were seen groups of Ich-oglans and pages, sporting their new spring suits, like gilded beetles, in the sun. All eyes seemed riveted on the Othoman fleet, which in gay and gallant trim issued forth from the harbour, and, with every snowy sail swelling in the breeze, majestically advanced towards Marmora's wider basin, there to commence its yearly cruise through the mazy Archipelago. Of the immense population of Constantinople a part was skimming, in barges glittering like gold-fish, the scarce ruffled surface of the channel, while the remainder gaily sauntered on the fringed terraces that overhang its mirror, and in the woody vales that branch out from its banks. On all sides resounded the tuneful lyre and the noisy cymbal, animating the steps of the joyous dancers. Nature and art, the human race and the brute creation, seemed alike to enjoy in every form of diversified festivity, the epoch when recommence the hopes, the labours, and the delights of summer.

I too was one of the mirthful throng. In com-

pany with a few Osmanlees, not the most rigid of their race, I had been indulging in the orgies of the day outside the gate of Selivria. Somewhat flushed with the juice of the berry which Bacchus first planted in my country, we were returning toward the Top capoossee,[1] when close beside us came prancing an exceeding bad horseman mounted on a worse steed. At Constantinople it often occurs that an old menial, whose rambles never extended beyond the village of St. Stephens, and whose foot never pressed a stirrup, is rewarded for his domestic services by a military fief or zeeameth,[2] at ten or twenty days journey from the capital. He then first learns to ride in the plains outside the gate of Andrinople,—in order that he may know how to cling to his saddle, when constrained to present himself before his distant vassals. Of this description seemed to be the equestrian whose pleasure it was to annoy us. Proud of his newly acquired horsemanship, he was incessantly in our way, now trotting, now prancing, now galloping at full speed; so as to keep us involved in a constant cloud of dust, with the additional advantage of expecting every instant a nearer participation in his horse's kicks and curvetings. Whether we went slow or fast, or turned to the right or the left to avoid him, still he haunted us like our shadow; or, if for a moment he seemed to have taken his leave, it was only to raise a fallacious hope, and to return

to the charge, like the forest fly, when least expected. Vexatious as was the fellow's behaviour, my either less irritable or more sober companions agreed not to notice it. They would have nothing to do, they said, with a saucy *green-head*, only amenable before his own officers, and sure to be supported—be his behaviour what it might—by all his comrades. Less patient, or less awed by the Prophet's kindred, I swore I would grapple with the emir, and soil with the crimson of his own blood, the green rag round his thick skull, upon which he presumed with such insolence,—when, guessing my intentions, he buried his sharp stirrups[3] in his lank and harassed steed, and scampered away: but not before he had succeeded in what seemed throughout to be the sole aim of all his labour; namely, in bespattering me from head to foot with all the mud of almost the only puddle which the sun's daily increasing power had left in the road.

Who that—in the full pride of an entire new suit, of which the colour has long been pondered over, the stuff chosen after infinite consideration, the making only entrusted to the most skilful artists, the fitting tried in all its various stages, and the final possession obtained only at the very period destined for its display—is fated to see the work of so much thought and labour irretrievably spoilt in its first bloom, and ere yet the world has been

dazzled by its splendor;—who, I say, that is fated to undergo such a trial, ever preserved his temper unruffled, and was blessed with feelings sufficiently torpid to abstain from falling out even with blind undesigning chance?

Then fancy my impatient spirit submitted to this trial, and that by the unprovoked malice of a fellow mortal! But a few moments before, alas! the vest of purple broad cloth, the velvet jacket of emerald green, the scarlet bernoos[4] lined with sky-blue satin, and the ample trowsers of a blushing lilac, still shone through the mazy net-work of gold cast over every seam, in the full perfection of their primitive purity. After parading their beauties all day long, like a peacock, in the country, I was only going homewards to display them all the evening, to still greater advantage, in the most brilliant coffee-houses[5] in the town, when all my honours fell blasted in the bud, and—through the insolence of a paltry serving-man—every item of my gay attire was made to drip with a black offensive mud; so that I looked like a once gaudy tulip, whose erect splendor has been crushed by some ass's heedless hoof. Such was my indignation at the insult, and still more at the escape of the culprit, that I felt a positive want of some luckless wight, on whom to vent my ungovernable rage.

At that inauspicious moment, who should suddenly start up, as from the very bowels of the earth,

but Anagnosti, whom I had left a prisoner in the Bagnio!

On quitting that hideous place, I was fully determined not to let an hour elapse without applying for my friend's liberation, nor to rest until I had procured it. For that purpose chiefly I had gone to Mavroyeni. The reader may remember how I was received at his door. The fainting fit which followed this ineffectual visit, the illness in the hospital, and the indigence I had to encounter on first being thrown anew upon the world, were circumstances which combined to prevent for several weeks all furtherance of my design. When my condition improved, other impediments arose. I then thought it advisable to wait till I had earned a character, had acquired friends among the Franks, and had purchased the berath which might give greater independence to my movements in behalf of a rayah. These desiderata came in due time, but with them also unfortunately came the infatuation of my Turkish amour, during which I was obliged, for my mistress's sake, carefully to avoid attracting the public attention; and this affair only ended in that apostacy which made me, bold as I was, dread the reproachful sight of Anagnosti,—of him whose faith neither fear, nor interest, nor even pleasure had had power to shake. Yet I had not abandoned my purpose; and had determined, the very day after St. George, to undertake the seemingly arduous work

of my friend's release, when he thus unexpectedly crossed my way.

The very presence of Anagnosti—of Anagnosti so long neglected in his forlorn situation, and of Anagnosti freed at last from his fetters without my assistance—was in itself a severe rebuke. Convicted by my friend's enlargement of a culpable neglect, I almost regretted his liberation as premature. I felt it as an event expressly brought about to shame me. Though in reality the poor youth only came from celebrating—somewhat more devoutly no doubt—the same festival [5] with myself, he seemed only to rush thus full upon me, while yet ignorant of his liberty and unprepared for his appearance, in order to take me by surprise, and to enjoy my confusion.

And this idea, mortifying in itself, became doubly galling at a moment when, had even my conscience proclaimed me Anagnosti's sole deliverer, I still would have wished to be spared all expression of his gratitude. Thrown among Osmanlees proud of their untainted blood, I had but just asserted a perfect equality with my lofty companions. I had sworn indeed that I was *not* one of those Candiote Turks [6] who, though three parts Greek, are yet regarded as among the highest mettled of the Sultan's Mohammedan subjects: but I had sworn to this truth in a jesting tone; had in consequence been

disbelieved as I wished, and had thus found means to combine with pretensions to strict veracity, the benefit of a lie: I had even, in conformity with the moollah's advice, most vehemently abused the whole race of Christian dogs; and, in the midst of my success and my exultation, I now stood most unexpectedly confronted with the only person who must, by his familiar address, not only overturn the whole fabric of my raising, but proclaim me a mere renegado,—a downright outcast from the very Bagnio!

A circumstance so provoking—so subversive of all my views and wishes—was sufficient to give Anagnosti, in my already ruffled mind, the character of an enemy rather than a friend. The instant I perceived him, shame set my cheek on fire; I tried to avoid his irksome notice:—but already I had caught his watchful eye.

In this situation I felt that a mere retreating movement would only invite a more eager advance; and conceived that nothing but a coolness so marked on my part as to chill on that of Anagnosti every demonstration of warmth, and perhaps even to make him scorn in his contempt of me all signs of recognition, could save me from his fearful familiarity. Upon this principle, instead of either darting forward to meet his embrace, or shrinking from his approach, I stopped suddenly short, stood entirely motionless,

and, with all the dignity of the turban, merely put out my hand, to receive the homage of his respectful lip.—

His first glance, alighting only on my features, had made him rush forward to press me to his bosom. His second look, falling on my dress and companions, again arrested his progress, and seemed to rivet his feet to the ground. Hence, judging him sufficiently awed by my mere appearance, I now ventured to utter some condescending expressions: but my words he heeded not. Keeping his haggard eyes fixed on my person, he asked me whether a spell fascinated his senses, or whether in reality I was become . . . . a Moslemin, he would have said; but the hateful appellation he had not power to utter. Not caring for the completion of the sentence—" be Selim what he may," I hastily cried, " proceed thou, without fear."

The pious ceremonies of the morning had even carried beyond its usual exalted pitch my friend's religious enthusiasm. At this mortifying speech, resentment of my neglect, indignation at my apostacy, wounded pride, and disappointed affection took possession of his soul.

" Fear !" exclaimed he,—repeating my last words with an hysteric laugh; while his eye darted lightning, and his lip curled up in scorn;—" Fear suits only the deserter of his country and his God !"

So proud a taunt completed the rising ferment of

my blood. Enraged at the invective; still more enraged at its coming from a rayah, from a man of mean appearance, and in the presence of sneering Osmanlees, I mechanically thrust my hand in my girdle, and drew out my handjar. It was an unmeaning and half involuntary action: I had no fatal purpose; I intended not—no! upon the solemn word of one again prostrate before the cross—I intended not to hurt a hair of my friend's sacred head. A flourish, to dazzle the Osmanlee eyes which were watching all my motions, was all I had in view. Frantic, Anagnosti rushed forward and fell,—fell upon the too diligently sharpened weapon! Feeling that its point had entered, he with one hand pressed it home to his heart, while with the other he struck me convulsively away. The dagger—slipping through my palsied fingers—remained, as he intended, deep buried in his side!

Leisurely he drew it out, and with a sort of complacency viewed his blood as it trickled from the blade: but presently, his eyes filling with tears, —tears not flowing for his present sufferings, but from the remembrance of things gone by—"O my mother, my mother," he exclaimed, "thy dying words prove true! My friends alone have been my perdition; and the small crimson speck found on the bands of our brotherhood is grown into the stream that now gushes from my heart!—but at least, Anastasius,"—added he, with a look which pierced

my very soul,—"I have prevented him who made a vow to defend me to his last dying breath, from being himself the destroyer of my wretched life. When released from the bagnio through the kindness of strangers, I wondered what event caused the neglect of my friend,—wondered why Anastasius alone had abandoned his Anagnosti. Alas! I knew not that thou hadst forsaken thy God!—May he pardon thee as I do. Life to me has long been bitterness; death is a welcome guest: I rejoin those that love me,—and in a better place. Already, methinks, watching my flight, they stretch out their arms from heaven to their dying Anagnosti. Thou,—if there be in thy breast one spark of pity left for him thou once namedst thy brother; for him to whom a holy tie, a sacred vow . . . . . Ah! suffer not the starving hounds in the street . . . . . See a little hallowed earth thrown over my wretched corpse."

These words were his last: he staggered; his body fell lifeless across the highway—and his spotless soul flew to heaven.

In the day of battle, so mighty are the preparations for hurling death at thousands; by so many are the shafts of the grim destroyer expected, launched, and felt; so rapidly are the slain often followed by their slayers, and the mourned by their mourners, that the harvest of the grave, however dire and sudden, scarce finds leisure to be noticed; and no longer appals an imagination already dizzy with ex-

citement, or stunned with repeated blows:—but, when, in the hour of mirth and revelry, a single living frame of exquisite perfection is, by some unforeseen shaft of fate, suddenly snatched away from the gay scene, and in the full exercise of all its energies transformed to a lump of insensible clay; when we behold it stretched out, equally unconscious of insult and of pity, in the kindred dust—how drear, how awful is the sudden change!

Then add that this frame thus transformed was that of my friend—of my brother;—and that my own thrice cursed dagger had wrought the deadly change!

Oppressed at this spectacle beyond the power of a human pen to describe, I long continued fixed in intent amazement on the spot; I long continued gazing on my friend's lifeless form; and at last—late at night, and after every curious bystander had insensibly dropped off—returned, exhausted with anguish, into the city, by the same gate through which in the morning I had sought the country, brimful of thoughtless mirth.

Sad indeed was now my soul! I felt the hand of the Almighty growing heavy upon me. I felt the long series of chastisements beginning which awaited my apostacy. Precisely where the religion of my fathers had imposed upon me the most sacred ties, where by my change I had most grievously sinned against its high behests, and where the punishment

of my infidelity must give my heart the deepest wound, there the first blow had been struck! It was because I had abandoned my God that I had been doomed to lose my friend—the friend to whom I had been sworn in his holy name!—and doomed to lose that friend by my own baleful hand! And so great became, from the bitter taste of its first fruits, the sense of my guilt, that, could I only have avoided the dismal fate of an utter outcast, forced for ever to fly from home and country, I should willingly have forfeited all else which I possessed, even now to abjure my new errors and to return to my forsaken faith. Nor did any fear of the consequences which awaited my rashness mix itself with the feelings called forth by my misfortune. Had I even been most unquestionably guilty of the premeditated murder of an infidel, my life, as a Moslemin, could run no risk from the award of the Turkish law. But the numerous circle which had witnessed the scene united in asserting my entire innocence of the deed which I bewailed; and, when on the morning ensuing I presented myself of my own accord at the nearest mekkiemé[7] to take my trial, the cadee, after exchanging a few words with his naib,[8] dismissed me fully acquitted.

Not so my own conscience! Loud and ceaseless were its upbraidings. "Thy dagger," it cried, "has been lifted on thy friend; it has killed thy brother; it has struck him to the heart, whom it ought to have

defended while thy hand could grasp its hilt; its accursed edge has cut through the holiest of engagements, and doomed to destruction the sincerest piety and the tenderest affection. To the last day of thy life, the wound inflicted by thee on Anagnosti shall continue to fester in thine own distracted bosom: it shall remain fresh and green when his mouldering remains have fallen into dust; it shall follow thee beyond the grave; it shall make thee dread to meet thy friend even in the regions of eternal bliss,—if it should not eternally close against thee their inexorable doors."

To hush the relentless monitor, to honour my ill fated friend's remains and to appease his shade, I did all that I now could do. I not only had his body carried to the grave in splendid procession, masses performed for his unspotted soul, the boiled wheat[9] handed round among the congregation, the purest marble sought for a gorgeous tombstone; I myself—clothed as I was in Mohammed's hateful livery—followed at a distance the dismal pomp, with my garments soiled, my feet bare, and my head strewed with ashes. From an obscure aisle in the church I beheld the solemn service; saw on the field of death the pale stiff corpse lowered into its narrow cell, and hoping to exhaust sorrow's bitter cup, at night, when all mankind hushed its griefs, went back to my friend's final resting-place, lay down upon his silent grave, and watered with my tears the fresh raised hollow mound.

In vain! Nor my tears nor my sorrows could avail. No offerings nor penance could purchase me repose. Wherever I went, the beginning of our friendship and its issue still alike rose in view; the fatal spot of blood still danced before my steps, and the reeking dagger hovered before my aching eyes. In the silent darkness of the night I saw the pale phantom of my friend stalk round my watchful couch, covered with gore and dust; and even during the unavailing riots of the day, I still beheld the spectre rise over the festive board, glare on me with piteous look, and hand me whatever I attempted to reach. But whatever it presented seemed blasted by its touch. To my wine it gave the taste of blood, and to my bread the rank flavour of death!

I who before had set at nought even the sober creed of the sage, now sought comfort in the silly superstitions of the vulgar. I made offerings to the inexorable Fates. I supplicated the awful *Moirai*[10] to withhold from me their scourges. Thinking by swift motion to fly from the vision which every where pursued my steps, I bestrode the swiftest coursers, and roamed the country over. I flew across hill and dale, both early in the morning and late at night—now descending headlong the steep banks of the Propontis, now rushing along the rugged shores of the Euxine.

Among my acquaintance was a rich Armenian.

The fondness for handsome horses, prevalent among his nation, in him was a perfect passion; but a passion which the jealous laws of the Turks only suffered a rayah to indulge in secret. He might keep, at an immense cost, the most magnificent coursers that came from his own country: bestride them he durst not—except in their stalls. To ride and to enjoy them he was obliged to hire some mean Mohammedan; and, as the noble animals often wanted exercise, he was glad to assist me in flying from my sorrows, by giving me the unrestrained use of his costly stud.

Thus enjoying the command of the fleetest horses and the most active grooms, I took care that neither should want exercise. I devoted my whole time to drawing the bow, and flinging the djereed.[11] Nowhere was I seen, but at the Ocmeidan and in the Hippodrome;[12] where I endeavoured to raise my oppressed spirits, by sending them on the wing after a barbed arrow or a staff that cleft the air. In order to concentrate on one point all my faculties and feelings, I used to set myself a task. I resolved to hit a particular mark at an assigned distance, and I left not the spot until I had performed the feat. This practice gave me a dexterity in warlike exercises, of which at a later period I reaped the benefit. At the time of its acquirement, the swiftest motion of my body was not sufficient to afford my mind repose. The instant I vaulted into my saddle, the

gaunt spectre of death leaped up behind me. I might walk or I might gallop, saunter along or fly at full speed; yet would the avenging spirit alike goad my galled heart, and with his iron gripe wring my breast to suffocation. If for an instant I breathed more freely—if sometimes I conceived a transient hope that my gloom was wearing out, it soon proved a mere delusion; and even in Beotia's swamps, and where autumn seres the leaf, the sun's enfeebled rays find not greater difficulty to pierce the chilling mist, than did the least glimpse of hilarity to penetrate the shroud of anguish which surrounded my heart.

As a last and desperate resource, I tried to drive away my frightful visions by gayer dreams, the children of drowsy opium. I found my way to the great mart of that deleterious drug, the Theriakee tchartchee.[13] There, in elegant coffee-houses, adorned with trellised awnings, the dose of delusion is measured out to each customer according to his wishes. But, lest its visitors should forget to what place they are hying, directly facing its painted porticoes stands the great receptacle of mental imbecility, erected by Sultan Suleiman for the use of his capital.

In this tchartchee might be seen any day a numerous collection of those whom private sorrows have driven to a public exhibition of insanity. There each reeling idiot might take his neighbour by the hand, and say: "brother, and what ailed thee,

to seek so dire a cure?" There did I with the rest of its familiars now take my habitual station in my solitary niche, like an insensible motionless idol, sitting with sightless eyeballs staring on vacuity.

One day, as I lay in less entire absence than usual under the purple vines of the porch, admiring the gold-tipped domes of the majestic Sulimanye, the appearance of an old man with a snow-white beard, reclining on the couch beside me, caught my attention. Half plunged in stupor, he every now and then burst out into a wild laugh, occasioned by the grotesque phantasms which the ample dose of madjoon[14] he had just swallowed was sending up to his brain. I sat contemplating him with mixed curiosity and dismay, when, as if for a moment roused from his torpor, he took me by the hand, and fixing on my countenance his dim vacant eyes, said in an impressive tone: "Young man, thy days are yet few; take the advice of one who, alas! has counted many. Lose no time; hie thee hence, nor cast behind one lingering look: but if thou hast not the strength, why tarry even here? Thy journey is but half achieved. At once go on to that large mansion before thee. It is thy ultimate destination; and by thus beginning where thou must end at last, thou mayest at least save both thy time and thy money."

The old man here fell back into his apathy, but I was roused effectually. I resolved to renounce the slow poison of whose havoc my neighbour presented

so woful a specimen; and, in order not to preserve even a memento of the sin I abjured, presented him, as a reward for his advice, with the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug which I used to make my solace. He took the bauble without appearing sensible of the gift, while I, running into the middle of the square, pronounced with outstretched hands,[15] against the execrable market where insanity was sold by the ounce, a solemn malediction.

The curse, I believe, took effect. Certain it is that with me seemed to depart for ever the prosperity of the Theriakee tchartchee. From the day I turned my back upon its fatal abodes, the use of wine and spirits may be said in Constantinople to have superseded that of opium. Every succeeding year has seen the trade of madjoon decline faster, and the customers of those that sell it diminish more rapidly. The old worshippers of the poppy juice have dropped off like the leaves in autumn, and no young devotees have sprung up in their stead. The preparation has not even preserved its adherents among those men of the law, formerly anxious to combine, through means of a drug that may be taken unperceived, the pleasures of intoxication with the honours of sobriety.

CHAPTER XII.

By degrees my purse, exhausted in the daily purchase of ready-made mirth, had—by the ill-wearing of that commodity—begun to partake of the depression of my spirits; and on this occasion I found pecuniary embarrassments an excellent remedy for a settled melancholy. When a man knows not how to support life, he has little leisure for feeding sorrow. To replenish, however, my empty coffers, I commenced upon a novel pursuit, which, if it completed the waste of present resources, made me amends by the brilliancy it cast over my future prospects.

This I shall explain.

My melancholy, my retirement, and my endeavours to find relief from my sorrow in superstitious practices, had brought me in contact with a personage who long since had exchanged the society of man for habitual converse with spirits, and who, disclaiming all further intercourse with the inhabitants of the earth, employed himself solely in cultivating an extensive acquaintance in the different regions of the heavens. The only easy and familiar chit-chat in which my friend Derwish might be said

to indulge, was with the stars. His accurate information respecting the various occurrences in the firmament, it is true, gave him so superior an insight into the affairs of this globe itself, that he could not help feeling mortified as well as surprised, at seeing both in potentates and private individuals so unaccountable a backwardness to profit by his wisdom: for he was as fond of giving advice as those who have not the stars to back their opinion;—and indeed, who more capable than Derwish of directing every concern of man? He understood the composition of cabalistic sentences capable of baffling the subtlest witchcraft, and disarming the most determined evil eye: he could tell to a second the precise period for every critical measure, from the giving a battle, to the taking a dose of rhubarb; and in casting nativities and predicting seasons, the Venice calendar itself must yield to the all comprehending Derwish. It is well known what innumerable little devils float in air, always on the watch, when people inadvertently yawn, to whip into their mouths and slip down their throats, when they make sad intestine commotion in their stomachs. These he possessed the art of expelling with rare success, and, soon preparing to soar far beyond his former flights, he was at the eve, when I made his acquaintance, of a discovery which promised mines of wealth to whoever might choose to join him in its pursuit. It consisted in ascertaining by

the itching of one's fingers what heaps of gold lay buried under those ancient piles which—like the arches of Backtchekeui,[1] the ruins in Greece, and the pyramids of Egypt—are mistaken by the ignorant for aqueducts, and temples, and mausolea, but by the wise are known to be the secret treasuries of the Constantines, the Suleimans, and the Pharaohs of old. The exact situation of the deposits known; what so easy as to pull down the buildings over them!

Ere, however, this measure could be quite accomplished, other resources, less splendid no doubt, but more acceptable, and in which Eblis[2] had no hand, lent me their seasonable aid.

One day when walking through Galata with a brother in distress; "See," said I to my companion, "all those bales of costly goods tossed about on the quay like common ware! For whom think you they are landing? Why, for some old churl, to be sure, immured in his dingy counting-house, and who perhaps will never behold with his own eyes either their contents, or even their final produce. Fortune reserves all her favours for those who only know their amount by a cipher more or less in their ledger. Young fellows like us, who would proclaim her bounty by sound of trumpet, and sow its golden fruits far and wide in the world, the churlish prude leaves to starve."

"Fortune, gentlemen," observed the caravo-

keiri[3] of the ship, who had overheard my speech, "cannot, if she be a lady, dislike her votaries more than other females do, for being young: but perhaps, like other ladies, to be won, she must be courted."

I now recognised in the captain one of our islanders: he knew me before. "You, sir," added he, "might have had the goddess in question on your own terms, as much as any body. Who so petted as you were by your worthy deceased mother?"

"What! my mother dead?" exclaimed I, both shocked and surprised.

"To be sure," rejoined the reis; "and had she known where to find you, ere that accident happened, who doubts that she would have left her wealth to you rather than to that cross-grained minx—pardon my boldness—your elder sister?"

"All left to my eldest sister?" cried I, drying up the tears that had began to flow profusely. "Ah, if I too had but scolded her all the day long!—That at least is a proceeding which shows attention, and, it seems, meets with adequate thanks. Or rather" —added I, on thinking of her ruinous lenity with regard to my youthful aberrations—"if she had but scolded me, when I deserved reproof! But she is gone to a better place than her son must hope to see her in: Peace be to my own soul, as it is sure to be to hers!"

"It would not much perhaps disturb its repose,"

observed my companion, " to make a little inroad on that of your sister, and try, in your quality as Moslemin, which went furthest, your mother's partiality or that of the law."

Next to her mother and her husband, Roxana (now the eldest female of the family) had always made poor me the favourite object of her ill humour. I owed her a longer score of petty spites, than I had hoped ever to pay off. It would have been a pleasure to me to hustle her out of the inheritance, had it even been for a stranger. Finding therefore that the accumulated produce of my mother's estate at Naxia was in the hands of a merchant in Constantinople, and in ready cash, I went to claim it. My sole regret on my way was my not having provided sacks and porters sufficient to carry away the whole treasure at once.

There was little occasion for such a hurry. At first my mother's fortune seemed little easier to get at than the wealth of the Pharaohs, which my friend Derwish meant slily to pocket, by displacing the pyramids. In order to obtain the much-valued memorial, I found legal forms to go through, certificates to sign, petitions to present, securities to give, and accounts to settle, which only allowed me at the end of several weeks to pocket my money, or rather the half of my money which had not been melted away in the interval, in law expenses, merchants' commissions, presents distributed among men

in power, and fees paid to men in office. Even that half, however, my necessities rendered a most welcome supply.

To the landed property at Naxia I could only enforce my right by personal appearance; and a little voyage round the Archipelago seemed to promise a pleasing as well as profitable change of scene. Accordingly I bargained for my passage in a Greek vessel bound for Ragusa, but which was intended to touch at Chios. I should thus once more behold, under the protection of the turban, my home and friends: and, having gratified that wish, an open boat could easily convey me, whenever I pleased, from my father's birthplace to my mother's native shore.

With all these arrangements settled in my mind, I sent my baggage on board; meaning myself to go by land as far as Gallipoli, where the sacoleva[4] was to ballast. Already, with one foot in the stirrup, was I taking my last leave of all my acquaintance, collected in a merry circle around me, when from a distance resounded a loud cry of—"Stop him, stop him!" Accordingly I was going to set off as fast as possible—cursing the fellow who had girt my saddle ill, and now detained me to rectify his awkwardness—when, ere I could get away, who should burst through the opening crowd and seize my bridle like one frantic, but the stargazer Derwish!

"Can you," said he in an angry whisper—almost biting off my ear,—"can you think of going

after a paltry rabbit warren, when placed by my skill on the very threshold of all the treasures of the universe?"

"Friend," answered I, "accuse the stars; they have been so dilatory in performing their promises, that I disclaim all further engagement with their highnesses."

"Foolish impatience of youth!" resumed Derwish. "But if hope cannot stop you, at least listen to fear. For your sake I have spent the whole night on my roof, watching your perplexing planet. It looks all spleen and malice. Therefore at any rate go not till Saturday. Besides, who in his senses sets out upon a journey on any other day of the week?"

"Every day is auspicious," replied I, laughing, "to those who go after their money."

"Hark!" exclaimed the persevering stargazer, "there is the muezzeem[5] of Sultan Achmet, just calling to prayers. Before you go, say your namaz."—"I have said it three times over," replied I.—"And the bag of garlic against witchcraft?"—"There it dangles from my horse's throat."—"And the amulets against the evil eye?"—"Head, stomach, arms, all are stiff with them." "I see," observed my friend, deeply sighing, "you have done every thing for yourself: now do something for me, whom you desert with all my excavations on my hands. It will not cost less than fifty thousand piastres only to undermine the aqueduct, and I have not five paras

in the world! Give me at least in advance a couple of sequins."

Derwish had now completely worn out my patience. In order to get rid of him—"This good gentleman," cried I to the bystanders, "only wants to deprive the capital of every drop of water. Pray assist him in this good work, as I have not time to stop." Derwish at these words grew frightened; he let go my reins, and slunk away. I rode off, rested during the heat of the day at a village on the road, and in the evening arrived at Gallipoli.

The captain having already taken in his ballast, we set sail immediately. At the Dardanelles the vessel was detained several hours by private jobs of the crew, of which the custom-house officers unconsciously bore the blame. Just as we got under sail again, an Israelite, who had heroically determined to go by water whither he could not get by land, begged admittance. He pleaded poverty so piteously that no other conditions were attached to the granting of the favour he sued for, save the diversion which he might afford. Another jew, seeing his countryman so readily taken in, begged hard for the same boon; but the sailors, thinking they had provided sufficient pastime for the voyage, now became obdurate, and, when the supplicant attempted to creep up the sides of the vessel, stoutly beat him off. In this ungracious operation no one was more active than his brother jew, who, concealed

behind the sailors, gave him with his stick the last decisive rap over the knuckles, which put an end to his attempts. I could not help noticing this want of charity in one who had experienced ours so recently: but on imparting to Mordecai my feelings on that subject, I found that he was acting from the very impulse of that virtue in which I thought him deficient. The other jew, he informed us, was an arrant rogue, and, if admitted, no one could tell what mischief he might do.

We now thought ourselves secure from further intrusion, when a light wherry, skimming the waters like a swallow, shot alongside of us, and flung upon our deck, without even a show of waiting for our permission, a smart caleondjee, whose high behest was to be conveyed to Tenedos. The captain immediately bowed submission.

In this new passenger I soon recognised a personage with whom I had made acquaintance on board the Turkish fleet, during the expedition to the Morea. Never had we met since the failure of the attempt on Mayno. The consequential marine therefore felt great pleasure in boasting of the more successful cruise against the same nest of pirates, undertaken the ensuing year. The delight with which he described how the Moohassil of the Morea forced the little peninsula by land, and the Capitan-pasha blockaded it by sea; and how the inhabitants, driven by the one out of their strong holds, fell with their boats

into the clutches of the other, could only be exceeded by the rapture with which he painted the males all hanged, and the women and children all drowned, in order to reconcile them to the Turkish yoke.—"You," he concluded, "who are going to take possession of your estates, mean henceforth, I suppose, to lead a sober country life, and have done with all such frolics. May you prosper! For my part, I hate innocent amusements, and want a little vice to season my pleasures!"—Tenedos now being near, my friend called for the boat, and got himself rowed ashore; while I wished him at parting a great deal of pleasure, with all manner of vice.

The current had faithfully escorted our vessel out of the straits; but—having seen us fairly launched in the open sea, it now made a deep obeisance, and bade us farewell; leaving our further conveyance to the care of the winds. These apparently had business elsewhere: at least, they attended not our summons; and for several days we were left to confront a dead calm.

Should any one be so fortunate as to have had no acquaintance before with the monster ennui, the most favourable situation without doubt for witnessing all its powers, is, when on board a small boat in a sea almost boundless, one lies for hours watching a cloudless sky for a breeze which stays away, and a waveless sea for a ripple which chooses not to come. In this situation, while all else is

entirely at a stand, time itself seems to roll on so heavily, that, though every hour of one's short life runs wholly to waste, one still wishes that waste to be more rapid. I who could only exist in a bustle and thrive in a whirlwind, found myself so completely weighed down by this obstinate stillness of every surrounding element, as absolutely to gasp for breath; to persuade myself that even a sense of pain would be a welcome relief from so horrible a tedium, and at last to cry out in an evil moment, "O for an end to this misery, even by the worst storm which the heavens have in store!"

Just such a storm happened to be within hearing. It took me at my word. Scarce had I uttered the wish, than it hastened with all possible alacrity to attend the invitation. A white fleece arose in the distant sky; a dark streak shot across the furthest wave; a breeze was felt. This breeze became a gale, and this gale grew to a hurricane. Angry clouds, gathering on all sides, began to travel in every opposite direction. They met, they crossed, and stopped each other as if to parley, until the whole heavenly vault became a continuous mass of darkness. It would have been difficult to decide which howled the most dismally, the frightened sailors, in the act of lowering the yards, closing the hatchways, and clearing the deck, or the frightful blast, while mocking their petty endeavours, and tearing and tumbling every thing about our ears.

It kept lashing the roaring waves, until they alternately hove us up to the sky, or almost left us aground at the bottom of the sea.

When the tempest became so furious that a crew ten times more numerous than ours would have found ample employment, each sailor wisely left off his work, to fall upon his knees, and say his prayers. Had saint Spiridion, the protector-general of ships in distress, been ears all over, he scarce could have heard or have heeded half the vows addressed to him on this occasion. But the more we prayed the more the blast increased, until our ship must inevitably have sunk, had not the sailors at last most providentially hit upon an infallible expedient for appeasing the tempest.

The jew—content with making sport for us most handsomely on deck during the whole of the fine weather—had, at the very first lowering of the sky, taken care to dive into the hold. Entirely forgotten for a while, he happened just to be remembered at this critical period. All now plainly saw the whole cause of the hurricane,—but with it also the remedy. The Hebrew must be sacrificed to appease the angry waves.

From his very hiding-place the wretch heard his doom. He strove to creep between the stones of the ballast: but had he nestled, like a toad, in their heart, he could not have escaped. He was dragged upon the deck, to be tossed into the sea. When indeed absolutely held over the brink of

eternity, he begged to ransom his life for that article of which he had pretended to be entirely destitute —for money; and offered, first, one piastre, then two, then five, then five and twenty! The sum was tempting:—but existence was at stake with the sailors themselves, and gold had lost its power. They let the Hebrew drop.

Meanwhile I had fancied that the storm began to slacken,—wherefore, catching the sinking wretch by his coat; "Hark ye, palikaria,"[6] said I to the crew, "the question is not what the cheating scoundrel may deserve; it is only what further evils we may suffer by bringing him to punishment. Now, if the mere sight of his uncouth figure is sufficient to frighten the sea into these fits, what will she do when his whole ugly carcass—skin and all—is crammed down her throat? Worse—depend upon it, than when, on a similar occasion, she threw up near Sant Irene, amidst fire and flames, a raging volcano! Let us therefore appease the ruffled elements by only quietly squeezing the miscreant's soul —doubtless composed of good sequins—out of his dirty body. In my quality as Moslemin, I fear I must encumber myself with half the load."

The wind having slackened by this time, the proposal was approved of by the majority: the few that looked askance at me were frowned into silence; and the jew, tossed back into the vessel, was submitted to our search.

His vest, trowsers, and shirt—attacked first—

yielded nothing. His enormous leather belt, therefore, became the next object of our scrutiny:—and for fear of losing aught of the wealth its weight bespoke, we spread a small ihram[7] on the deck, ere we began its dissection.

Scarce was its paunch opened, by the most delicate puncture which the point of my sabre could inflict, than out rushed with resistless impetuosity such a stream of clattering coin, as lasted full five minutes ere it was quite exhausted:—but the highest pieces were paras, and the whole amount of the heap scarce a piastre!

The sailors turned pale with disappointment: nor was I myself greatly pleased. "Son of Satan and of the witch of Endor," exclaimed I with furious gesture, "do you wish me to treat your own body like your belt, and to seek for your treasure in your bowels?" Mordecai was not put to the trouble of answering; for, on my clawing his head to give it a shake, his caul remained in my hands—a positive musket-proof helmet of conglomerate sequins! I now had my cue, and it struck me that, where the head was so well furnished, the heels might also be worth investigating.—Like the dirty caul, the clumsy buskins offered a solid stratum of gold!

As soon as stripped of his pelf, the jew begged to be killed outright:—he was worth nothing now! We thought otherwise. Another vessel hailing us

at that moment for some water, we sent two casks: —in one of them was Mordecai.

The gale, which had not entirely fallen, soon carried us full sail into the straits of Chios, and the distant sound of bells, so long unheard, again struck my ears. Though now become a Mohammedan, it affected me with inexpressible rapture. The impression of approaching home, however, as it strengthened became sadder. From what I still hoped to find under the paternal roof, I turned my thoughts to what I was to find no more. My mother had not been the wisest of mothers: as a son I owed her not unlimited gratitude. Instead of skimming off the dross of my disposition, she had, by injudicious treatment, only added new alloy to its ore, and then cast the compound away, as utterly worthless: yet she had been my mother; and however lightly all the later ties of choice or of chance were wont to sit upon my mind—however often I may wantonly have broken the social bands of friendship and of love—the primary claims of nature and of instinct seemed, spite of my own reasoning, still to maintain their roots firm in my heart.

Absorbed in my musing, I found myself opposite the town of Chios, ere I fancied it in sight. A boat from the Island soon took me ashore. When setting foot on the beach, I threw myself on my knees, with both hands gathered up the

loved dust of my native land, and, bringing it with ecstacy to my lips; "Ah, my own parental soil!" cried I in a wild rapture; "defiled as thou art by the tread of rank barbarians, and by the yoke of ruthless Tartars, still do I bear thee devout worship; still does thy arid surface more entrance my longing eyes than all the gilded domes of Eyoob, and all the gaudy gardens of Sultanieh!" [8]

As, advancing with hurried steps, I beheld in quick succession the various spots endeared by the incidents of my early years, the agitation of my mind still increased. Here was the corner of the quay where, with other boys of my age, I used to watch the ships unloading. There, at the turn of the street, stood the house in which on St. John's eve we played at Kleidon rysika.[9] A little further on I passed by the abode of our ancient paramana,[10] whose nursery tales I still could listen to with pleasure. Right over the way my eye fell on the fatal window whence, at Easter, a whole load of broken pots and pans—the wrecks of a twelvemonth—fell on my devoted head.[11] Ere I had quite done looking—with some still remaining fright—at its threatening aperture, I stumbled over the steps of the cross old papadia's[12] hovel, whose flesh-pot I filled one day with glue, in revenge for her complaints of my prior frolics. I was still inwardly laughing at the remembrance of her fruitless attempts to unclose her toothless gums, after tasting her broth, when I

grazed the stone seat of a house where . . . . but at present pass we on! Suffice it to say that out of the open entrance of this forlorn mansion there seemed to rush a chilling blast, which, hastily as I darted by, changed the warm moisture on my forehead into a cold clammy dew!

In this way did an uninterrupted chain of recollections carry me on from the water-side to my paternal threshold. There all seemed solitude and desolation. The only acquaintance remaining—the only being that gave me welcome, was Xeno the old dog, procured when a puppy from the consul, and reared by myself. Many a time he had stood sentinel during my meetings with the donor's daughter; and when I fled from my home, I had been obliged to tie him to a post on the quay, lest he should follow me to the ship, and betray me by his fidelity. He still seemed to remember his old master, looked up in my face as if to say, "what had he done to be thus deserted;" and, wagging his tail, licked my hand. His joyous yelping brought down an unknown female of uncourteous appearance, who asked my business. Having told her its nature, she desired me to go to the garden in the Campo, where the signor drogueman at present resided.

The objects I met in my way to the country were no less interesting than those which I had passed in the town. But in the one as in the other, I perceived a change which quite confounded all my

calculations. Every thing still stood in the same place, and still preserved the same shape as before; but the dimensions of every object appeared totally altered. What I thought I had left huge, gigantic, vast as the tower of Babel, now to my infinite surprise seemed paltry, diminutive, reduced to the size of a child's plaything. Houses, gardens, hills and dales, all looked as if, since my childhood, they had shrunk to half their primitive size. A few steps brought me to the end of what I thought covered acres; and what formerly I fancied reared its head in the sky, now hardly rose out of the ground. I had left my home, impressed with the magnitude of every object: to the first images imprinted in my memory, I had assimilated all the vaster scenes which I had since beheld; and only now I first perceived the difference, and from the comparison, thought what I saw even smaller than it was.

My long strides soon brought me abreast with a little man, advanced in years, who was hobbling on before me. The few additional wrinkles that furrowed his face could not prevent my recognising in him the signor Polizoï, an old friend of the family; while to his failing eyesight, my change from boy to man left me an entire stranger. As I must in that capacity have the more to learn, he seemed to increase in the same proportion the natural communicativeness of his disposition. At my request he went re-

gularly over all the members of the paternal house, until he came to a certain graceless youth named Anastasius, who—he informed me in a sort of confidential whisper—was the saddest reprobate that ever had disgraced Chios; insomuch that even he, Polizoï—a primate as he was—never felt safe from his pranks, while yet only a mere boy; and if he met him now, would, he verily believed, die with positive terror!

Far be from me all suspicion of an intent to commit murder, in acquainting the old gentleman that this dreaded reprobate actually stood before him. Thunderstruck at the intelligence, he stared at me some time in silent horror; then suddenly wheeled about, and scampered away. My calling to him to quiet his apprehensions, till I grew hoarse, could neither bring him back, nor stop his progress. Some block of stone I fancy was more persuasive; for I heard a loud tumble, and would have gone to his assistance, when the sight of our door drove all other thoughts away.

I paused a few seconds on the threshold. Signor Polizoï's speech had taught me to expect little kindness; "and might it not," thought I, "be preferable to fancy what was best, than to be certain of the worst?" But *that* worst—filial piety suggested—"I might make the best by my change of deportment!" I therefore entered.

As I ascended the steps, and, near the trellis of

the landing, caught my father's voice, grown tremulous with age, my heart began to throb. He was conversing with his friends, and the ceaseless grinding of the water-wheel[13] in the yard prevented his hearing my approach. Unprepared, he saw me stand before him. Perceiving his surprise at the appearance of one in the Moslemin dress walking in thus familiarly: "Sir," said I, "you see your son." At these words my father started:—yet he seemed moved, and made a sort of gesture to bid me welcome; but again suddenly checking himself, as he caught my brother Constantine's eye eagerly scanning his countenance: "the sons I know," observed he drily, "when they greet me, begin by kissing my hands: I know none other. Perhaps you are only come to wrest from them their remaining property, and to leave me, in my old age, to beg my bread."

I was going to make the only fit reply in my power;—to throw myself on the ground; to kiss, not my father's hands, but his feet; to beg his blessing, and to renounce his property: when my ungracious brother stepped in between the purpose and the deed, to mar all my good intent. "I made no doubt," said he in a brutal tone, "that after disgracing your family by your conduct, you would also wish to brave it by your presence; but truly you should avoid the air of Christian houses. It can do you no good, and to us your breath is pestilence."

At any other time such a speech would instantly have been resented. But I felt this the decisive moment of my life. I stood at the turn between good and evil. I determined to repress my rising wrath, though I should choke in the attempt.

"Sir," said I to my father,—looking earnestly in his face, while the tears ran down my cheek, "is it your pleasure that I should be treated thus?"

This unexpected appeal to his feelings seemed for a moment to stagger my not yet impenetrable parent. But whether it was that he felt awed by my brother, who ruled him with a rod of iron, or that his own heart had entirely ceased to plead for Anastasius; "Stanco," said he coldly, "is in the right. You ought ere this to have perceived that your company is not acceptable. We can have nothing to interchange with each other. Go, therefore, and disturb us no longer."

At these harsh words my heart swelled till it was ready to burst. Lest my enemies should have the pleasure of beholding me unmanned, I turned away, and leaned over the stone parapet. Had Constantine not been by, I should have made another attempt to soothe my less inexorable father. In the presence of this unnatural relation I knew it must be fruitless. Yet I lingered on. I could not bring myself to depart. I still hoped to be called back. Alas! I only staid to hear my brother propose, in an audible whisper, to have me turned out.

Turned out of my father's house! It was too much. I rushed away!

Sacred walls of the parental mansion, I call you to witness! By your moaning echoes denounce me a wretch to all future ages: be the name of Anastasius in my native land the name of guilt, and among foreign nations a title of disgrace, if I entered not your sacred threshold with feelings of love, of peace, and of submission! They were rejected: they were spurned. Let those thank themselves for other sentiments, who strove to obtain them!

In three strides I cleared—I do not know how—the fourteen steps of the stone flight at whose top I had lingered; and got out at the gate. Then, turning round to the unkind habitation, I stopped, once more to contemplate—but for the last time—its well remembered features, whose former smiles now were changed into everlasting frowns! "Dear abode," exclaimed I, "where first I received the boon of life, too soon become irksome, adieu for ever! Anastasius shall no more approach thy loved shade! If he do, may it prove to his perjured soul the shade of death!" This said, I hurried away, as if pursued by all the fiends of hell; and in less than half an hour again reached the town.

Ah! how often does it happen in life, that the most blissful moments of our return to a long left home are those only that just precede the instant of our arrival; those during which the imagination

still is allowed to paint in its own unblended colours the promised sweets of our reception! How often, after this glowing picture of the phantasy, does the reality which follows appear cold and dreary! How often do even those who grieved to see us depart, grieve more to see us return; and how often do we ourselves encounter nothing but sorrow, on again beholding the once happy, joyous, promoters of our own hilarity, now mournful, disappointed, and themselves needing what consolation we may bring!

CHAPTER XIII.

The visit to my father was not the only fearful duty I had to perform. Another and more appalling task remained to be achieved. Of this, however, the nature was such as no longer to leave room either for hope or fear. I knew the worst, and grievously did that worst oppress my heart. Helena, my first love—Helena was no more! At Constantinople, in the heyday of my devotion to the fair Esmé, I had heard her mournful fate. The moment my flight from Chios was known, she made a full confession. To avoid unavailing exposure, the consul sent her for change of air to Samos. There she was attended by one of those nuns of St. Ursula who, in our islands, double the merit of their chastity by disclaiming the defence of a convent. Wretched from the first, Helena, as the hour of maternal anguish approached, became every day more impressed with the idea that she should not survive it. In this persuasion she wrote me a letter, which she confided to the nun; and soon became the unhappy mother of a lifeless child. In conformity with her foreboding fears, or rather,

perhaps, in consequence of her apprehensions, she only survived the birth of her babe a few hours. The nun had made a solemn promise not to part with her trust except into my own hands. She however sent me word at Constantinople that it only waited my return to my deserted home. Hearing that she now lived on my own island, and only a short distance from the town, I went to claim the melancholy bequest. I found sister Agnes at home, and alone. The people with whom she boarded were gone to a neighbouring fair.

The nun had heard me described as a fair complexioned Greek boy, with a smooth skin and flowing locks. No wonder therefore that in the swarthy rough-cheeked Moslemin, with forehead bare and shaded lip, she should not recognise the original of her fancied portrait. The first sight of my fierce figure, standing unannounced before the lonely maiden, made her start with evident surprise; but when I showed her a note from Anastasius—whose hand-writing, treasured up by her friend, had met her eye before—she became more composed, and gave me the history of Helena's sufferings. Touched with a sense of shame for the ruin heaped by my lawlessness upon this innocent girl, I had determined, while I remained in the presence of her friend, not to deposit my assumed character, but to hear the tale of woe to the end with pretended unconcern. Soon however unbidden tears would start,

and began to flow so fast, that, for fear of betraying my feelings I hid my face in my cloak. Even that could not conceal from the quick-sighted nun the anguish which throbbed beneath the gaudy mantle. "I wonder not, sir," said she, "to see you moved. In truth the story is touching, and calculated to affect even the stout heart of an Osmanlee. But, to behold such deep emotion in a stranger! while the author of so much woe, while Anastasius himself . . . . ."

Here all control over my tongue forsook me. "I am that Anastasius," cried I: "could you a moment doubt it?"

The nun appeared confounded. Shuddering with horror at finding herself thus unconsciously in the actual presence of him whom she looked upon as her friend's murderer—as little less than a devil incarnate, a complete fiend—she darted at me the gesture of anathema, and to the dread sign added such dire imprecations, that I could not help mechanically uncovering my breast, and wetting it with the moisture of my lips,[1] to avert the evil influence. This action, however, did not prevent a torrent of more explicit abuse from following the first vague explosion of anger; and a full quarter of an hour did sister Agnes rant, and rave, and curse, ere I could find an opportunity of claiming the letter I had been promised. With a hand still trembling with rage she at last took it out of a

small casket, and bade me read—with compunction if I could—the last words of my lovely and murdered mistress.

They were these:

"I neither reproach you with my ruin, which was my own fault, nor with your want of love, which was not yours. It depends not on ourselves to love; but it does to be merciful, and you were inhuman: you deliberately pierced that heart in which you were worshipped; and of this deed I die. On a foreign shore I soon shall breathe my last, and my wretched father, who expected in me the comfort of his old age, shall see me no more. Thanks be to God! The author of my unfortunate existence shall not have to blush at the sight of his daughter; nor shall I, wont to look up with the confidence of innocence, have to avert my eyes with shame from a parent. For the unfortunate offspring—I dare not say of our love—which perhaps may survive me, I must not claim a father's care. You have trod under foot the duties which you owed her who in the eyes of heaven was your wife, and had committed no offence except loving you too ardently. My child will be abandoned to the hands of strangers; will live in contempt, and die in misery. But should heaven ever bestow upon you the pledges of a less ill requited affection, fear, ah fear lest my infant's wrongs be visited upon them! Yet, if the last words of a wretch, who is afraid her

love will only cease with her life, can find entrance into your too impenetrable heart, ah, Anastasius! ah, my Anastasius! repent of your sins, run not from crime to crime, and revenge not my woes so severely on yourself, as to render it impossible that we should ever meet again!"

The time that had intervened between the writing and the perusal of this letter might already be counted by years. The fair writer had ceased, not only to exist, but to be the subject of the public talk. The guilty boy to whom it was addressed, revolving years had made a man. The event of which he was the worthless hero had been forgotten even in the district where it took place, for more recent adventures; and the very ink of the admonition had already become pale. Still did my heart feel every sentence of the appeal as if yet in all the freshness of its first inditing. It forgot the lapse of time, and became filled at once with sadness as sincere and profound as if Helena's last despairing sighs still were breathing on my ear. Keeping the sacred characters pressed to my lips, I struck my heaving bosom, and flung myself on the floor. "Here," cried I, "let me lie, and commune undisturbed with my wretched soul; here let me shed tears of blood for her whom I first learnt to prize, when through my fault I had lost her for ever!"

Had sister Agnes known the omnipotence of mercy; had my penitent, my humble suit been

unconditionally granted, who knows what richer fruits my first contrition might by degrees have borne? None such were in store for the destroyer of Helena! The nun, the fatal nun, more impelled by vanity than by friendship, more anxious to see my sex humbled than her own exalted, was not satisfied with my writhing under the reproaches of my own conscience, unless I also smarted from the sting of her viper tongue. So keenly did she sharpen its dart, so many little punctures did she one by one inflict, so much venom did she pour into each fresh wound, that resentment at last left not room for regret, and instead of slowly rising with resolves of amendment, I hastily started up with schemes of revenge. A mean ungenerous triumph over one already prostrate, I swore should meet with an adequate punishment.

How this was inflicted; how sister Agnes, who had witnessed the last and direst effects of my unworthiness,—whose curses still pursued me fresh and green, though time had already long faded the less wrathful farewell of her friend,—was made to blush herself; but to blush at my contemptuous forbearance, let the humbled nun herself explain. All I wanted was, after the haughty dame had sneeringly exclaimed, "You of all men!" to be able in my turn to retort in the same tone, "And you of all women!"

Notwithstanding the ill success of my visit to my

father, I had not yet given up all hopes of being restored to his favour. Knowing the uselessness of any attempt at a conciliatory interview, with my brother as the mediator, I penned a letter replete with every possible offer of submission and sacrifice consistent with my safety as a follower of Islam, and sent the supplicating words to their destination by a common friend. Independent of the force of paternal feelings in the head of the family, I depended upon the suggestions of policy in the younger branches. Hatred prevailed over prudence, and I received no answer. After lingering several days in fruitless expectation, I at last prepared to leave Chios.

Ever since the sight of home had revived ancient recollections, and with them the remorse for ancient misdeeds, I had panted for a journey to Samos, there to perform on the lonely grave of my Helena the sad rites of contrition and of penance. On the morning of my own birthday I proceeded to the not far distant island, whose privileged earth held the sacred deposit; landed on its rocky shore early in the afternoon, and, ere the evening cast its lengthened shadows around, reached the hallowed spot, sole object of my visit.

The sun's departing rays were just gliding from the moss-grown tomb. I approached it with awe; strewed upon it the wild flowers which had grown in its shade, bedewed its silent stones with tears of

grief and remorse, and over the ill-fated treasure underneath, poured out my heart's bitter anguish in alternate groans and prayers. The whole night Helena's gravestone was my pillow; and early the next morning, ere yet the orb of day rose out of the sparkling wave—making my dagger my pen—I traced on the dusky slab as on a recording roll, my Christian, my Grecian, my old name ANASTASIUS; filled in the deep sunk characters with the hot stream drawn from my bosom; and exclaiming: "with the purple of my own blood I sign the marriage contract:[2] I make thee mine in death, and mine in life hereafter!" for the last time imprinted my quivering lips on the cold marble, and rushed away from death's receptacle, which I had made my nuptial couch.

By this expiatory visit I felt my heart somewhat relieved. I thought my Helena might, from the higher regions where she dwelt, have viewed if not in forgiveness, at least in pity, my tardy atonement; and with a lightness of soul to which I long had been a stranger, I proceeded to Paros, and there spent a day or two with some of my old kinsmen. Dull stupid islanders as they were, they entertained me not the less kindly for being out of favour at Stambool, and when I went on to Naxia, actually expressed a wish that I might visit them again!

At Naxos reigned supreme, under the wide spreading wing of Hassan-pasha's all-powerful protection, my maternal cousin Marco Politi, heir to

all the favour enjoyed at the arsenal, before him, by the papas his uncle, and sole epitrope[3] of the Greek villages that cover the island. From every one of these individually might this wily and ambitious personage be said to wage an incessant warfare against the Latin inhabitants of the city; and if the Grimaldis, the Giustinianis and the Barozzis of yore once caused Marco's forefathers to groan under the weight of the Venetian yoke, amply did Marco now make the miserable relics of these proud families pay for the sins of their slumbering ancestors. He kept them absolutely shut up in their citadel and towers. Fearful of letting down their draw-bridges to take a stroll in the fields, they envied their own flocks of pigeons the liberty of their roamings, and seemed perched up in their lofty habitations, for no other purpose than to have a better bird's eye view of their adversary, leisurely walking forth to skim the fatness of the land, and going his rounds among the peasantry, to reap the country's choicest fruits, and to levy his tithe on its fine wines, its fragrant oils, and its rich honey,—while they had often nothing else to beguile gnawing hunger, but the treat offered their eyes in the mouldering insignia of their ancestors, clumsily carved over their gloomy gates. Such was their dread of Marco's hostility and power, that, whenever he made a trip to Constantinople, the whole nobility of Naxos took to their beds, in expectation of some new avaniah.[4]

Of his own villages Marco was the idol. Like other idols indeed he was not to be worshipped empty-handed. But he hated the Latins so cordially, that it was universally allowed he must feel an unbounded love for his Greek countrymen. The more, therefore, in his management of the haratsch and the other contributions to the Turks, he squeezed out their inmost substance, the more he was thanked for his disinterestedness and public spirit. If Marco had any private foibles, they were, like those of other great men, deemed more than atoned for by his public virtues. This was his own opinion also; and it even appeared, as he observed, to be that of the higher powers themselves; from the frequent signal interpositions of Providence in his favour, and the almost miraculous manner in which his greatest enemies had been disabled from putting their wicked purposes against him in execution, by almost always disappearing—nobody knew how or where—just at the juncture when he seemed exposed to the greatest danger, or involved in the most inextricable difficulties.

It was from a kinsman thus mighty and thus fortunate that, within his own dominions, I, a poor unprotected stranger, had to claim an estate, which he called my mother's indeed, but which, for upwards of five and twenty years, he had taken care to nurse as his own. My first point for consideration therefore on landing was, whether I should at once

offer to him my unwelcome visage, or first keep myself in abeyance until I had tried my ground. It was not exactly the dictates of reason which decided my conduct. During the conflict in my mind, I filled, by way of assisting my judgment, a cup of that delicious muscadel in which, I was credibly assured, Theseus had on that very spot pledged the too tender Ariadné: but just when in contact with my lips, the still untasted glass slipped through my fingers, as the hero did through those of the nymph. "I accept the favourable omen!" cried I, (to my Frank readers it might not appear such)—and resolved to dare my antagonist at once. "Let me seem to fear no one," was my maxim, "and some may fear me!"

Upon this I immediately set out for the village of Trimalia, where the primate resided. He was employed with his men in the fields. The day being sultry, I threw off my cloak in a corner of the house, and went out with a servant in search of his master. We found Marco on a little knoll under an old olive tree, in the midst of his farmers, finishing his midday meal. He appeared to be eating with uncommon relish a crust of black barley bread, and enlarging with great earnestness on its peculiar excellence and flavour, when my salutation interrupted the eulogy.

My tone was civil but decided. I told his primateship that, in conformity to the established cus-

tom of informing near relations of especial calamities, I had thought it my duty to acquaint him with the misfortune which had befallen me of turning Mohammedan; and added how very much I regretted my being obliged, out of respect for my new religion, to claim my mother's estate, till then entrusted to his management. This circumstance he regretted as sincerely as myself; and the more, when I hinted how absolutely my particular situation prohibited my disregarding the partiality of the Moslemin law to its new proselytes; and expatiated upon the powerful support I was promised by the Turkish ministers in the task of maintaining my privilege—and which, to say the truth, I a little exaggerated. At the conclusion of my speech, however, I assured my cousin that I did not think my obligations to my new creed so very strict, but that I might consider myself warranted in some degree to proportion my facility in passing old and intricate accounts, to the alacrity I found in giving up the trust.

Much against my expectation, my relation expressed entire readiness to conform to circumstances. No exception was taken to any part of my statement. Nay, my avowed determination to disregard all opposition seemed rather to increase Marco's apparent cordiality and frankness. He even pressed me so earnestly to take up my abode with him, during my stay at Naxos, that I found some dif-

ficulty in handsomely declining the offer. But my obstinacy was equal to his solicitation, and after fixing the time the next day when I was to return and enter upon business, I at last took my leave, and bent my steps toward the town.

Scarce had I measured three hundred yards, when I remembered the cloak which I had left behind. Returning back to the house the shortest way across the fields, my path led me by the side of a thick lentiscus hedge, which surrounded the garden. To this my cousin had by this time retired with his confidential agent, for the purpose of more private conversation. As I approached, I could not help hearing my own name uttered with such emphasis, that I was tempted to stop, and indulge for a few minutes in the contemplation of the beautiful shrubs which formed the inclosure. Meantime Marco was proceeding with his conversation. "Cannot you understand," said he to his confidant (in rather a louder tone than became so wary a personage), "that if I had attempted at once to oppose his claim, he would immediately have resorted to the most effective means for enforcing his demands; and the world would infallibly have joined him in condemning my proceedings: whereas, by admitting his title in the gross, I begin by lulling asleep his suspicions, gain credit with others for fair dealing, and then, by every quibble about the items, and every delay in the forms of law, defeat

his purpose in detail, and tire out his very heart, before he gets from me a single inch of his estate?" This plan of the campaign seemed so well worth a cloak, however handsome, that I left mine for the present unclaimed, and wheeling about, went straight to the town.

But I had my cue for the interview of the next day. When therefore I found in the course of its proceedings, that the more Marco explained, the less I understood, and that certainly I was much less master of the subject at the conclusion of the sitting than I thought myself at the opening, I rather abruptly broke off the conference, and rising, said in the smoothest tone I was master of: "Hark ye, cousin; I make no doubt that you have brought forward every quibble concerning the items, and equally mean to use every delay in the forms of law, which belong to so able a diplomatist: but this I would have you remember, that when, thanks to its unraveller, a business is become so thoroughly entangled as to defy the keenest intellect, I know but of one way to cut the knot asunder; and that," added I, pointing to my yatagan, "is with a good Damascus blade;—and so fare ye well."

Marco was fonder of diplomacy than of fighting. He knew his cousin to be a desperate fellow, and he began to think his agent a traitor. In this double apprehension he delivered over the whole concern into my hands; including every deed,

agreement, bill and receipt, accumulated upon the estate since the last clearance of the deluge. "What a thing it is," thought I, "to show a little mettle!"

But I soon found that by mine I had got more than enough. Many of the transactions relative to the property, in the way Marco had managed them, were to me inexplicable enigmas, and this the scoundrel knew. The moment I was proclaimed sole possessor of the estate, and sole respondent for every claim relating to it, there came upon me a host of creditors of every description, from the bishop who had witnessed my mother's will to the Moiro-logistri[5] who had wept at her funeral, all of whom I verily believe Marco had kept back on purpose for the occasion. With this posse constantly at my heels I did not know which way to turn myself. My cousin Marco meanwhile was all at once become so very discreet as to decline interfering even in the smallest trifle, or offering his opinion on the simplest question, until he had the satisfaction of seeing me fairly worn out with business and with perplexity. He then ventured to suggest that the science of accounts did not seem to be the acquirement most congenial to my disposition, and proposed —but with the sole view of relieving me—to take over the estate entirely, for a round sum of money. Convinced, by this time, that every fresh step I took in the management would only lead to fresh confusion, I was become vastly more tractable, and so,

after a little demur, agreed to have the property valued. This was done by arbitrators, all so very liberal in their concessions on my part, that the estate was estimated at about half its real worth. But this half was tendered in ready cash; and taking into consideration what most men who drive close bargains seem entirely to overlook,—the waste of time, temper, and breath, in standing out for more than is willingly conceded,—I accepted the sum offered, signed the proper receipts, put my capital into my bag, and took leave of Marco to return to the town.

Whether or not I might think the money too little to take, Marco evidently still thought it too much to part with. Most kindly he had stationed two of his trustiest myrmidons in a narrow lane only just outside his gate, in order to rid me of the burthen as soon as possible. At my going he so earnestly recommended the utmost caution, and so pathetically lamented the unsafeness of the path, that it struck me he must have good authority for his surmises, and considered I could not show my sense of his solicitude more effectually, than by avoiding altogether the road to which he gave so ill a character. Accordingly I waited not even till I was out of my cousin's premises, but, as soon as out of his sight, jumped nimbly over a hedge, and soon got entirely clear of his outpost. I might never have more than surmised the favour intended for me,

had I not learnt all the particulars of the scheme the very next day from his own deputy. This worthy person, having been drubbed by his master for not stopping me, came to demand a compliment for the civility of his forbearance. "Then you really saw me pass by?" said I to him. "Yes." "And intentionally permitted my escape?" "No doubt." "Nor let me go home unmolested, only because you could not help it?" "No indeed." "If so," exclaimed I, "heaven forbid I should encourage disobedience in servants! You were sent by your principal to rob me, and you ought to have done as you were bidden. Here is all the compliment I can in conscience make." Upon which I gave the fellow a second drubbing, and desired him to inform his master of my proceeding: but this he neglected.

From that day forward, however, I thought it prudent not to take long walks by myself in the country; nor to put the obedience of my cousin Marco's servants a second time to the test. I remained chiefly among the Latin inhabitants of the castle, until a conveyance should offer for some other place, which only seldom occurs in an island destitute of harbour, and rarely visited by ships. But my time hung far from heavy upon my hands. I was treated among the Catholics, in my quality of Moslemin, with very great deference. The chancellor held my stirrup; the fiscal lit my pipe;

and the archbishop—an entertaining old capuchin —used, when I went out, to mumble prayers in his chapel for my safe return. I paid these civilities in Constantinople news. What I brought not I made; but this only rendered it the more novel and acceptable. All I regretted was occasioning a schism between church and state. I had spread the report of a secret correspondence between the Grand Signor and the Pope on an intended conversion of the former to the Catholic faith; and upon this the chancellor and the archbishop quarrelled who should sign the address of congratulation. Before the question was decided, a khirlangitsch[6] of the Admiralty, which had spent the summer in a fruitless chase of the Maltese corsairs, cast anchor at St. Mary's in the neighbouring island of Paros, and induced me to take my departure. Just on setting out, however, a perhaps too fastidious scruple arose in my mind. I did not like to go without making my cousin Marco some acknowledgment for his last mark of attention, however unsuccessful it had been. Five or six honest lads were come from the khirlangitsch to fetch me away in their boat. With a handful of Marco's own piastres I made it worth their while to convey to the primate my leave taking in the most cordial manner. But as my cousin had taught me by his example how necessary it is for the master's eye to watch delicate commissions, I superintended the business myself. From the high

bank of the lane which led to Marco's fields, I had the satisfaction not only of seeing my relation soundly bastinadoed, but of condoling with him as pathetically as he had done with me, on the unsafeness of the path. This performed, ere he had time to get up and to crawl home I bid him adieu, scampered away with my associates to the boat which lay waiting under a cliff only a few hundred yards off, and was rowed to Parecchia. From that port I got in a few hours, across the mountains, to St. Mary's, and on board the khirlangitsch.

CHAPTER XIV.

The cutter which touched at Paros so conveniently, was on its way to receive the annual contribution of part of the circumjacent islands, and was to finish its cruise at Rhodes. This destination perfectly suited my purpose. In want of occupation, and without any precise aim, Rhodes promised a scene of interest to which I hastened with pleasure.

As my former connexions with the arsenal gave me a certain predilection for whatever belonged to the navy, I speedily formed an acquaintance with one of the tchawooshes of the Capitan-pasha, who like myself was only a passenger. Aly was his name, and Crete his country. This latter circumstance added much, in my eyes, to the merit of his society. The Turks of Candia, by their constant intermarriages with Greek women to whom they permit every latitude of worship, become divested of much of their Mohammedan asperity, and Aly, himself half a Greek, was not entitled to any great prejudice against me for being only half a Turk. In the refinements of his toilet, however, Aly tchawoosh might be considered as a finished Osmanlee. Nothing could exceed the exquisite taste of his

apparel. His turban attracted the eye less even by its costliness of texture than by its elegance of form. A band of green and gold tissue, diagonally crossing the forehead, was made with studious ease completely to conceal one ear, and as completely to display the other. From its fringed extremity always hung suspended like a tassel, a rose or a carnation, which, while it kept caressing the wearer's broad and muscular throat, sent up its fragrance to his disdainful nostril. An hour every day was the shortest time allotted to the culture of his adored mustachios, and to the various rites which these idols of his vain-glorious heart demanded,—such as changing their hue from a bright flaxen to a jetty black, perfuming them with rose and amber, smoothing their straggling hairs, and giving their taper ends a smart and graceful curve. Another hour was spent in refreshing the scarlet dye of his lips, and tinting the dark shade of his eyelids, as well as in practising the most fascinating smile and the archest leer which the Terzhana[1] could display. His dress of the finest broad-cloth and velvet, made after the most dashing Barbary cut, was covered all over with gold embroidery, so thickly embossed as to appear almost massive. His chest, uncovered down to the girdle, and his arms bared up to the shoulder, displayed all the bright polish of his skin. His capote was draped so as with infinite grace to break the too formal symmetry of his costume.

In short, his handjar with its gilt handle, his watch with its concealed miniature, his tobacco pouch of knitted gold, his pipe mounted in opaque amber, and his pistols with diamond-cut hilt, were all in the style of the most consummate *petit maître*; and if, spite of all his pains, my friend Aly was not without exception the handsomest man in the Othoman empire, none could deny his being one of the best dressed. His air and manner harmonized with his attire. A confident look, an insolent and sneering tone, and an indolent yet swaggering gait, bespoke him to be, what indeed it was his utmost ambition to appear, a thorough rake. Noisy, drunken, quarrelsome, and expert alike in the exercise of the bow (the weapon of his country), and in that of the handjar, he possessed every one of the accomplishments of those heroes chiefly met with on the quays of Constantinople and the other principal seaports in the Othoman empire, whom a modest woman avoids, and to whom a respectable man always gives way.

Intimacies are soon contracted at sea; and Aly was too vain to keep up much reserve. He soon favoured me with an account of some of his adventures! "My dear fellow," said he one day, "I would have you know that from my earliest infancy I always had the most decided taste for idleness; and this ruling passion of my heart has never ceased increasing. The only agreeable occupation I could

ever devise was doing nothing. Whatever lures were held out to me by fortune lost all their charms to my eye, the moment their pursuit required the least exertion. Not for an empire would I give up my dear laziness. At the same time, next to doing nothing, my chief delight always consisted in spending a great deal of money. Unfortunately I was not one of the privileged few who can afford to indulge both these tastes at once. My luck, however, made me succeed in some little commissions for the governor of the Canea, which gained me his good will: and his good will in its turn gained me an employment, in which I was enabled to enjoy my two chief conditions of earthly happiness, if not together, at least alternately. It was that of tchawoosh or messenger of the Capitan-pasha. You know the jolly lives these gentry lead; you also know the scanty wages they receive: and you moreover know the splendid figure they are expected to make. I have always suspected our grandees, so profuse in their presents to other people's servants, and so niggardly in their salaries to their own followers, of having struck a secret agreement with each other, by which each was to support his neighbour's retinue instead of his own. It is but justice to us to say, that we do all in our power to give effect to this contract; for you cannot but remember how, at the Terzhana, we lie in wait for every hapless stranger whose evil stars inflict upon him business

with our Pasha; what fees we exact for every audience he craves, and for every favour he receives. The utmost produce, however, of the fines levied in the capital, would but indifferently defray the expenses of our apparel, board, &c. were it not for the chance of being each in our turn intrusted with some lucrative commission in the provinces.

"For my part, I never, till I saw my wishes fulfilled, ceased praying Allah both morning and evening, that he might be pleased to whisper in the Pasha's ear a word in my favour, and make him employ his faithful servant Aly as his representative in some lucrative negotiation. The occasion on which my prayers were granted was this. Certain Speciote[2] adventurers had waylaid a Greek vessel bound for Ancona, and not yet knowing—poor souls—the difference 'twixt good and evil, had in the innocence of their hearts sold both cargo and ship in their own native place, among their own fellow-citizens, all more or less engaged in the same primitive sort of profession with themselves. On an application from the owners of the vessel, I was sent to Specia to recover the property, and to bring to justice the culprits. We gentlemen of the short dress carry little ballast, and when we have a prize in view, know the value of time. I no sooner had received my instructions than I hoisted my pennant, and set sail. Not that my journey was quite as expeditious as my departure was prompt. Ships at

sea sail not always as the crow flies. Besides, one has often to seek a conveyance, as chance may offer it. In addition to which, I thought it would be showing a proper respect for the grand Admiral my patron, to represent his person in some of the smaller islands on my way. This cost him nothing, nor me either. Every where I found board and lodging gratis. I was made welcome to all the necessaries of life,—among the foremost of which I reckoned its superfluities,—and, at my departure, never failed to receive a small present for the honour conferred on the place; for which I always took care, in return, to promise my protection.

" By my deliberate mode of proceeding, I gave the fame of my approach time to precede me to Specia: for I did not wish to take any unfair advantage of its inhabitants, by coming in upon them unawares, and before they had had sufficient leisure to prepare for my reception. The island is so small, and its population so scanty, that, but for some little management of this sort, I could not have avoided stumbling upon the poor wretches whom I was sent in quest of, at the very first step; and this, considering how essential it was to them to avoid my sight, would have been most unhandsome. Such was the confidence which I inspired by the humanity of this proceeding, that the plunderers of the merchantman did not even seek concealment on the news of my actual arrival, but

treated me with an openness of behaviour quite equal to my own. To have taken advantage of such frankness of conduct I must have been callous to all liberal feelings. As the rogues assured me therefore upon their honour, that they had already ate and drank three-fourths of the produce of their prize, I only exacted restitution of the fourth which remained. Not wishing, however, to mortify my employers by restoring to them so small a portion of their property, I put it into my own pocket. My conciliatory spirit gained me universal esteem; and the inhabitants—all more or less liable to the same errors—showered upon me from all quarters presents of all descriptions; sheep, kids, fowls, and other live, as well as dead stock. Just as I was considering to what market I should carry my perquisites, this vessel hove in sight. I thought the opportunity a good one for disposing of my provision and my person; and thence it happens that you find me going onward to Rhodes, instead of returning back to Constantinople."

"And do you not fear," said I, "that the grand Admiral may some day discover your exploits?" "No," replied the Candiote. "He lays his account with them beforehand. He knows he cannot furnish his hall with forty or fifty strapping fellows stiff with gold lace, and ready to break their necks at his nod, for nothing but a miserable dish of pilaff; and like a man of sense, he suffers his Greek

subjects to maintain fellows, by whom they think it an honour to be soundly cudgelled."

A young sailor boy of the district of Sphachia[3]—whose inhabitants consider themselves as the only descendants of the ancient Cretans, and are shepherds in their mountains half the year, and pirates at sea the other half—stood by, listening to Aly's narrative. "You Sphachiote scoundrels," added the tchawoosch, turning sharply upon him, "may thank your stars that your Sultana is fond of your cream cheeses. Many a well deserved avaniah does her favour save you from—you and your blessed malkiané.[4] The last gentle correction you had, I think, was in the Russian war, when the expedition from the Canea left not a soul alive in any of your villages."

"Found none to kill, you mean;" answered the boy. "Our men were on board the Russian vessels, and our women and children in the mountains with their flocks. This you knew, or you durst not have come."

Aly began to knit his brow,—and the more, as he saw me entertained. Wishing however to prevent a quarrel: "who," cried I laughing, "ever wants a broken head, that can get plunder without a scratch on his little finger? For my part I always prefer marauding when the owner is from home; were it only to save the goods from being knocked about."

In this sort of conversation passed away our time,

until we came in sight of the island of Scyra. "What have we here?" cried I. "A town like a sugar-loaf, built on the model of a Derwish's cap; with the church at the top, by way of a tuft! It must be strange enough to step from one's garret into one's neighbour's cellar!—Though I should be afraid that a walk, begun on two legs, here might end on all fours."

"This happens the oftener," observed Aly, "as the inhabitants are by disposition stately, and fond of strutting about in long robes, in which the unevenness of their ground often makes them get entangled. Surely you must know that Scyra is the great nursery of men and maid servants of Pera. Two sacolevas, loaded only with this article, go to the capital regularly every year; and no Scyrote returns home till he can live on his island in comfort. This comfort consists in milking their goats and grinding their barley in all the cast-off finery of their former masters and mistresses, with feathered heads, and furred tails. When they meet, they treat each other with the forms and ceremonious language of people of quality. The first time I visited the island, I witnessed a salutation in the street between two ladies whom I took for princesses. It begun very well, but it ended with one being rolled in the mire by a jackass, and the other riding away upon a pig, which had got entangled among the folds of her trailing drapery."

The captain of our khirlangitsch had to receive the contribution of the little islet of Serpho. On going ashore for that purpose, he proceeded straight to the hospice of an old capuchin. A sort of attraction subsisted between these two gray-beards. From the heaviness of their intellects, I suppose it was only that of gravitation; for it ended in mere bodily juxtaposition, and scarce ever was a word or idea interchanged. Still did its constancy give their mutual regard quite a romantic air. Nowhere but in the friar's dingy cell would the Bey receive in state the salutation and the tribute money of the Greek primates, whose troop presently made its appearance. All its members had their hands crossed on their stomachs, and their features composed into as demure a form as possible. The whole Greek community of the island, men, women, and children, formed the long train of the procession.

No sooner was it arrived within hearing of the Captain, than the coryphæus of the party stopped short, hemmed, coughed, and commenced his harangue. With singular aptitude of simile he compared the whiskered Bey to an angel of light, and with equal consistency he besought him not to diffuse darkness over the land, by exacting a contribution which its inhabitants could not pay. The pleas for exemption consisted in a catalogue of calamities, of which pirates, floods, short crops, earthquakes and conflagrations were the least!

"All *that*, gentlemen," answered the Bey in his

Barbaresque idiom, fetching a sentimental sigh, "no doubt very true and very miserable; but, sun set, you no put tribute here,"—and he pointed to his pouch—"me put bastinado there," added he, pointing to their backs.

At these appalling words, the whole troop, epitrope and commoners, joined in a full chorus of lamentations. When they could squeeze out no more tears, they beat their breasts, and uttered the most piteous groans. Finding all this of no avail, and the Bey as obdurate as ever, they at last retired, hanging their heads, and like men led out for execution.

The sun was still above the horizon when the troop returned, with faces as dolorous as before. They only brought half the sum required; affirming with greater oaths than ever, that if they were to be pounded in a mortar, they could not produce another aspre.

"Me believe that," said the Bey, "and me therefore sorry me obliged to perform my promise. Me however begin with signor epitrope, in due respect for his rank. Him me not dare give less than fifty strokes. Up with his lordship's heels!" added he, turning to one of his attendants, "and begin."

All now cried out for mercy, and swore that, if but allowed five minutes more, they would try to bring the complement, were they to wrest it from the bowels of the earth.

The Bey assented, and the troop again retired; but it was only to make a full stop at the first turn of the road, and there to lug out from under their cloaks the entire sum demanded, neatly tied up in bags. With this reserve they returned, and delivered it. The Bey made the proper apologies to the epitrope, and the party was dismissed.

They now in a close phalanx walked slowly home, with the most dejected and miserable look; but they had not gone a hundred yards, when they met some friends returning from a wedding, preceded by music. Both parties stopped, a parley ensued, and presently the whole of the procession, the epitrope the foremost, spread out their arms, and began dancing the romeika! Attracted by the sound of the instruments, the Bey went to the window, and beholding the merry scene; "Mirar papas," said he to the friar in lingua franca; "mi parler bono, canaglia senza fede piandgir; ma mi bastonar, mi far pagar, subito ballar et cantar."

Not quite so gay were my friend Aly's accompaniments, when our ship lay rocking on the waves to the music of the roaring winds. On those occasions there was any thing but grace in his movements or melody in his utterance. He had not even a pretension to heroism at sea. The slightest ruffling of its surface made him as quiet as a lamb. To his noisy insolent tone immediately succeeded the most piteous and subdued look and manner.

Aware himself how altered a man he became in rough weather, he used, at the first breeze, to slink away like the moulting peacock, and conceal himself in some hole or corner, where he lay speechless while the motion lasted:—nor until the sea resumed its tranquillity did Aly re-appear on the deck. How glad he was to see Rhodes need not be told. He almost plumped into the waves in his impatience to step into the boat. But even ashore, he still awhile wore a languid look, which made all the acquaintance he met ask him ironically, "with what fair one of the islands he had left in pledge his spirits?"

My reader has already classed me among those vulgar beings, who take a greater interest in the living occurrences of the passing day, than in the dead letter of remote ages. As a Greek, I ever found but little motive for exultation in any research which led me to compare the present with the past. Still, I had learnt—where, I cannot tell—that Rhodes belonged not to the Turks from the days of the deluge; that it had once obeyed a Christian order of knighthood, of noble blood, high spirit, enthusiastic devotion, and undaunted bravery; that a handful of these valiant warriors had defended it an entire twelvemonth against the whole force of the Othoman empire; and that the Moslemen at last only found an entrance to the citadel over the bodies of its brave defenders, fallen, to the last man, in the long contested breach.

The outside of the ancient fortress—once the chief theatre of these brilliant and bloody achievements—might be seen from every part of the quay, towering high above the modern city. Its wide ramparts, its lofty bulwarks, its crested batteries of a black and rugged stone, deprived as they now were of the once thundering engines of fire and destruction, looked like the silenced crater of an extinct volcano, still frowning upon the fertile plain below, though its devastating powers are no longer feared.

"Let us go," said I to Aly, "and examine this object of so much strife, which Osmanlees knew how to wrest from the hands of the infidels, but know not how to preserve from the injuries of time."

"Let us go," echoed Aly, who expected some opportunity to play the tchawoosh: and accordingly we went.

Though now thrown open to all, the formidable enclosure still seems guarded by an invisible power. Few ever enter its precincts; and, on passing its massy gates, I felt struck with inexpressible awe.

Monuments that already have been so long in a state of progressive decay, as less to retain the regular forms of art than they resume the ruder semblance of nature; as to offer less of a mode of existence gone by than of a new one commencing; less of lapse into death than of return to a different shape of life; less of dissolution

than of regeneration: as again on all sides to let in through their crumbling walls the broad glare of day; again every where to show their mouldering joints clothed in fresh vegetation, and again, at every step, to display their mazy precincts tenanted by the buzzing insect, and the blithe chirping bird,—such monuments have their gloom irradiated by at least an equal portion of gaiety; and resemble the human frame so entirely returned to its original dust, as to preserve no trace of its former lineaments, and only to break forth afresh from its kindred clay, in the shape of plants and flowers more luxuriant and more gaudy.——

But edifices, whose abandonment by man has been so recent that they still bear about them all the marks of death and mourning, still preserve undiminished their funereal darkness, still remain the uninvaded property of solitude and silence; that their outlines scarce are indented by the sharp tooth of time, or their surface varied by the softer impressions of the weatherstain; that their precincts offer not yet the smallest transition from entire unmixed death and dereliction, to a new modification of life and a new order of inhabitants; that they say in distinct terms to the beholder: "It was but yesterday we still resounded with the din of business, and the song of joy,"—such edifices preserve their sadness unaltered; they chill the sense, oppress the heart, and make the blood run cold: for they

resemble the human body just abandoned by the vivifying soul; just stiffened into an insensible and ghastly corpse; just displaying the first awful signs of fast approaching corruption.

And of such mansions was composed the scene before me. The broad square, the stately palace, the solemn chapel, once re-echoing with the clang of arms, the bustle of trade, the boastings of youth, and the peal of devotion, looked as if the blood scarce was clotted which had stained their massy walls, and the sounds still must vibrate in air, which had circulated through their lofty passages; —as if one still might discern at a distance the dying voices of their departing tenants: though the death-like stillness of the nearer objects was only broken by the plaintive murmur of the pensive turtle dove, nestling in the jagged battlements, or the measured bounds of some stone, slowly severed from them by the hand of time, and dropping with hollow din through the yawning vaults.

Contemplating the great names, the sadly event-ful dates and the proud armorial bearings, still shining in marble of resplendent whiteness on the black honey-combed walls, like the few memorable persons and periods that still continue to soar in light among the general obscurity of times long past: thinking on the noble ancestry, the high blood, the martial character, and the monastic life of the illustrious youth—the flower of Europe—

whose abodes, whose history, and whose habits these monuments so clearly marked, I experienced a new and hitherto unfelt emotion. I envied the heroes who, after a life of religion, of warfare, and of glory, slaughtered in the very breach they defended, now slept in peace and renown, leaving after them names ever young and ever flourishing in the hearts of grateful Europe. I wished that I too had been among these noble few; that I too had sprinkled these edifices with my heart's fullest tide; that I too had fallen in these ramparts, and had filled these yawning chasms with my body. In the enthusiasm of the moment I wished that I too might now be nothing more than a spirit; but a spirit entitled to haunt this august spot as the scene of my past achievements, and to say to other inferior and wondering ghosts: "Here I lived, here I died, here I immortalized my name!"

Disposed, by the comparisons which these ideas suggested, to repine at my own country, condition and parentage, I sat down on the prostrate trunk of a pillar; and there lamented the hard lot of man, who, so far from being able to adapt his circumstances to his faculties, is often, with a spirit equal to the highest station, left to linger in the lowest. In my despondency my eye caught a piece of broken marble, gorgeously emblazoned with chivalresque insignia:—but, if the side which lay uppermost displayed the plumed crest of a Gothic knight, the re-

verse still bore the remains of an Hellenic inscription. It was a work and a record of the ancient Greeks, and had no doubt been brought from the opposite shore, where the ruins of Cnidus furnished the knights of Rhodes with an ample quarry for the monuments of their feudal vanity. At this sight, my own national pride returned in all its force. "And does it then belong to me," cried I,—the dormant energies of my mind all again aroused and starting up—"to envy the borrowed greatness of Goths and barbarians, only able in their fullest pomp to adorn themselves with the cast-off feathers of my own ancestors! Am I not a Greek? And what Grecian blood, even where remotest from the source and running in the smallest rills, is not nobler than the base stream that flows through the veins of these children of the West, whose proudest boast it is to trace their names to the obscurity of ignorance and the night of barbarism; whose oldest houses only date as of yesterday, and whose highest achievements are the exploits of savages!"

My friend Aly was not a person to sympathize with my feelings on this occasion. From his very first entrance into this dark abode, his mind had misgiven him. Turning as pale as if again at sea, and in a storm, he cried out: "What can you mean to do among these ugly ruins? The place is too dreary even for an appointment with a Goule." All the time during which I stood considering the various

objects that successively attracted my attention, he had continued most impatient to return; and when, after my first round, he saw me sit down composedly on the old broken pillar, there to follow up at leisure the train of my reflections, he fell into complete despair. "What can this confounded son of a Greek jabberer be muttering to himself, as if possessed,"—I overheard him say,—"and that in a place where people should keep calling to each other with all their might, in order to frighten away evil spirits?" and after various surmises, it seemed he at last settled it in his mind, that I was brewing some incantation, and going to treat him to a dance of spectres. At this idea his teeth began to chatter; he looked round for a way by which he might escape; but, after several trials, all equally abortive, he at last convinced himself as well as me, that he had not the courage to retrace his steps alone.

The only thing left for him to do, therefore, was to exert his utmost arts of persuasion, and prevail upon me to bear him company. Ere his fear had risen to its highest pitch, he had ventured for a moment to quit my side. He now became so pressing to show me what he had seen on that occasion, and was pleased to call the prettiest prospect imaginable, that at last I consented to follow him, merely to get rid of his importunities; but fully expecting to be shown some dunghill, or burying-ground, or other object equally extraordinary and agreeable. My

surprise therefore was great, when, from a projecting bastion, I really beheld a most delightful view of the city's gay and busy suburbs, stretching with their gardens full of orange and date trees, along the winding beach.

"There now!" cried Aly in a coaxing tone, on perceiving the bait to take, "who in his senses would stay another moment among these black and frightful dungeons—in which all the company I could start consisted of as sociable a party of vipers and of scorpions as one would wish to join,—that had the faculty to go and investigate all the innumerable species of delight contained in that knot of little snow-white fairy dwellings down below?" and hereupon he began to enumerate on his fingers such a wondrous list of all the good things of this world, which might probably be found in the aforesaid habitations, that my own mouth, by degrees, watered at the catalogue; and, to Aly's inexpressible satisfaction, I at last took him under my arm, and left the castle to explore the beach.

My curiosity was soon satisfied, but my newly acquired taste for travelling only received fresh excitement. From our conversation by the way, Aly had given me a longing desire to visit Egypt, to which country I had now performed more than half the distance from Constantinople; and the commander of the khirlangitsch had raised that desire to the highest pitch, by his description of the advance-

ment which I might hope for in the land of the Mamlukes. "Egypt," he observed, "always was the cradle of revolutions and the patrimony of strangers; always welcomed the wanderers who had no predilection for any particular soil, or attachment to any particular home.—At present more than ever," he added, "it holds out irresistible attractions to the bold adventurer, who seeks his fortune in strife and confusion. To external appearances, indeed, the country slumbers in the profoundest peace. No one would guess, on a superficial glance, that the least convulsion threatened to disturb its tranquillity. The utmost wish of the two parties who divide the supreme sway seems thus far confined to measuring each other's strength, and watching each other's movements with the eye. But this apparent serenity is only the calm which precedes the storm. The various elements, all preparing soon to fall asunder and to assume new combinations, are ready at a moment's warning to burst out into open strife,—uncertain when the trump of war may sound as the signal for battle. Meanwhile each party most eagerly seeks to increase the number of its adherents by every new sword's-man of tried enterprise and courage, disposed to embrace its cause. Under these circumstances a youth who like you,—Greek by birth, and Mohammedan from choice—is already beforehand half a Mamluke, and, handsome, vigorous and warlike, still adds to his skill in martial

exercises the more uncommon qualification of expertness in languages and readiness at his pen,—wields the hollow reed as ably as the heavy spear, and can execute a delicate commission as dexterously as a dangerous mandate,—is a treasure for which all must contend. He need only show himself on the spot, to ensure opposite factions vying which shall by the most brilliant offer enlist him in their foremost ranks."

At this tempting picture, I sighed. The Bey guessed my thoughts. "I see," said he, "what you want, and I can supply it. Suleiman, one of the most distinguished among the present rulers of Egypt, is my particular friend. The number of his Mamlukes has been extremely reduced by the late destructive plague. He seeks every means by which to recruit his house. For this purpose, his kehaya at Constantinople, knowing the number of ports and islands I would have to visit, gave me an express commission to engage for his patron whatever youth of promise I might find. I have watched you during the voyage. You are resolute, sensible, and, as I deem, not likely to demur at trifles; and, if you like the scheme, I will give you the recommendations to my old friend which these qualities deserve."

I bowed, expressed my delight at the commander's good opinion, and accepted his offer. Elate at the idea of not only soon seeing fruitful Egypt, but perhaps myself some day shining in its annals,

I immediately sought a vessel in which to take my passage; and embarked the same day.

As the coast of Rhodes receded from my view, my heart beat high with eagerness and with hope. It seemed to me as if thus far I had only been trifling away my existence in contemptible pursuits, and in a contracted sphere. I was now, for the first time, going to take a flight worthy the strength of my pinions.—Wide views, noble prospects, vast plans of fortune and of fame, all at once, as if by the drawing of a curtain, expanded to my enraptured view!

CHAPTER XV.

THE sacoleva which carried Anastasius and his fortunes was first to touch at Castel-rosso, there to take in fire-wood for Alexandria. The captain seemed to have no acquaintance whatever with the coast for which we were bound; nor could any of his crew boast less ignorance; but they all agreed that Providence was great; and in order to set the greatness of Providence in its fullest light, they always kept as close as possible to a shore set round with hidden reefs, and teeming with avowed pirates.

On the second day of our departure Castel-rosso came in sight. We were just going to double the most advanced promontory of the island, and to cast anchor for the night behind its projecting cliffs, when on our last tack there suddenly appeared ahead of us, close in with the shore, a long dark object of suspicious form, though the dusk prevented our discerning its precise nature. It lay on the water as still as a rock, but it bore all the appearance of being filled with life. At this sight our caravokieri grew as pale as a ghost; and all the crew

showed equal signs of courage. "A bad way this," cried I, "to meet danger! The pirates cannot see more of us than we do of them: let us at least try what a show of resolution may effect." And hereupon I got our whole artillery brought upon deck, and prepared for a warm engagement. The moment we thought ourselves within musket shot of the enemy I gave the signal for firing. "If the compliment produce nothing else," thought I, "it will at least make the scoundrels turn out, and show their strength." Off went our first volley, and after it every eye—expecting immediately to see the hostile boat in the utmost bustle. So far, however, from changing her position, she deigned not even to return our salute. Half surprised and half piqued, we repeat our fire: but our second volley is not more noticed than the first. Still more amazed, we gave a third broadside. Even this makes no impression. But with the seeming shyness of the enemy our own bravery rises. We now approach near enough to be within speaking distance, and a fourth time discharge every gun and swivel into the hostile deck. In short, we continue incessantly firing, without experiencing the smallest retaliation, till, by degrees, this very impassibility of the enemy causes an alarm of a new species:—for we now fancied ourselves under the influence of some spell; we supposed that we beheld nothing but an unsubstantial vision: we became convinced that we were fighting only with the

phantom of a ship; which presently would either explode or vanish away—either blow us up in the air, or draw us after it into the fathomless abyss. As however neither happened, and the vessel seemed equally little inclined to rise or to sink, we at last agreed that the very few men which she contained must all have been killed by our very first broadside. We therefore suspended all further hostilities during the remainder of the night, purposing as soon as the dawn appeared to remove the dead bodies, and to divide the spoil.

The dawn at last did appear, and as soon as it was sufficiently advanced to light up the scene, showed to our straining eyes, in the object of the whole night's strenuous fighting, a small rock in the sea, which from the peculiarity of its shape actually bears the name of the Galley. We regretted all the ball and powder wasted, and agreed not to boast of our intrepidity: but our modesty was, in spite of our caution, put to the blush. The whole island of Castel-rosso had been alarmed by the incessant firing; every part of the shore was lined with spectators; and the moment we landed, they all crowded round our party, and with loud cheers wished us joy for having silenced the enemy.

Having laden our wood, we pursued our voyage. It seemed an eternity in duration. Our crew knew no other mode of sailing than right before the wind; and the least cloud that arose made them put into

the first inlet they could reach, wholly heedless of the risk of splitting upon a rock, or running aground upon a shoal. Coasting from one headland to another, we slowly crept round every cape or promontory on our way; and there scarce exists a single creek, I believe, in or outside the Satalian bay, which we did not successively visit. When the wind increased to what was called a fortuna, the sailors could only think of praying and lighting tapers before the Panagia; and as soon as fair weather returned, they could only dance and play upon the guitar; nor ever thought of repairing the damage done to the ship, until reminded of it by a fresh storm. Still was the first part of our journey, compared with the latter, the flight of the swallow contrasted with the creeping of the tortoise. In the latitude of Damiat, fate seemed to have fixed us to the spot for life; and we thought ourselves doomed never to pass the eastern outlet of the Nile, even with the assistance of some more experienced sailors whom we there got on board. Every inch the feeble breeze enabled us to advance, the strong current as regularly drove us back; so that on our starboard tack we invariably lost all we had gained on the larboard. Day after day at sunrise we had the satisfaction to find ourselves just in the same place from whence we had parted at sunset the evening before. The fatal mouth of the stream seemed to breathe a fascination which no earthly power could overcome!

An aërial one at last flew to our assistance. It arose on the fifth day of our vain attempts, in the shape of a sciroc sufficiently strong to cope with the current. Backed by the burning blast, we doubled the point of the Delta in the very teeth of the perverse tide, and thus approached the goal. Even before we could discern the sandy shore on which it stands, we beheld the town of Alexandria, crowned with minarets and encircled with date trees.

In its quality of Grecian property, our vessel cast anchor in the new harbour; the old being reserved for stanch Musselmen keels. Hell itself, as the bourn of a long sea voyage, would have appeared to me a very habitable place; Alexandria seemed heaven. In its melancholy mounds of barren sand I could only see pleasing swells, and in its dismal ruins a picturesque ruggedness. Its inhabitants, ready to assume any hue or form at will, were a sort of human camelions: but camelions may afford entertainment by their constant changes. To me the contrast between the liveliness of the Alexandrians and the solemn stupidity of the Turks seemed quite enchanting. As I went to secure my night's lodging at an okkal,[1] I was every instant arrested by their wit and repartee. "How pleasant it must be to reside here!" said I to myself. "Gay people are always so good-natured!"

The words had scarcely dropped from my lips, when I heard at some distance a loud and increasing

clamour, which I supposed to be that of some rejoicing or festival. Presently appeared an immense crowd of people of every age and description—men, women, and children—rending the air with their shouts. In the midst of the motley assemblage advanced in a separate cluster a chosen band, trailing after them in procession, with louder howlings than the rest, the city weights and scales.

"What means this ceremony?" said I, accosting one of the actors in this novel scene: "for what purpose are these instruments travelling?"—"For the purpose of gibbeting the chief of the customs, a Syriac Christian, on the very instrument of his malpractices;" hastily answered the fellow, impatient at the detention.

"And has the law weighed, and found him wanting?"—"How could it help doing so," was the reply, "when we all demanded his punishment? We insisted on the shar-allah,—the justice of God; and the cadee himself thought us too many not to be in the right. So we are going to execute the sentence."

Having now carried his courtesy to the utmost stretch, the man bade me adieu, for fear of further questions, and ran after his companions, who already were out of sight. For my part, I contented myself with inwardly praying to Allah that I might be preserved from his justice; and particularly at Alexandria.

My apartment at the okkal being secured for the night, I went to a native of the place who followed the various trades of ship agent, interpreter, and pilot, in order to obtain from him a conveyance to Raschid.[2] In his youth, the bustling personage had served on board Marseillese, Venetian, and Leghorn traders. He spoke with equal fluency the Turkish, the Arabic, the Greek, the Provençal, and the lingua Franca. On entering his small abode, where he sat with open door in readiness to receive strangers, I found him gravely discussing with a Franciscan monk, over a bottle of rakie,[3] the relative merits of islamism and of popery.

"Hark ye, father," said he, speaking with such a volubility of tongue and violence of gesture, that at first I thought him in a tremendous passion, "I do not mean to pass myself off for the most squeamish of Moslemen. In my long intercourse with infidels (begging your pardon) I have been obliged occasionally to relax a little from the rigour of our practices; sometimes, when time ran short, to mumble half a prayer instead of a whole one; and where water was scarce, to perform my ablutions to the wrist only instead of to the elbows; nor did I always remember, when a good joint of meat was smoking on the table, and I sharp set in consequence of a long fast, to inquire before I fell to, whether the beast had been stabbed with a knife or knocked down with a hatchet. But, thank God! I have never

been a rank heathen—a kafr. I never, like you, believed in scores of Gods, nor worshipped idols of wood and brass."

"Merciful Father," cried the friar—setting down the rakie, already in contact with his lips:—"nor I neither, nor any of us! How can you say such things?"

"How can I?" answered the Alexandrian, "but from having witnessed them with my own eyes! Who among you, I beg, thinks of celebrating a festival, building a mosque, addressing a prayer, vowing a present, imparting a wish, or expressing a want to any but St. Anthony of Padua, St. Francis of Assisi, St. John, St. James, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Agnes, St. Catherine, St. Cecilia, or any other of the saints and saintesses, whose interference quite leaves Providence a cipher, and whose number exceeds that of days set apart to worship them? In whose name but in that of these officious go-betweens are your oxen, and your sheep, and your poultry, and your very pigs blessed by the priest at the church door? In whose honour but theirs do you suspend over your altars silver tokens of broken heads and hearts, of children born, and grown people mended? Can your cook so much as bake his meat, but by favour of St. Laurence?—delighted, it seems, to be reminded of his own broiling on a gridiron! And as to worshipping wooden images,—have I not seen whole shoals of Nazarenes leave the

nicest, whitest little flaxen-headed madonnas which your toy-shops could produce, at home quite neglected, to travel barefoot perhaps five hundred leagues to some old mouldering figure, as ugly as a scarecrow, and as black as a negro; which strange fancy you will allow could only arise from some peculiar virtue assigned to the latter image,—since, how should they otherwise try to extract it, by rubbing their noddle against its greasy pate?"

"As to that, child," replied the friar—taking a fresh sip of his rakie, and pursing up his mouth like one who is going to give an unanswerable answer, —"it is only on the score of superior resemblance to the saint, that certain images are preferred. All the world knows that the holy Virgin sat for her picture to St. Luke: and we may suppose she wishes to distinguish the originals by some peculiar mark of her divine favour."

"Well!" exclaimed the Alexandrian, in astonishment; "if this same virgin had been offered to me as a wife!"—but again checking himself: "and pray," added he, "your other saints, have they also each had his painter?"

"No doubt," replied the Franciscan. "All great personages with us sit for their portraits. I myself have sat, both as a Cupid and a friar."

The factor now got up, and fetching a little parcel which he gave to the padre: "there," said

he, "are the St. Domingo beans you wanted. They are the very best I could find in the market. You may safely send them to your friends in Christendom, and be sure that, when well roasted, like St. Laurence aforesaid, they will drink them for pure Mokha, and admire how superior they are in flavour to the vile West India coffee." Upon this, he slapped the father on the back, dismissed him, and asked my business. I had made signs to him before not to break off the discussion, which I thought rather diverting.

On stating my intention to go to Raschid, he agreed for my passage on board one of the country djerms.[4] It was to sail early the next morning; and at the appointed time, I went to secure my birth.

The boat seemed chiefly loaded with live stock; and by far the noisiest article of that description was a lot of female slaves, selected from among a ship load lately brought for sale to Alexandria. A sharp *grego-maestro*, which kept blowing in our teeth all day long, and at dusk forced us to anchor before Bekier, enabled me to form some estimate of the value of this cargo. In the small place where we were all huddled pell mell, the rolling produced by the storm afforded me every opportunity I could wish for of forming an acquaintance with such of the ladies as looked most sociable; nor did our innocent chit chat suffer any interrup-

tion from the watchfulness of their keeper, who, horribly sea-sick, lay speechless in the hold, and never opened his mouth for any purpose at all calculated to interrupt our conversation. His charge, inured to the sea by the voyage of the Euxine and the Mediterranean, only laughed at his distress, and, in defiance of winds and waves, chattered away like magpies. A Tcherkassian damsel, whose large black eyes seemed quite determined not to suffer from the concealment of her other charms, chiefly attracted my attention. She rewarded my notice with her utmost confidence, and gave me the rude sketch of her rough adventures.

"One evening," said she, "when I was in bed, and pretended to be asleep, my parents began to talk, as usual, about the trouble I gave them. My mother wished me far away. My father observed nothing was so easy as to fulfil that wish. A Turkish merchant, who used every two or three years to come and collect slaves in our country, had arrived that very day; and assuredly it was fairer that those who had had all the expense, should have the profit of me, rather than the neighbouring Tartars, who were every day carrying off some of our girls to sell to the Turks. My mother—somewhat fond of contradiction—now changed her tone, and would not hear of parting with her only daughter. But my father, telling her she was always perverse, offered her an alternative between what she liked

better than keeping, and what she disliked worse than losing me,—a cask of brandy or a sound cudgelling. She took the spirits and gave up her child. The next day I was carried to the merchant. After a great deal of haggling, he bought, or rather accepted me in exchange for arms, apparel, and sweet meats. I was stowed on board a small vessel, with a number of other slaves picked up in various parts. Most of them had been sold by their landlords in payment of rent. The ship proved so leaky that we never expected to reach Stambool. By a miracle, however, we got there;—at least, so I was told: for I never saw any thing of the place, except the large ugly khan in which we were housed. Our owner had us taught here the various accomplishments requisite for a ready sale—the Mohammedan religion, music, and dancing. Every day customers of all descriptions used to come and cheapen some among us. The price set on me was what few could afford: but my time meanwhile passed comfortably. I had plenty to eat, heaps of fine clothes, and a looking-glass to myself. I should have been quite happy but for the dread of being bought for the Grand Signor, who, they say, has so many wives, that he does not know what to do with them, and, though as old as Methusalem, yet must have a new one every Christmas. Think of being laid on the shelf at the death of this old spindle-shanks, as useless lumber, in an ancient seraglio with tremendously

high walls—there to remain for life neither single nor married! This fate I escaped. The kehaya of Yousoof-Bey of Cairo bought me for his master, with some of my companions. We were immediately shipped off in a very comfortable vessel; hardly ever had a whipping during the whole voyage; and here we are, on the eve, thank God! of reaching our final destination. To me it promises a paradise. I wish I could say as much in favour of my companions. But, poor things! they were only, as it were, thrown into the bargain; and I fear will remain all their lives mere drudges."

This last piece of intelligence, though conveyed in a very low whisper, did not escape the quick ears of the damsels for whom Hamida expressed such unacceptable compassion. I thought it would have occasioned an immediate engagement. With one accord the whole party rose up from their mattresses, and, gathering round the frightened Hamida, abused her for telling such falsehoods—she! a low-bred Tcherkassian, without faith, fat, or manners—of Georgians like them, who at home used every day to go to mass, and had as much victuals as ever they wished to eat! But Hamida's own mettle rose at the base insinuation, and facing her assailants boldly; "It signifies much truly," replied she in an ironical tone, "from what country we come, when none of us will ever see it again; and whether we had much or little of our religion, when we all

have renounced it alike! And as to our fat—which is the most material point—that must be seen to be judged of."

"Then, let it," replied all the others in chorus; "and trust to us for seeing nothing!" and immediately they all fell upon poor Hamida, forcibly tore open her feridjee, and displayed her bosom. It might not answer the utmost amplitude of Asiatic ideas, but I confess, though I looked hard, I perceived no deficiency.

Even before this exhibition, the keeper of the ladies had cast sundry savage glances our way. He now contrived, sick as he was, to crawl unperceived among the busy group, and only announced his presence by unexpectedly laying about him with such energy as not only to separate the combatants, but to send them slinking away to the furthest corner of the hold. He then lay down before them, and thus formed an effectual mediator for the prevention of further disputes.

No one remained on the field of battle except the spectators: namely, myself, and a single female as different from our Circassian as night is from day: an Abyssinian negro woman. Manumitted by her last master, the dusky nymph had nobody to whom she was accountable for her conversation but herself, feared not the interruptions of a keeper's lash, and seemed determined to avail herself to the full of her advantages. She began by informing me,

most prolixly, of all her concerns, past, present, and future. At first, she told me, her stars had looked but coolly upon her. She had been carried to Constantinople in winter, had suffered much from chilblains, and had been married to a black eunuch. But the husband died, the chilblains healed, the summer came, and lovers began, like bees, to buzz about the black rose. "Still," continued she, "as I now was rich, I resolved again to quit the cold climate of Constantinople, and gradually to re-approach the milder temperature of Sennaar. Perhaps, thought I, in my way, at Alexandria, I may chance to find among the Mawgarbees[5] some proper husband for my money, to make me amends for my former empty honours. Nothing, however, worthy the acceptance of the widow of Ibrahim-Aga offered; and I am now moving onward to Cairo, where, wholly independent of your insipid whites, I am quite sure of suitably matching my own colour,—unless," added she, with a significant glance, "something very tempting should offer by the way."

That this something actually had offered, and that every objection to the insipidity of whites had been overcome, I soon felt convinced of by the lady's *oeillades*. Certain of her own approval, she did not in the least seem to trouble herself about any possible objection on my part; and her advances presently became so marked, that I owed the greatest obligation to the timely interposition of the Boghaz.

This formidable sand-bank, which muzzles the mouth of the Nile, was announced at a most critical moment. Immediately every other passion yielded to terror. The Circassians screamed, the Turks fainted, and the negress turned as pale as she was able. Even after the peril was surmounted, all thoughts of taking the citadel by storm seemed laid aside; and the siege dwindled into a mere blockade, which lasted till we got to Raschid.

The abrupt transition from the yellow aridity of Alexandria to the verdant freshness of Rosetta, rising on the margin of a beautiful river, and embosomed in orange, in sycamore, and date trees, might give a foretaste of Elysium. I spent a whole day in a jesmine arbour, eating bananas, and drinking the juice of the sugar-cane; and, after having thus truly tasted the sweets of Raschid, re-embarked on board a maash,[6] destined to sail up the river, and to land us at Cairo. It resembled Noah's ark; was filled with beasts of every description, and surrounded by an universal flood. As far as the eye could reach, the waters of the Nile suffered nothing to rise above their surface but the walls of the towns and villages, looking on their artificial platforms, as if floating in trays on the liquid plain. Among the strange animals which our barge conveyed across this immense plash, shone conspicuous from the bright yellow of his glossy skin, a short bloated biped, who, on a head

scarce peeping over his shoulders, wore, perfectly poised, a huge flat turban, which gave the *tout-ensemble* the complete proportions of a toadstool; and truly, in the eyes of the other natives, this natural production seemed to be very much held in equal estimation with a fungus. An Osmanlee of Cairo—a man of unusual information for his country, and of open pleasant manners—seeing the wonder with which I contemplated this figure, whispered me: "Coobd is the name these people bear, and they trace their descent from the ancient Egyptians; but they have changed the object of their worship from cats and onions to gold; and the only hieroglyphics they preserve are those in their scrutoires, which secure to them the exclusive knowledge of the size, produce, and boundaries of all the cultivable tracts of the country. Nor is this, in their hands, a mere speculative and barren science. It ensures them the stewardship of all the property of their Mohammedan masters. More conversant in arms than in arithmetic, we cannot dispense with this vermin, though it lives upon our best substance; and every Moslemin of any rank or wealth, from the Schaich-el-belled[7] who farms the whole territorial contribution of Egypt, to the smallest Aga of a village, or subtenant of the Schaich-el-belled, has his Coobtic steward or writer, whose accounts he understands just as much as the Coobd understands the language of his own prayers. He only knows that he is cheated, and has no way to help himself."

Night, meantime, had begun to cast its veil even over the nearest objects, when, on a sudden turn of the river, we all at once beheld at a distance before us a most splendid spectacle. The left bank of the Nile seemed for a considerable space in an entire blaze, and the luminous streak which edged the winding shore, producing by its reflexion a parallel line of light in the mirror of the stream, made the whole resemble a riband edged with fire. It glittered more brilliantly from the surrounding darkness. The spot which it skirted resounded with the incessant clang of cymbals, of kettle-drums, and other musical instruments; and, as we approached near enough to discern in the fairy spectacle the effects of a most extensive illumination, the shouts and song of innumerable voices met the ear. The place thus distinguished was Mektoobes, famous in all seasons for its gaiety, and at this particular period engaged in the festival of its patron Schaich, which drew together the population of all the surrounding districts. For almost a mile the quay was lined with barges, so closely wedged that one might walk from deck to deck; while the interior of the town was rendered as light as day by thousands of lamps; some winding in lofty spirals to the summit of the minarets, others thrown in long festoons from pinnacle to pinnacle, others again expanding in wreaths, in sheaves, and other fanciful forms. As we drew nearer the eye was not more dazzled by the glare of light, than the ear was stunned by the din of

instruments. At every corner of a street a different band of musicians played a different tune, in hopes of drowning all the others in its noise; and in every open space some different troop of singers, dancers, tumblers, sorcerers, or fortune-tellers exhibited their different sorts of feats, with a view to eclipse all the rest. Here a string of awalis[8] strained their windpipes in tremulous quavers, until they grew as hoarse as the frogs in the neighbouring ditches; and there a knot of ghazie[9] distorted their limbs into as uncouth postures as if they had been frogs themselves; and while one portion of our passengers stood watching the tricks of a juggler, whose troop of performers consisted in a basket full of serpents, another portion sat gaping at the feats of a rival mountebank, whose *chef d'œuvre* was turning water into blood, and earth into vermin. I speak not of the female charmers who preferred for the exhibition of their fascinations the darker places, where they excelled in emptying of its last para the closest drawn purse. Of these Syrens, our poor Coobd might give the best account. He had been missing almost from the moment we went ashore; and no one could guess what witchery had conjured him away, until we all got back to our barge. It was there he first re-appeared among us; and the first thing he did was to untie his pouch, in order to ascertain the damage it had sustained. A sequin was the utmost he rated it at; and that was just twice as much as, by his own account, the

thrifty personage ever had spent on similar aberrations. What was his horror when he found that, by an art exactly contrary to that of the alchymists, the ladies whose leger-de-main tricks he had been too curiously investigating, had converted all his gold into base metal. His purse indeed, externally, preserved its full size and weight; but alas, the contents had experienced a sad transmutation! His gold was all turned into brass!

At any other period, the adventures of Mektoobes and the misfortunes of the Coobd would have furnished materials for conversation till we reached Cairo: but at this moment the mind of no Egyptian born was sufficiently disengaged for such idle talk. A topic of higher, more universal, and more vital interest engaged every thought, and dwelt on every lip; absorbed the whole mind of man, woman, and child; and was sure, whatever other subject most foreign from it might accidentally be started, ultimately, by imperceptible steps, to regain full possession of every receptacle of thought or words!

This was the rise of the Nile,—the phenomenon on whose measure and degree depended, throughout Egypt, the serious difference between plenty and famine; and whose increase, perceptible inch by inch, and sometimes rapid, sometimes slow, sometimes wholly at a stand, kept, while it lasted, every eye on the stretch, and every mind in a fever.

In vain, as a stranger not yet embued with the spirit of the universal subject, I now and then tried

to turn the conversation into another channel. The slimy ducts that carried the muddy waves of the Nile to the furthest limits of the country, were the only channels which my hearers could contemplate. When I talked of Hassan's expedition to the Morea, a person on my right observed it must have happened the year when the river only rose fifteen cubits; when I hoped to engage the attention of the company by describing the splendours of the Sultan's court, a man on my left asked whose office it was to bring him the daily intelligence of the Nile's increase; and when I extolled the beauty of our islands, some one, who till that instant had never opened his lips, sighed to think they had no rivers to rise like the Nile. I now despaired of any other general conversation, and, in order to hear the last of the ruling topic, took my Osmanlee friend aside, supplicated as a favour that he would first say all that his imagination could suggest concerning the Nile and all its branches, and would then vouchsafe to give me a little sketch of the politics of Egypt. This he readily undertook, and as his information on that subject may render more intelligible my own subsequent adventures in that country, I shall here transfer it to the reader—in substance more than in form—and with such additions and emendations as I subsequently derived from my own observation.

CHAPTER XVI.

"EGYPT," said (or said not) my Osmanlee, "after its conquest by Omar, first obeyed a race of Arab sovereigns called Kaliphs. To these succeeded, on its occupation by Selah-el-din, a race of Tartar princes denominated Sultans.

It was the early practice prevailing in every country under Tartar government, to leave the cultivation of the ground to the free-born peasant, and to employ the prisoner taken in war, and the purchased slave, in domestic and personal services alone. When however in their southward progress the Tartar swarms came in contact with black and woolly-haired nations, they varied the destination of the new slaves they made according to their colour. The more pliant and pacific negro, foreign in habits as in looks from his purchaser, was under the name of Abd or domestic servant confined to household offices, and was never kept for defence. Admitted to the highest posts in the household, he could attain no advancement in the state. The more warlike white slave on the contrary, not unfrequently the neighbour nay the relation of his master in the country whence both derived their origin, and considered

as more able to wield a patron's authority, and more fit to represent his person, was, under the name of Mamluke, trained up to arms as well as to attendance. While in his master's house, he served him not only as his domestic but as his military guard and defender, and when manumitted, he became entitled to aspire to the highest dignities in the army and the state. The custom of raising military slaves or Mamlukes to eminent employments has prevailed wherever throughout Europe, Asia, or Africa, a Tartar dynasty has arisen. Indeed, slaves of this description were employed by Tartar sovereigns as their generals and their ministers in preference to free-men, whether of the conquered or even of the conquering race. Torn up by the root from their native soil, strangers to that into which they were transplanted, unconnected with the body at large either of the vanquished or of the vanquishers, deriving their existence, their support, their greatness from their master alone, raised by his will, and at his nod again reduced to their original nothingness, they appeared of all descriptions of men the least formidable to a despotic ruler. In their hands the power which an absolute monarch is obliged to delegate in all its fulness to each of his ministers down to the last and least, seemed most exempt from the danger of being turned against its author.

No device, however, has yet been discovered by which a single hand can long continue to hold un-

divided an absolute sway over an extensive country. He who must singly withstand the pressure of many, is doomed at last to fall. Thus it fared with Selah-el-din's successors. The Mamlukes intrusted by them with the command of provinces, amended their original insulation by their subsequent leagues. They set aside their legitimate sovereign, and established a military government in a republican form. Each of the fourteen provinces of Egypt was governed by its own Bey. These lesser chiefs used to assemble in council under a president called Schaich-el-belled, or chief of the country. In this Divan were enacted by plurality of votes the decrees for the common welfare of all, and each Bey presided in his own department over their due execution.

From its first origin and throughout all its later vicissitudes, this republic of Beys has been perpetuated by means unexampled to the same extent in any other country,—namely, by an uninterrupted importation of strange slaves, transformed by degrees into rulers of Egypt. Not that, as foreigners have sometimes imagined, the constitution of the Egyptian commonwealth prohibited by any positive law natives, freemen, and the actual progeny of prior rulers from participating in the government of the country: not that any express ordination ever reserved the succession to power and the exercise of authority exclusively to strangers and to slaves.

Throughout every period of the domination of the Beys, instances have existed of individuals who were neither slaves nor strangers, but free-born Mohammedan Turks, nay sons of Mamlukes and of Beys, being allowed to attain the highest employments in the state. Three generations of Beys shone in the family of Beloofi: at this moment, Ibrahim, our Schaich-el-belled, boasts of the great destinies that await his son Marzook; and at some future day you yourself, who as far as I know were never bought nor sold, may, unless prevented by prior claims, become one of our Beys.

But a concurrence of circumstances has nearly effected what no law ever expressly decreed. According to our customs the prolific period of youth is spent by the Mamluke under his patron's roof in forced singleness, and in the society of none but his fellow soldiers. His constitution, more liable to the enervating tendency of the climate in proportion as it derives from its more bracing native atmosphere a greater natural fulness and succulence, is weakened, perhaps his very imagination receives a fatal bias, ere manumission allows him to quit his master's house, and to enjoy the comforts of the connubial state. No sooner indeed is he gifted with freedom than he seeks a wife, were it only to acquire in the sacredness of the harem a security for his person, and a sanctuary for his property: but even on this occasion his pride and his prejudice lead him to

spurn from his embrace the woman of the country, whose seasoned constitution might counteract the effects of his debilitated system, and suffer him to form an alliance only with some female slave of his own nation, on whom the climate of Egypt exerts the same enervating influence. Seldom does any progeny arise from these too well assorted marriages; or, if blessed with offspring, and such as attains maturity, it is in general too degenerate in body and too imbecile in mind, to hold, and to defend the parental authority against a host of sturdier competitors: and for want of a sufficiency of natural heirs to succeed to their possessions and their power, the rulers of Egypt have throughout every period of their history been obliged to seek in fresh slaves imported from their own native realms, the heirs to their wealth, and the successors to their dominion.

Among these creatures of servitude and devotees to ambition, the Abases, the Tcherkassians, and the youths of Odeshé and of Gurgistan[1] are in general the most esteemed, as being the nearest in blood to their patrons, and the most eminent in corporal endowments and warlike accomplishments. Renegadoes themselves, their masters make it a rule, more in compliance with custom than out of respect for religion, to raise no servant to any employment who is not by birth or from choice a Mohammedan. But this condition fulfilled, what-

ever native of any country north of Egypt is willing to owe his whole existence and advancement to his patron, may aspire to all the advantages which an Egyptian grandee can bestow. The Bey connects with the artificial relationship between master and slave all the reciprocal duties, nay attaches to it all the reciprocal appellations, that belong to the natural ties of which he lives bereft: he calls his Mamlukes his children, and hears them call him their father. According to the measure of their attachment, their deserts, or their favour in his eyes, he promotes them successively, while yet in bondage, to all the honourable offices in his own household, from that of simple body guard, to that of hasnadar or treasurer; and, when manumitted, to all the dignities in the state at his disposal, from that of single Aga, to that of Kiashef,[2] and Bey, and Schaich-el-belled. During his lifetime he marries them to whatever female relations of his own he can discover, and at his death he leaves them heirs to his wealth and his offices. So much are these adoptive children considered as the natural heirs to all their patron's property, that his very wives, and sisters, and daughters devolve to them, according to the date of their creation and the eminence of their rank; and the greater the number of such creatures, devoted to his service, defending his person, devouring his property, and raised by his patronage to wealth and to dignities a man in power possesses,

the more the lustre reflected from these satellites that move around him, swells his own pride, increases his own importance, and extends his own sway. It is by the vast circumference of its base that we estimate the height of the mountain.

Such is in Egypt the inertness of the native, and such the insulation of the country, encompassed on all sides by seas or by deserts, that the domination of the Beys, though only continued by slaves, by renegadoes, and by strangers—by men forswearing every tie of country, of blood, of sex, and of religion, and presenting every form of anarchy, civil war, and murder by steel and by poison—yet subsisted near two centuries, without being wrested from the feeble hands that held it, either by an indigenous subject, or by a foreign invader.

At last, however, the sway of the Mamlukes seemed destined to decline. In the year 923 of the hegyra, Selim, Sultan of the Turks, invaded Egypt, conquered the land of the Beys, hung their chief, and degraded their body: the former rulers of the country were reduced to the rank of collectors of its revenue. Attached to different provinces, they and their kiashefs became the farmers of the territorial contribution; while their chief, the Schaich-el-belled, was alone fixed at Cairo under the watchful eye of the Sultan's own Visier.

As an intermediate power between the Mamlukes and the Pasha, the conqueror created a provincial

militia. It was destined to support the financial operations of the Beys, and to restrain the political influence of the Visier. It is true that these troops swore submission to severe regulations. Confined in the citadels of Cairo and of Djirdgé, they were to exercise no trade, lest they should lose their martial spirit, and to possess no land, lest they should acquire a local interest. Great privileges, however, made amends for these restrictions; since, in order to render his military force independent of his representative, the Sultan allowed its odgiaklees, or chiefs, to enact in their own private councils the laws necessary for the welfare of their corps.

No human power, however, can be so nicely poised, but that a little excess in some quarter will by degrees determine all further weight to flow to the same side; until the balance be at last wholly destroyed. Stationary in the country, and commanding a formidable force, the chiefs of the militia soon began to resist indiscriminately every order of a Pasha liable to constant removals, and the bearer of unsupported mandates: they ended by compelling him to sanction in the name of the sovereign the statutes decreed in their own. A prisoner in the castle, while suffered to remain at Cairo, he no sooner gave the least offence, than he was dismissed without delay.

The Beys were held in still more open and degrading subjection: for the Schaich-el-belled was

made, on days of ceremony, to hold the stirrup to the Aga of the jenissaries. Even the subjects of the Porte at large experienced at the hands of this lawless soldiery the direst oppression. They could only escape its rapacity by inlisting in its corps: but in proportion as the candidate for this honour was wealthier, and thus exposed to greater extortions, he obtained less easily the immunity which he more urgently wanted. One half of his fortune was generally the price of his security during his life, and at his death the other half devolved to the regiment in which he was enrolled; nor, if a rich individual had by some means succeeded to elude while he lived the burthensome boon, could his good fortune while he had breath, on his demise avail his heirs. In default of a real engagement a forged contract was soon produced, and promptly acted upon.

Thus did the militia of Egypt, in spite of the Sultan's edict, soon absorb all its personal property: nor was it long, ere, by a still more glaring infraction of their rules, the odgiaklees became possessors of most of the land:—but if their power at first thus gained them inordinate wealth, that wealth again, by a just retribution, served to undermine their power; and just as the Nile, after rising till it overflows the country . . . . . "

At this ominous simile I took fright, put my finger on the narrator's lips, and earnestly entreated

that he would tell his tale in a straight-forward manner, without tropes or figures—especially about the Nile.

He smiled, and thus proceeded:—By becoming landed proprietors, the members of the militia had rendered themselves accountable in one sense to those very Beys who were amenable before them in another: but there remained no longer an equal security for the discharge of the mutual obligation. While by the enrolment in their corps of every peaceful citizen disposed to pay the admission fee required, and the discarding of every able soldier himself requiring a stipend, the militia was become at once enfeebled at the heart and unwieldy at its extremities, the Beys seemed to have regained all the strength which their antagonists had lost: for the Mamluke tribe—that indestructible plague of Egypt, that weed always alive, and at every new subversion of a more artificial system again springing up in all its former luxuriance—had, by constant fresh supplies, meanwhile recovered all its vigour.

Thus the different departments of the state, intended by Selim to check each other's pressure, became totally confounded; or rather, their offices were exchanged, their interests reversed, and the supremacy made to flow back into its pristine channels. While the militia insensibly spread over the surface of the land, to attend to its culture, the

Beys again flocked to Cairo, to resume their cabals: while the odgiaklees had erst given to their creatures the employments of the Beys, the Beys now gave to their freed-men the rank of odgiaklees: the public revenue, before squandered by the soldiery, now became wasted by the Mamlukes; and what power remained in the hands of the Sultan's forces, was no longer employed to resist but to protect the Sultan's enemies. The spider was left to weave its web in silence over those gilded vaults, which had once re-echoed with the fierce debates of commanders; and the Pasha, who formerly had only feared the power of the militia, now only trembled at the name of the Beys.

Scarce however had this revolution been perfected, when the daring Aly, Bey and Schaich-el-belled, succeeded in wresting its fruits out of the hands of its authors. Renouncing his allegiance to the Porte, and contracting an alliance with the Russians, he awed into silence his colleagues, and reserved every office for his own adoptive children. He sent his son Ismaïl to sack Damascus, and his son Hassan to pillage Djedda; while he kept his eldest son Mohammed at home, to bear as he could the whole weight of his favours: and great it was;—for he honoured him with the hand of his sister, sent for purposely from Georgia; he heaped upon him such riches as to cause him to be surnamed Aboo-dahab, or the father of gold; and he endowed him with

sufficient power to create his own dependants Beys: insomuch that at last Aboo-dahab, disabled by his patron from rising any higher, except by stepping on his patron's neck, slew him, in order that his work might be completed.

Nor was Aboo-dahab disappointed in this purpose. Named Schaich-el-belled by his own Beys, and chosen Pasha by the grateful Porte, he offered the first example in Egypt, as he did the last, of all the grandeur which the country can bestow, and all the authority which the Sultan can give, united in the same person:—but his joy was short! Intoxicated unto madness by these too copious draughts of successful ambition, his blood began to ferment; his fluids turned to poison; a raging fever struck his brain; and in the midst of Acre, which he had taken by storm, and delivered up to pillage, one day saw him resplendent with glory, and the next a livid corpse.

No sooner had Aboo-dahab breathed his last, than his Mamlukes hastened back to Cairo to divide his spoil. Ibrahim, the eldest Bey of his creation, obtained with the place of Schaich-el-belled the widow of Aly. Mourad, the second in rank of the Beys named by Mohammed, married his patron's own relict. The other Beys of Mohammed's recent house, Osman, Mustapha, Suleiman, and the two Ayoobs, took, according to their rank and seniority, what else remained to be divided.

The younger children of Mohammed's ill requited patron, Ismaïl and Hassan, who shared not in their eldest brother's ingratitude, had, on Aly's death, fled to upper Egypt. There they remained quiet during the short period of Aboo-dahab's reign; but gained strength by an alliance with two great Arab Schaichs; those of Esneh and of Negaddi. Thus reinforced, they determined not to suffer Mohammed's children to supersede the remaining sons of Aly himself, and marched directly to Cairo. Ibrahim, Mourad, and their party, had not yet had leisure to prepare for the attack. With all their followers they passed through the citadel, situated on the utmost verge of the mount Mokhadem; gained the defiles of that range of mountains which extends along the right bank of the Nile into upper Egypt, and there took that station, which their antagonist had just quitted to occupy their own at Cairo.

Ismaïl, received in the capital with acclamation, and immediately installed as Schaich-el-belled by a Pasha, prompt to confer the title on whosoever held the place, lost no time in clearing his residence of all lurking leaven of sedition. Two old Beys yet breathed, owned by no party still in being, but supposed secretly to favour that of Ibrahim. They had, nevertheless, when Ismaïl entered Cairo, remained in the capital,—either prevented from quitting it by their infirmities, or relying for protection

on their age. They were friends, and saw each other familiarly. But when Sogeir came to pay his court, Ismaïl exacted, in proof of his loyalty, the head of Abderahman; and Sogeir bowed submission. In the midst of the customary reminiscences which formed the conversation of men who had outlived all their contemporaries, Sogeir dropped his chaplet: Abderahman stooped to pick it up; and Sogeir plunged his dagger into his colleague's side. His feeble hand, however, could not give a home thrust, and Abderahman, intended to be laid prostrate for ever, rose from the blow, and struggled with his adversary. The surrounding Mamlukes viewed unmoved two men, seemingly united during half a century in the closest bonds of friendship, contend which should first bereave the other by violence of the few remaining sparks of a life almost extinct,—should first draw from the other's heart the few remaining drops of an almost stagnant tide, and should first thrust the other into that grave, on whose brink both were tottering. This feat Sogeir achieved. He then crawled back to the Schaich with the head demanded; but, exhausted with the fight, fell dead in the act of presenting the prize.

Ibrahim and Mourad remained not much longer in upper Egypt than Ismaïl and Hassan had done before them. With the assistance of the Arab Schaichs of Farshoot and of Dendera, they descended from Djirdgé, and demanded re-admittance

in Cairo. Ismaïl consented, in hopes of more effectually ending the struggle by treachery. With the concurrence of Ezedlee the Pasha, his antagonists were to be murdered in the citadel, in full Divan. Hassan, however, dissatisfied with the small share of power ceded him by Ismaïl, thought he now had the means for ever to secure the gratitude of the adverse party. He warned its leaders of the plot; and the same night Ibrahim and Mourad with all their adherents again evacuated Cairo. As soon as they had passed the gates, they proclaimed all reconciliation with Ismaïl henceforth at an end, and went back to their old post at Djirdgé. Here they fortified themselves, and determined to reduce the capital by famine. All provisions which descended the Nile were intercepted, and Ismaïl at last found himself obliged by the impending scarcity to collect his few troops, to march southward, and to give his rivals battle. It was Hassan who gave them the victory, by going over to their side in the midst of the combat. Ismaïl immediately fled back to Cairo.

The Schaich-el-belled's popularity in the capital had been annihilated by his exactions. Closely pursued, he felt his situation desperate. In haste he loaded his camels with his treasure, abandoned his honours, and crossed the desert as a fugitive. At Gaze he embarked for Stambool, to seek assistance from the Porte.

As Ismaïl went out at one gate of the city, Ibrahim and Mourad rushed in at the other. Content to resume their former station, they impeded not their enemy's convenient flight. After reinstating themselves in all their offices, they strengthened their party and rewarded their adherents, by making a considerable promotion of Beys and of Kiashefs.

Hassan himself gained the least by his defection. This Bey, surnamed Djeddawee from the sacking of that city, was among those unfortunate individuals who with the greatest physical bravery, entirely want moral resolution and steadiness; by their waverings and changes forfeit the confidence of all parties, and to every faction alike appear more desirable in the character of avowed enemies, than in that of seeming friends. Whatever sacrifices he might make to the cause he espoused, they were uniformly attributed to interested motives; truth from his lips was received as falsehood; and generosity in his behaviour could only be viewed as cunning. The bare circumstance of his asserting a fact caused it to be discredited, and his being the author of a scheme sufficed for its rejection. Thus situated, he always found the thanks of his associates short of his pretensions, failed not soon to accuse his colleagues of black ingratitude, and scarce had joined a party, when he afresh meditated a change. His most ordinary converse necessarily degenerated

into a tissue of dissimulation and fraud which produced no illusion; and his life became a series of intrigues and of cabals which brought him no benefit.

Tired of his complaints and fearing his fickleness, the sons of Mohammed resolved to stop his reproaches by cutting short his career. The Saturday exercises in the place of Roumaïli were fixed upon to execute the purpose.

The exercise of the djereed was over. One of Mourad's Mamlukes enters the lists for the game of the jar.[3] He advances in the circle, takes aim, fires, and misses. A second darts forward, and equally fails. A third now tries in his turn: his ball goes wider still than the former from the pretended mark; but it strikes the real one,—for it grazes the turban of Djeddawee. Every bystander loudly laments the accident. The Bey alone saw the intent: he saw his death-warrant signed. Immediately he calls round him his Mamlukes, and from their close pressed circle raises the cry of war and the sword of defiance. His suite all draw their sabres: so do Mohammed's children. The games cease; the fight commences: the few remaining adherents of Ismaïl join the banners of Hassan.

Three entire days did every street of Cairo in turns become the field of battle. Three entire days did every stone of the capital in turns stream with blood. At last Hassan felt his strength give way, and saw his supporters fall off one by one.

On the point of being overwhelmed by his enemy's superior force, he gathers together a small troop which he still could rely upon, and breaks through the very midst of his assailants. With a speed which nothing could slacken, he gains the vast suburb of Boolak, on the Nile, and there seeks shelter in the house of an old friend, of the Schaich Damanhoori. The sanctity even of that distant asylum is disregarded, and the approach invested, a few minutes after its gates had received the noble fugitive.

For a while however, intrenching himself behind the inclosure of his fortress, Hassan gallantly stands the siege, from every window and battlement of the edifice pours down upon Mourad's satellites every species of murderous implement, and makes many a foe atone with his life for the relentless pursuit. But after more than an hour's strenuous defence, he beholds from the top of the building the door burst open, and the entire hostile torrent rush in at once. He now resolves to quit the hopeless contest, and to save himself by flight. Mounting on the terrace of the mansion no longer secure, he thence clambers on the roof of a neighbouring house. From that, passes on to the next, and in this manner vaults from terrace to terrace,[4] and climbs from roof to roof—sometimes scaling almost inaccessible heights, at others leaping down awful precipices, and at others again clearing frightful chasms—till

at last he gains the furthermost of the habitations that form a connected cluster. Here he finds his aërial progress stopped; and from the summit of this final promontory again is compelled to descend to the regions below, and to return to the level of his pursuers. From the terrace he lets himself down into the attics; from these into a lower floor: gains the top of the stairs, runs down an hundred steps, reaches the hall, and opens the entrance door. In the very porch stood sentinel a hostile Mamluke of gigantic stature, waiting his arrival to intercept his passage: him he fells with his sabre at a single blow, and mounting the Mamluke's own steed, he rides back at full speed to Cairo. But at every turn his antagonists were watching. They soon espy his escape: and in a moment he heard the whole troop again close at his heels. Danger seemed to lend him wings. He reaches Cairo the first,—though scarce by the distance of a pistol shot. Clearing the crowded entrance of the city, and pushing up the main street, he rushes, as soon as opportunity favours, into the midst of the most populous and busy district; runs up one narrow lane, and down another. As he enters a new division, he causes its gates to be shut behind him, in order to delay the progress of his pursuers. Meeting a string of camels carrying water, he rends open the skins with his dagger, to increase the slippery smoothness of the pavement. Coming up

with a file of arabas, conveying a wedding, he tilts over the waggons to bar the passage. No throng of human beings, however great, stops his career. His yatagan cuts its way through the thickest cluster of passengers. Overthrowing some, trampling others under foot, he still advances unslackened in his speed. Every where warning shouts announce his approach; every where screams of terror precede his rapid steps. At sight of him the horror-struck mob flies in every direction like chaff before the hurricane; and his wide circuit frequently bringing him back to the same places in which he had appeared before—but each time more pale, and ghastly, and covered with blood than before—he at last begins to be viewed as his own ghost, still continuing the flight of the body. It was a stupendous thing to behold a vast capital, successively filled throughout each of its numerous quarters, from one end to the other, with ever increasing terror and dismay, by the appearance of a single man,—and that man himself a fugitive, only darting by like a meteor; just heard, just seen, and then again disappearing.

Hassan's strength now begins to fail him. His horse is ready to drop. His pursuers,—who for a while had lost his track,—guided by the clamour of the mob at his appearance, again recover the scent. They gain ground upon him so fast, that

nothing seems capable any longer of saving him from becoming their victim.

He now bethinks himself of one last desperate expedient. The house of his most inveterate enemy, —of Ibrahim, the Schaich-el-belled—had just risen in sight. He springs from his exhausted steed, no longer able to move, and, summoning all his remaining strength, runs to this perilous abode, and gains with difficulty its frowning portal. Entering the reluctant gates, he forces his way athwart the bevy of astonished pages, who in vain try to stop the intruder; and makes straight for the holy of holies, for the women's apartment. Pushing away right and left the eunuchs, the slaves, and the guards, stationed to defend the entrance of the gynecæum, he bursts open the prohibited door, advances through the labyrinth of narrow passages, and at last, after many wanderings, reaches the very centre of the sanctuary.

Here, totally exhausted, and faint with fatigue and loss of blood from many a wound inflicted by a distant carbine, Djiddawee at last stops, lays down on the rich carpet his ensanguined sword, and viewing before him that mightiest of her sex, the sister of Aly, the widow of Mohammed, and the wife of Ibrahim—risen from her seat in mute astonishment,—he throws himself prostrate at her feet, clasps the hem of her embroidered garment, and implores her all-powerful protection.

What could Ash-har do? when a son of her brother, and a brother of her first husband, humbled to the dust, implored her to save his life!

She swore to protect him, while he remained in her sight; and in her presence none durst lift his hand against the supplicant. Even Ibrahim her husband consented to respect his hated existence, until he again should go forth from the shadow of his roof.

But Mourad appears! Furious from his numerous disappointments and Hassan's hair-breadth escapes, he demands possession of his victim, or threatens to abandon his party. The Schaich-el-belled wavers, and at last consents to cast a stain upon his character, in order to satisfy his colleague. In defiance of the laws of hospitality he insists on Hassan's quitting his habitation, content to receive a safeguard to the frontiers of Egypt. The Bey was not in a condition to decline the specious offer. Accompanied by a numerous escort, he takes leave and departs. But what is his new dismay, when he learns on the road that his destination is the very town in Arabia, once the scene of his devastations! To turn him adrift among the injured populace of Djedda was to devote him to a death more cruel than the fate from which he had fled. On the least resistance, however, to the mandate of his enemies, he was to be killed on the spot. He

therefore feigned acquiescence, and suffered himself quietly to be conveyed to Suez, and there to be embarked for the harbour of Meccah. At sea he might by surprise have slain a few of his conductors, but in so rash an attempt he must soon have been overpowered by the rest. He devised a better plan. In the darkness of the night he fell upon the reïs himself, the moment sleep closed his eyelids; and with his arm round the pilot's throat and his pistol to his heart, he forced him to steer for the African coast, and for the port of Cosseir. There, under favour of a mob whom the cry of a son of Aly soon collected round the boat, ready for his defence, he disembarked, by forced marches gained Akmim, and from that place plunged into the desert. In a few days he reached the tents of his former Arab allies. Under their wing he took shelter: the fame of his wonderful escape spread in all directions:—at last it reached Cairo, and the wreck of his party, remaining in that capital, insensibly withdrew, and joined, high up the Nile, its imperishable leader.

Ismail, on his arrival at Constantinople, had found the Porte too deeply engaged in war with Austria, to involve itself in fresh hostilities with Egypt. Tired of consuming his time in fruitless expectation, and his wealth in unproductive bribes, he at last reimbarked, landed at Derné, and through

the oasis of Sewa, rejoined Hassan near the Cataracts. Either chief had gained too little by deserting the other, not to meet his former rival with willing heart half way. Common disappointment for this time riveted the union of the Beys. They agreed to consign to oblivion the past, and for the future never more to abandon each other.

Thus far,—added my Osmanlee,—the engagement has remained inviolate. Three years and more the sturdy veterans have continued to live together in undisturbed possession of Es-souan, the furthest place in the Saïd, on this side the falls. Too weak to molest the chiefs at Cairo, and too near the confines of Nubia to fear their molestation, they are watched, but are left quiet. All the land on either side the river, their small district excepted, obeys Ibrahim and Mourad. These chiefs reign uncontrolled at Cairo, and heavy is the yoke which they impose upon the provinces. But it bears alike on every one, and therefore appears less galling than the partial miseries of a civil war. People pray for an oppression which prevents their being torn limb from limb, in the strife of contending parties.

Here ended the long narration of my Caïreen friend,—and high time it was. Already rose in sight the vast pyramids to the right, and the castle of Cairo on our left. Each passenger began to collect his

parcels: and scarce half an hour more elapsed, ere we cast anchor at Boolak, and stepped ashore. Our little party broke up, and every one of its members went his different way. My new friend and myself walked on together to Cairo.

NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

Note

1. p. 1. *Jubbee:* flowing gown, generally worn in the Levant by men of sedentary habits and professions.
2. p. 2. *Drogueman:* official interpreter employed by Franks in their conferences with the Mohammedans.
3. p. 2. *Agrumi:* Italian denomination used in the Levant for every species of fruit of the orange and lemon kind.
4. p. 2. *An Ipsariote reis:* or master of a merchant vessel from the island of Ipsara.
5. p. 4. *Hamal:* the Turkish for a porter.
6. p. 5. *Caloyera:* a nun, as Caloyer means a friar.
7. p. 10. *Moslemin:* a true believer; title assumed by the Mohammedans.
8. p. 10. *Papas:* Greek priest.
9. p. 10. *Panagia:* the All-holy! the Virgin.
10. p. 11. *The Mitre:* the cap of the Greek priesthood.
11. p. 12. *Yaoor:* infidel; word of abuse frequently used by the Turks in reference to Christians.

Note

12. p. 12. *The Russian war:* namely, that which ended in 1774, by the peace of Kainardjee.

13. p. 16. *The slim Perote dress:* that worn by the Greek women of Pera, and of the continental provinces; wholly different from that of the islands.

14. p. 19. *Caravan:* word applied in the Levant to voyages of merchant ships, as well as to land journeys of merchants and goods.

15. p. 23. *Maynote:* native of the Peninsula of Mayno, whose inhabitants are almost all pirates.

16. p. 24. *Capitan-pasha:* Commander in chief of the Turkish navy.

17. p. 24. *Arnaoot:* Turkish name given to the Albanians who profess the Mohammedan religion; and form the body guard of many of the Turkish Pashas.

18. p. 24. *Caravellas:* frigates.

CHAPTER II.

1. p. 26. *Codgea-bashees:* chiefs of the Greek communities, accountable to the Turkish governors for the contribution imposed upon their districts.

2. p. 27. *Lacedemon and Christianopolis:* two Greek bishoprics in the Morea, thus denominated.

Note

3. p. 28. *Buskined hero:* the Albanians wear buskins or rather greaves of cloth or velvet, often richly embroidered and adorned with silver clasps.

4. p. 29. *Rayas:* subjects of the Porte, not Mohammedan, who pay the capitation tax; such as Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Gipsies.

5. p. 29. *Grand Visier.* All Pashas, before whom are carried the three horse-tails, have the title of Visier: but the head of that distinguished body, the lieutenant of the Grand Signor, who represents him in his councils, and commands his armies, is called by the Turks Vezir Azem, by the Franks Grand Visier.

6. p. 32. *Waywode:* Turkish farmer of the revenue of a district.

7. p. 32. *Haratsh-tickets:* vouchers for the payment of the haratch or poll-tax, due by all rayahs.

8. p. 33. *Cadee:* Turkish judge.

9. p. 37. *Spahees:* Turkish holders of military fiefs, which oblige them to join the army, mounted at their own expense.

10. p. 40. *Taooshan:* hare; epithet given to the Greek islanders.

11. p. 41. *Fanar:* district of Constantinople, where chiefly reside the Greeks of the higher class.

CHAPTER III.

Note

1. p. 42. *Tergiuman :* the Turkish for Drogueman.
2. p. 42. *Beneesh:* cloth vestment worn over the jubbee on occasions of ceremony.
3. p. 42. *Calpack :* cap worn by rayahs.
4. p. 42. *Tshawooshes :* ushers and messengers of men in office.
5. p. 48. *Cafedjee :* the servant who in Greek and Turkish houses hands round the coffee.
6. p. 50. *Osmanlee :* follower of Osman or Othman, the founder of the Turkish or Othoman empire :—epithet which sounds as agreeable to its bearers, as the name of Turks is offensive to them.
7. p. 52. *Yatagan :* Turkish sabre, worn in the belt or sash.
8. p. 56. *The head, &c.* It is customary among the Turks after a battle to give a reward for every head of an enemy that is brought to the commander.
9. p. 59. *The difference between Kyrie-eleïson and Allah Illah Allah :* Greek and Mohammedan forms of prayer or invocation.
10. p. 61. *Kehaya :* official agent of a public personage in Turkey.
11. p. 61. *Roumili :* the Greeks of the lower Empire affected to call themselves Romans, their language the Romaïc, and their country

Note

Romania, which the Turks have changed into Roumili.

12. p. 61. *Moohassil:* a governor of a province, inferior in rank and power to a Pasha.

13. p. 63. *Stambool:* the Turkish corruption of the Greek εἰς τὴν πολιν, pronounced by them ees teen bolin; and used to denote their going to the city κατ' εξοχὴν.

14. p. 65. *Shaksheer:* ample breeches made of cloth.

15. p. 66. The *Boghaz:* generic Turkish name for straits; here applied to those of the Dardanelles.

16. p. 67. *Didaskalos:* a teacher.

17. p. 68. *Three distinct Cities:* namely Constantinople, Galata, and Scutari.

CHAPTER IV.

1. p. 69. *Caïck:* light and elegant wherry, plying about the quays of Constantinople.

2. p. 69. *A house of a dark and dingy hue, apparently crumbling to pieces with age and neglect.* The former circumstance being in consequence of the sumptuary laws imposed by the Turks upon the Greeks; the latter in consequence of the Greeks often affecting poverty in order to avoid being heavily taxed by their tyrants.

3. p. 70. *A Mamluke:* name given among Mohammedans to such white slaves as are de-

Note

stined to be gradually promoted to offices of importance within doors and without.

4. p. 71. *Frank philosophers:* all Europeans not rayahs, and therefore considered as strangers in Turkey, are called Franks or Franguee, their country Franguestan, and the corrupt idiom composed of their various languages current along the Mohammedan shores of the Mediterranean, *lingua Franca.*

5. p. 72. *Purses:* denomination for a sum of five hundred piastres.

6. p. 72. *Tchartchees and Bezesteens:* places in Turkish cities, distinct from the habitations of the merchants, in which they keep and sell their wares.

7. p. 74. *Harem:* the Turkish name for the apartment of the women: Seraglio or Seraï meaning palace in general.

8. p. 74. *Therapiah:* one of the villages on the Bosphorus which the Greeks of quality make their country residences.

9. p. 75. *The Bostandjee Bashee:* officer who acts as ranger of the Sultan's demesne, and superintends the police of the waters about Constantinople.

10. p. 76. *Tandoor:* a square table placed in the angle of the sofa, with a brazier underneath and a rich counterpane over it,

Note

under which, in Greek houses, in cold weather, the company creep close to each other.

11. p. 76. *Bab-Humayoon:* the imperial gate or principal entrance of the Sultan's palace at Constantinople.

12. p. 76. *Feridjee:* cloth capote worn out of doors by the Greek and Turkish women of Constantinople.

13. p. 76. *Archons:* denominations assumed by the principal Greeks.

14. p. 77. *Spatar:* sword-bearer; one of the principal officers at the courts of the Hospodars of Moldavia and Valachia, which are formed on the model of the ancient Greek court of Constantinople.

15. p. 77. *Slipper money of the Sultanas:* in Turkish Peshmalik; equivalent to our pin-money.

16. p. 77. *Reïs Effendee:* the Turkish secretary of state for foreign affairs.

17. p. 77. *Pounding the grand Mufti in a mortar:* according to the ancient mode of capital punishment inflicted on the heads of the law, whose blood it was deemed irreverend to shed.

18. p. 81. *Caleondjees:* marines, from caleon, a galley.

19. p. 81. *Romaïc:* the modern Greek: as Hellenic means the ancient Greek.

20. p. 83. *The Holy Mountain:* mount Athos; that

Note

beautiful promontory now infected by twenty-two Greek convents.

21. p. 88. *Kiad-hané:* public walk near Constantinople, called by the Franks *Les Eaux douces.*

CHAPTER V.

1. p. 94. *Galata:* suburb divided from Constantinople by the harbour; and occupying the base of the hill of which Pera crowns the summit.

2. p. 94. *Para:* a small Turkish coin.

3. p. 98. *The anteree:* part of the long dress of men of sedentary professions.

4. p. 99. *Sultan-Bayezid:* one of the Imperial mosques at Constantinople, near which is held the market of second hand apparel.

5. p. 99. *Hash-keui:* suburb of Constantinople, where the jews live.

6. p. 99. *Furred cap:* which the droguemen wear when in *fiocchi*, and the physicians habitually.

7. p. 100. *Lahse jacket:* the Lahses or inhabitants of the northern shores of Asia Minor are chiefly employed at Constantinople in garden work.

8. p. 101. *Lorenzo:* Nucciolo; a Raguseen; physician to the Seraglio, and only very

Note

lately (as I find from Mr. Turner's account) beheaded, in his eightieth year, by order of his chief patient, Abd-ool-Hameed.

9. p. 102. *Hekim-bashee:* chief of the college of physicians.

10. p. 103. *Blacquernes:* a remote district of Constantinople.

11. p. 105. *A Beglier-bey:* or Bey of Beys; title given to the Pashas of Roumili and of Anadoly.

12. p. 105. *Moonedjim:* astrologer.

13. p. 106. *Backtché-capoossee:* the garden gate; one of the gates of Constantinople.

14. p. 108. *Bagnio:* the vast enclosure near the arsenal, which serves as a prison to the Christian captives, and the Turkish and Rayah criminals.

CHAPTER VI.

1. p. 119. This description of the plague is conformable to the modern Greek personification of that disease.

2. p. 123. *Islamism:* the true belief, according to the Mohammedan doctrine.

3. p. 123. *Namaz:* the chief prayer of the Mohammedans.

CHAPTER VII.

1. p. 125. *Proësti:* the Greek primate of a district.

2. p. 128. *A seven years' ague:* the liberal wish of

Note

an enemy in a country replete with *mal aria.*

3. p. 129. *Hydriote:* from the island of Hydra; chiefly inhabited by sailors and ship-owners, who, at the beginning of the revolution, when France was shut out from the Baltic, supplied her with corn from the Archipelago.

4. p. 130. *Tophana:* the cannon foundery, which gives its name to a handsome quay near Galata.

5. p. 130. *Kiebabs:* mutton steaks, sold in the cook-shops at Constantinople.

6. p. 131. *Stambool effendee:* inspector of the police of the capital.

7. p. 131. *My cries of "aman:"* of mercy or pardon.

8. p. 134. *My forehead used to be studded with gold coins:* Turkish mode of rewarding public dancers and singers.

9. p. 135. *The Mewlewi Derwishes:* sort of Turkish friars, whose devout exercises consist in twirling round like tops.

10. p. 137. *Yaoort:* a sort of Turkish cream cheese.

11. p. 140. *The solemn ceremony:* still in use in Albania and along the eastern shore of the Adriatic.

12. p. 141. *Epirotes might retain such old customs:* under the denominations of *probratimi* for the men, and *prosestrimi* for the women.

CHAPTER VIII.

Note

1. p. 146. *Hoshab:* a beverage made of fruit of various sorts.
2. p. 149. *St. Demetrius:* remote suburb of Constantinople, where the Greeks have an hospital.
3. p. 151. *Araba:* Turkish waggon.
4. p. 151. *Tartar:* the Mohammedan messengers in the service of the Porte are called Tartars, or more properly Tatars, as the gate porters in France used to be called *Suisses*, from their original extraction.
5. p. 153. *Sultana's husbands:* the Sultan's sisters and daughters—whom consequently he cannot espouse—are alone called Sultanas: his wives or concubines never assume that title, appropriated exclusively to the Imperial blood.
6. p. 153. *Internuncio:* title given to the Austrian minister at Constantinople, in order to avoid conflicts of etiquette. Baron Herbert Rathkeal was equally venerated by Turks and by Christians.
7. p. 153. *Envoy of Sweden:* Mouradgea d'Ohson; an Armenian by birth, originally drogueman to the Swedish mission; and author of a celebrated work on the Othoman Empire.
8. p. 154. Anastasius sometimes spells Frank names very incorrectly. On inquiry I find that

Note

of the gentleman in question to be Vanden Dedem tot Gelder.

9. p. 155. *Kislar Aga:* chief of the black eunuchs: a personage possessed of vast power and patronage; being entrusted with the administration of all the religious foundations of the Turkish Empire, of which the revenues are immense.

10. p. 161. *Handjar:* Turkish poniard.

11. p. 163. *Emir:* or Shereef: names given to the descendants of Mohammed's daughter, who in every city of the empire have their own distinct tribunals, and the exclusive privilege of wearing turbans of the sacred colour: namely, green.

CHAPTER IX.

1. p. 167. *Berath:* Foreign ministers being often obliged to employ rayahs as their domestics, originally obtained for them patents of exemption from the jurisdiction of the Porte, which they now find it more profitable to sell.

2. p. 183. *Djamee:* name given to the mosques founded by Sultans.

3. p. 183. *The Mihrab:* or altar.

CHAPTER X.

1. p. 186. *Extended not farther than his nose.—Il ne voyoit pas plus loin que son nez.*

Note

2. p. 191. *Scheyis:* the two principal sects among the Mohammedans are the Sunnees and the Scheyis; and as the difference between them is small, so is the hatred proportionably intense. The Turks are all Sunnees, the Persians all Scheyis: the former are more fanatical, and the latter more superstitious.

3. p. 192. *Pretty faces:* the Persians admit representations of human figures in their books of poetry, which the Turks hold in abhorrence.

4. p. 192. *The bridge Seerath:* over which the souls of the elect glide into heaven; while those of the damned tumble from it into hell.

5. p. 192. *Three hundred and sixty days in the year:* the Mohammedan months are lunar.

6. p. 192. *Devas:* the Mohammedan spirits that guard subterraneous treasures.

7. p. 192. *Hafeez:* holy, but in a less degree than the Wely or saint.

8. p. 193. *Reekath:* a division of the Mohammedan prayer.

9. p. 193. *Karagheuz:* black-eyes; the principal personage in a Turkish puppetshow resembling the *Ombres Chinoises.*

10. p. 193. *Ramadan:* or Ramazan: the month during which the Mohammedans fast all day, and feast all night. While the sun

Note

remains above the horizon they dare not even refresh themselves with a drop of water or a whiff of tobacco.

11. p. 193. *Moollah:* generic name for the doctors of law, who according to the Mohammedan system are doctors of divinity; inasmuch as the Mohammedan law is entirely founded on the Koran.

CHAPTER XI.

1. p. 201. *Top Capoossee:* cannon gate: one of the gates of Constantinople.
2. p. 201. *Zeeameth:* denomination of the military fiefs which ought to supply the regular cavalry of the Othoman empire, but by a frequent abuse pass into the hands of women or children, who find substitutes.
3. p. 202. *Sharp stirrups:* which with the Turks perform the office of spurs.
4. p. 203. *Bernoos:* cloak worn by the Barbaresques, by naval characters, and by those who adopt the short dress.
5. p. 205. *The same festival:* outside the Top capoossee there is a holy well much resorted to by the Greeks on the day of St. George's festival.
6. p. 205. *Candiote Turks:* reckoned peculiarly brave and dashing, though often intermarrying

Note

with Greek women, whom they suffer to retain their religion.

7. p. 211. *Mekkiemé:* Turkish hall of justice.

8. p. 211. *Naïb:* the cadee's clerk.

9. p. 212. *The boiled wheat:* or colyva, distributed by the Greeks at burials.

10. p. 213. *Moirai:* The Fates, who in some of the Greek islands are still worshipped with superstitious rites.

11. p. 214. *Djereed:* a staff, which the Turks make it one of their favourite sports to fling at each other with prodigious force on horseback.

12. p. 214. *Oc-Meidan* and *Hippodrome:* the first the place of arrows; the latter, still called by the Turks At-Meidan, or the place of horses.

13. p. 215. *Theriakee Tchartchee:* place where the lovers of opium used to resort. On one side of it rises the superb mosque built by Suleiman the 3d; and in front stands the hospital for insane persons.

14. p. 216. *Madjoon:* Turkish name for opium.

15. p. 217. *With outstretched hands:* the Greeks still utter their imprecations with outstretched hands and fingers.

CHAPTER XII.

1. p. 220. *The arches of Backtché Keui:* magnificent aqueduct near the village of that name,

Note

built under the Greek emperors, in the pointed style, and which still supplies Constantinople abundantly with water.

2. p. 220. *Eblis:* his satanic majesty.
3. p. 221. *Caravokeiri:* master of a merchant vessel.
4. p. 223. *Sacoleva:* small merchant ship.
5. p. 224. *Muezzeem:* person who among the Turks cries the hour of prayer from the top of the minarets. Sultan Achmet is a magnificent mosque at Constantinople, built by that sovereign, and the only one which has six minarets.
6. p. 230. *Palikaria:* my brave fellows!
7. p. 231. *Ihram:* a small floor carpet, used chiefly by the Turks for prayers.
8. p. 233. *Eyoob and Sultanieh:* the former a beautiful suburb, the latter a delightful valley near Constantinople.
9. p. 233. *Kleidon Rysika:* the game of drawing lots by means of keys.
10. p. 233. *Paramana:* nurse.
11. p. 233. It is the custom among the Greek Islanders to preserve the broken vessels of a twelvemonth, in order to throw them away in a single heap at Christmas.
12. p. 233. *Papadia:* the wife of a papas, or priest.
13. p. 237. *The ceaseless grinding of the water-wheel:* used in the gardens of Chios to irrigate the numerous plantations of orange-trees.

CHAPTER XIII.

Note

1. p. 243. *With the moisture of my lips:* a superstitious process supposed to avert the influence of the evil eye or other ominous circumstances.
2. p. 248. *With the purple of my own blood I sign, &c.:* alluding, I suppose, to the custom of the Greek emperors of signing their name with purple.
3. p. 249. *Epitrope:* primate of a Greek community.
4. p. 249. *Avaniah:* name given to a contribution imposed by Turks on rayahs, on some unfounded pretence.
5. p. 255. *Moiro logistri:* the hired female who in some of the Greek islands still follows a funeral, singing the praises, and bewailing the loss of the deceased.
6. p. 258. *Kirlangitsch:* properly a swallow; a Turkish sloop of war.

CHAPTER XIV.

1. p. 261. *Terzhana:* the admiralty.
2. p. 264. *Speciote:* from the island of Specia.
3. p. 267. *Sphachia:* district on the coast of Crete, forming the dower of one of the Sultanas, and whose inhabitants combine the pastoral and piratical life.

Note

4. p. 267. *Malkiané:* fief of the nature of an *apanage.*

CHAPTER XV.

1. p. 287. *Okkal:* name for an inn or caravan-seraï, in Egypt.
2. p. 289. *Raschid:* Rosetta.
3. p. 289. *Rakie:* an ardent spirit.
4. p. 292. *Djerms:* small country vessels.
5. p. 297. The *Mawgarbees:* men from Garbieh, or the West; name given to the Barbaresques.
6. p. 298. *Maash:* covered passage boats that sail up and down the Nile.
7. p. 299. *Schaich-el-belled:* chief of the country, or rather land; title given alike to the chief of the whole body of Beys of Egypt and to the chief among the notables of a small district.
8. p. 301. *Awalis:* plural for Almé; public female singers.
9. p. 301. *Ghazie:* female public dancer.

CHAPTER XVI.

1. p. 308. *Gurgistan*, Georgia.
2. p. 309. *Kiashef:* an officer commanding part of a province under a Bey; though, like the title of Bey, that of Kiashef is often merely honorary.

Note

3. p. 320. *The jar:* an earthen vessel, which, in one of their martial sports, the Mamlukes try to hit.

4. p. 321. *From terrace to terrace:* the houses at Cairo are all flat-roofed; and each peculiar district of the city is separated from the neighbouring ones, by its particular gate, which is kept shut at night.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Hope, Thomas

Anastasius, or, Memoirs of a Greek written at the close of the eighteenth century ; in three volumes

Bd.: 1

London 1820

P.o.angl. 12 m-1
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10744643-0